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WEEK ENDING JULY 10, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

–SEE INSIDE

In this issue **WAYNE B. WHEELER DEFENDS PROHIBITION**

4 Wonderful New Breakfasts

Which Come to Prove Food that's "Good for You" Can be Supremely Delicious, too!

You prepare them in an instant, and serve them to win back wayward appetites when just ordinary deliciousness fails to attract

With peaches, a delightful variant from the routine breakfast. And yet supremely "good for you," too.

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Besides those pictured here, there are many other delightful ways to serve . . . "food that's good for you that you eat because you love it."

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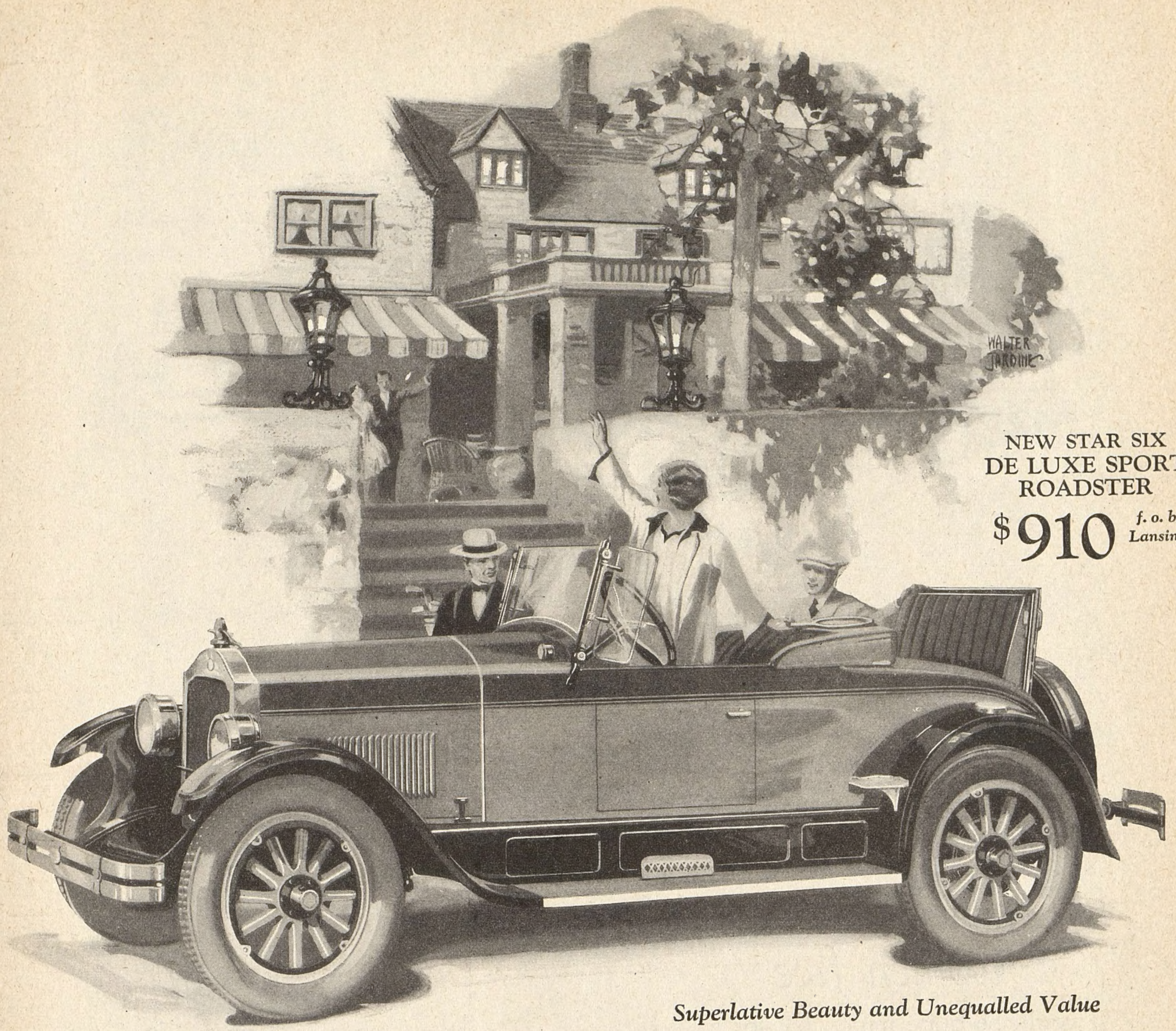

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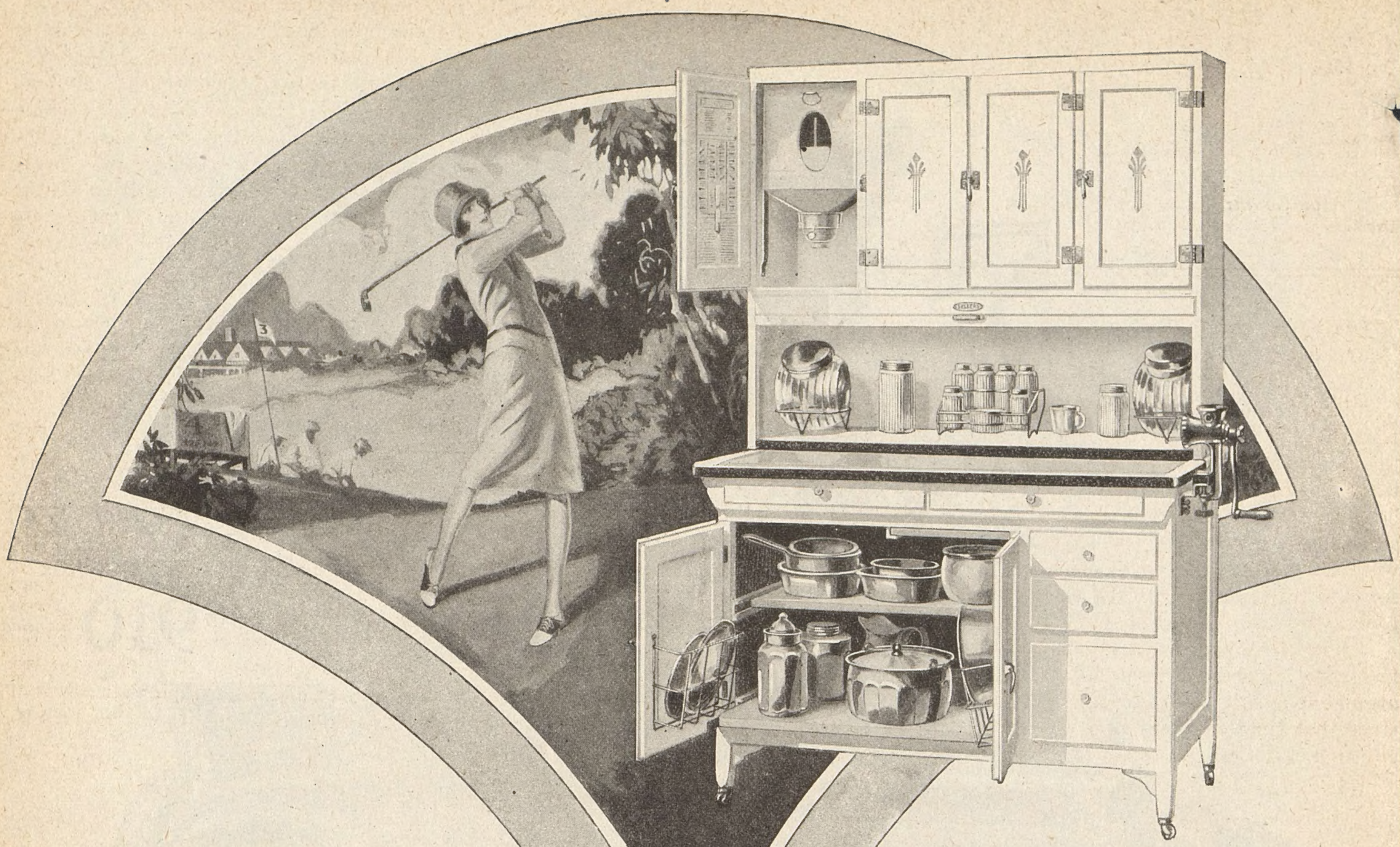

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JULY 10, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL IS THE BEST LIQUOR LAW—*An Editorial*

Ever since the days of Noah, and probably a long time before that, the drink question has been agitating the peoples of the earth; and no one—not even Volstead—has found a solution. Noah, who was adjudged the only head of a family fit to be saved when the flood destroyed the world, landed on Ararat, and about the first thing he did was to plant a vineyard, make wine, get drunk, and then curse one of his sons for finding him so, with his clothes scattered all over the place. He lived 350 years afterward, and probably drank all the time.

Had Noah gone on that historic bat before the Ark sailed instead of afterward, he might have settled the whole wet-dry argument by not being thought good enough to save. No one since that time ever has been in such a position to decide the question. The peoples of the world have tried everything, from capital punishment for drunkards, prohibition of manufacture, sale, or consumption, to no laws at all. They have tried ducking, imprisoning, fining, confiscating. And nothing has worked.

The only law that seems to apply to liquor is the individual law of self-control. There is little to be said in favor of drinking. The idea of food value, tonic value—favorite pleas of the wets—will not stand up. No one drinks for food value. There was more nutriment in a free-lunch sandwich than in all the beer a drinker swallowed. Drink adds something to the gayety of events; makes some merry, and some forget, temporarily, their cares; but the evil far outbalances the good.

In this age of mechanics, of automobiles, of intricate factory machinery, it is more probable than ever that people are better off without any drink—safer, at least. But we are convinced that the road to temperance is through individual self-control, not through laws, police, jails, fines, raids, etc.

In this everlasting liquor question, with its confusion of statements, the one fact firmly established is that the Volstead act has failed to stop drinking, just as every previous attempt failed. The figures presented by Senator Bruce as the police records of thirty-six cities from 1920 to 1925 admit of no argument. That arrests for drunkenness have increased in *every* one of the thirty-six cities since the passage of the Volstead act settles the point. The figures are printed in the table below.

The Volstead act is a failure. It should be modified, we believe, in the direction of the Quebec system. But, whatever the statutory law is upon this subject, the most important law that each man should enforce upon himself is the deeper law of self-control.

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS IN PERIOD 1920-1925

	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
Boston	21,800	30,987	37,643	38,988	59,536	37,944
Providence	2,667	3,779	4,330	5,127	4,819	4,192
New York	5,936	6,237	8,578	10,643	13,980	12,017
Buffalo	7,421	8,347	8,655	12,181	11,135	10,174
Newark	1,310	1,252	1,198	2,541	2,477	2,615
Philadelphia	14,313	21,850	36,299	45,226	55,766	58,617
Pittsburgh	9,577	10,371	16,554	24,651	25,401	28,669
Wilmington, Del.	295	498	577	797	1,003	1,011
Baltimore	1,758	3,258	4,955	6,235	6,029	5,687
Washington	5,415	6,375	8,368	8,128	10,354	11,160
Richmond	1,563	1,953	2,752	2,950	2,826	2,596
Wilmington, N. C.	144	191	179	223	203	220
Charleston, S. C.	508	512	584	592	732	775
Jacksonville	811	995	1,543	2,348	2,251	2,960
Atlanta	4,199	4,491	6,555	7,003	7,793	7,657
Birmingham	927	1,118	3,000	3,652	3,972	4,962
Vicksburg	42	63	106	137	105	321
New Orleans	2,399	7,079	12,511	10,173	12,788	14,171
Galveston	241	694	905	1,106	1,391	1,259
Little Rock	511	853	819	644	771	695
St. Louis	1,861	993	1,930	2,376	2,551	5,092
Louisville	1,016	2,495	2,018	3,812	4,748	5,229
Knoxville	....	....	2,753	....	4,456	3,862
Cleveland	2,991	5,156	16,817	18,814	19,271	23,393
Cincinnati	395	603	712	1,118	1,895	2,279
*Chicago	32,353	49,762	64,853	75,800	86,072	92,888
Detroit	6,599	7,220	10,098	11,947	12,717	15,124
Minneapolis	2,363	5,243	7,268	7,289	7,676	7,435
Milwaukee	516	754	2,514	3,789	....	6,056
Omaha	2,640	3,821	5,242	4,817	4,480	5,142
Des Moines	1,364	1,949	2,333	4,489	3,032	2,395
Seattle	5,753	5,797	7,066	7,974	6,756	6,377
Portland	2,476	2,904	3,761	3,099	3,922	3,613
Los Angeles	3,357	6,559	9,910	12,839	10,660	11,290
San Francisco	1,814	3,847	7,261	7,738	7,952	8,069
Salt Lake City	659	658	758	868	919	1,086

*Merged in disorderly conduct cases.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

JANE COWL knows women—heart, mind, and soul—through portraying them in the roles of the theater's great heroines. The tragedy of women, she says, is that they instinctively idealize men, and that men fail to live up to these ideals. This and other keen observations are contained in WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM THE STAGE.

THE MARQUIS H. DE LA FALAISE (yes, his wife is Gloria Swanson) contributes THEIR PARIS DIVORCE. It's the story of a very much mistaken couple who thought Dan Cupid was dead.

The arguments of the wets are clarified and many new facts are presented in Part Two of PROHIBITION—PRO AND CON, prepared by the anti-prohibition forces, headed by JULIAN CODMAN.

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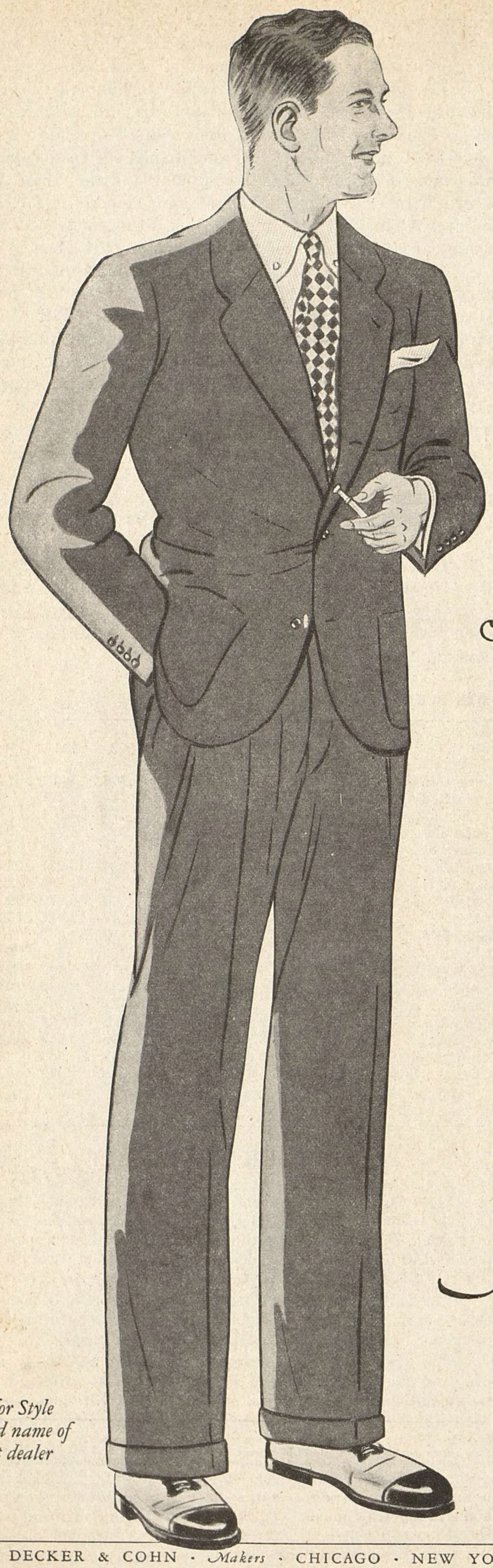

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"KEEP away from the desert and the woods, the city streets and the broad highways —wherever you might meet the sons of Adam."

Enemies

A Story of Swords and Hate and A Woman's Love

By

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Pictures by B. H. CLARK

THROUGHOUT Morocco no men were more evenly matched in strength and courage than these two: Ibn Saad, with his six feet of desert muscle and brawn, his hooded gray eyes that quested like an eagle's, and the subtle trick he had of using pointed steel, palm up and hand low, to find the enemy's heart; and Captain Mehmet Ali, city-bred, but no whit less brisk and hearty, and, these last ten years or so, a fighter of other men's fights for the zest and humor of it.

Yet that which kept their fingers from creeping to their sword hilts whenever they met was fear. Fear, not of each other, but, in Ibn Saad's case, for his tribe, the Benni Abbassi, whose village stretched on the north bank of the Wad Neflis not far from the Atlas Mountains; fear, where the Captain was concerned, for his old mother back home in her tiny house at Marrakesh. He thought of her often—could see her, in his mind's eye, squatting near the kitchen fire, its sidewise flicker painting her wrinkled features with crimson and ocher.

This fear was well grounded. For there was ever, in both men's memory, the picture of His Majesty Mulay Idris, Sultan of Morocco, on a certain day three years earlier.

Leaning lazily against the cantle of his high scarlet saddle, his face curled in an ironic smile, he had been surveying his handiwork: rifles with broken barrels, bent swords, splintered bamboo lances, bodies of men and horses

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ENEMIES
Continued from Page Seven]

stark in death—sordid remnants of the pomp and circumstance of war.

"A lesson for unruly children!" he had said, pointing at the battlefield with a mocking thumb; had turned to the morose Ibn Saad: "You have learned the lesson? The lesson of rebellion and—ah—peace?"

"Peace only because you are stronger than I!" the vanquished rebel had replied.

"But peace that you swore upon the Koran, eh?"

"Yes."

Then the Sultan had addressed Mehmet Ali, captain in his army:

"I appoint you governor."

He had been about to put spurs to his mare—had added as an afterthought:

"You are both as full of beggarly pride as an old turban is of vermin. Very well. Be as proud as you please. Hate each other all you please. But, remember, you are my servants. And I command peace. I want no private feuds, no shedding of blood, no killing from ambush.

"If you disobey—by Allah!"—with a flash of white, even teeth—"you are both brave and stubborn. You do not fear death—at least, not your own death. But—consider, Mehmet Ali—there is your mother. There are also my executioners, just as skilled at removing a woman's head as a man's. As for you, Ibn Saad—you are the chief of the Benni Abbassi. If you disobey—I warn you—I shall make their villages a shambles. You, too, understand? Good! May Allah protect you, my children, and teach you wisdom!"

And the Sultan had cantered away, followed by his nobles and officers, while Ibn Saad and Mehmet Ali had stared at each other, silently and for a long time.

Finally the latter had stretched out a hand; had spoken decent words:

"Who can prevent what Fate writes on the forehead? Fate decreed that you should be conquered—that I enforce the conqueror's commands. There is thus no shame for you, no glory for me. Let us be friends."

"Conquered? Yes!" the other had replied. "Friends? Never!" And with a sudden bitter, red surging of fate: "Ah—may Allah rip out your heart and feed it to a mangy pig!"

At once the Captain's temper, too, had flared up. Already his fingers had felt for his blade. So had Ibn Saad's—when from the distance, like a sardonic and sinister warning, had drifted a crackle of naked steel and rasping of lance shafts: the Sultan's army on the march.

Immediately both men's hands had dropped away from their sword hilts, as Mehmet Ali had thought of his mother, while Ibn Saad had looked across the Wad Neflis at the villages of his people.

So they had bowed in the stiff Arab manner, deep from the waist; had turned their backs on each other; had gone their different ways.

THREE years had passed.

Three years of peace, while the land prospered under the Captain's wise rule. Three years of unabated hate—though, by token of the Sultan's warning, fear for those they loved kept their swords from flashing free, from taking toll. And it was Mehmet Ali's hate that, if not the greater, was the more searing, since it was fed by an overwhelming loneliness.

Not that he was homesick for the coiling city streets, the spicy bazaar smells, the strident calls of pavement and gutter. Indeed, he loved the desert, with the dun swash of its sands, the distant mountains blown bare by the winds, the sudden cutting of the Wad Neflis athwart the yellow solitudes, and along its bank the green oasis where the Benni Abbassi tilled their fields and herded their camels and their small roan cattle.

The loneliness he felt was loneliness of the soul. For there was nobody with whom to spend his hours of leisure; with whom to converse, over musk-flavored coffee and gurgling water-pipe, of the things close to his Arab heart: knotty religious problems, horses, poetry, perhaps a stirring epic telling of deeds of prowess.

"YOU are captive of my lance and sword," said Ibn Saad. "Your life is in my hand."

Of course he had his half-company of soldiers. They were loyal, brave, devoted to him. But they were Central African Negroes, recently, and rather forcibly, converted to a travesty of Islam. Savages they were with whom he had nothing in common; and less than a spear toss, more than an eternity away were the tents of the Benni Abbassi, black as the tents of Kedar in Hebrew Scripture.

Day in, day out, he could hear the clean, earthy symphony of their lives: the creaking of the water wheels, the swish-swish of the flail that separated the chaff from the wheat; the scraping of the spiked harrows; the dull stamping of the blunt-nosed muzzled oxen that, dragging a sled, thrashed the barley; the gliding gossip of the women as they pounded grain or carded wool or milked the full-uddered goats; the laughter of the tribe's children.

He longed for it all. These were his own people: Arabs of Moslem faith and culture and prejudice; blood of his blood and bone of his bone.

He wanted to be part of their lives, to share in their joys and sorrows.

But the children sneered and hooted behind his back. The grown-ups never gave him the time of day; spoke to him only when they could not avoid it in the matter of business or local government.

For there was the order of their sheik, Ibn Saad:

"He is the enemy. Peace I have sworn. Peace I shall keep. But—no more than peace! Let silence follow the stepping of his feet!"

And silence it was, cruel, crushing, inhuman, until one day, as he crossed the oasis, Mehmet Ali, driven by his terrible loneliness, bowed almost humbly before Ibn Saad.

"Of what good our bitterness, our hate?" he asked. "Can we eat it? Can we drink it? Can we sell it? Honor—the saying goes—dwells not in the sword but in the soul! Come! Let us forget!"

Ibn Saad did not reply. He entered his tent, pulling the leather flap shut with a gesture of hard, dry finality; and Mehmet Ali went on his way, hating the other for his surly insolence, hating himself because he had eaten dirt.

And then, the next day, he met the girl. Kothra was her name, which means Born-in-a-Green-Place.

She was the only child of Ibn Saad's widowed uncle, Hadj Reshid, and ever since her

mother's death, seven years earlier, had been visiting an aunt up north in the Riff country. She was now sixteen, and had come home to marry Ibn Saad, to whom she had been betrothed since childhood.

Mehmet Ali met her on the afternoon of her arrival as he was returning from the desert where he had hunted gazelles, while she—she told him afterward—had gone there because, during all those years in the peaked, snow-clad mountains of the Riff, she had longed for it: had longed for its yellow calm, its utter, sharp freedom, its sand dunes stabbing with endless golden gestures, its opalescent twilight amid the trooping purple shadows.

He met her as she turned the corner of a huge, wind-flayed rock.

She saw him, tall and dark and handsome, with a bit of a swagger in the swing of his hips, and his long Moorish sword sticking out in back like a fine, glittering tail; and he saw her, small and supple and waxen-skinned and very lovely, with full red lips and brown hair smooth as oil, and black, gold-flecked eyes that seemed to hold all the secret sweet wisdom, all the secret sweet mockery, of womanhood.

They stood there, staring at each other; and he felt his heart drumming; and he knew that he loved her.

He was not a Western man, afraid of his emotions, ashamed of his passions, given to dissecting his inner self. He was an Oriental, with whom to see was to feel, to feel was to act—or at least to speak.

So, as the girl was about to pass on, he stretched out a hand and said:

"You should keep away from the desert and the woods, the city streets and the broad highways—wherever you might meet the sons of Adam!"

"Why?" she asked; and she too felt her heart drumming.

"Because you have the morning on your forehead and the stars in your eyes! Because yours is the face for which men do great deeds and sin great sins. And—may I tell you something else?"

"How can I help it, since you are keeping me here by force?"—which was not true, for his hands did not touch her.

"I love you!"

"You do not know me!"

"I shall learn you!"

"I do not know *you!*"

"I shall teach you! What is your name, O Delight?"

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[ENEMIES
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"I am Kothra of the Benni Abbassi, cousin to Ibn Saad and"—with a little ironic curtsy—"his wife-to-be!"

"His wife-never-to-be-at-all!"

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because the one you will marry stands here before you—on his own two feet!"

"Who, then, is this reckless man talking?"

"Mehmet Ali—at your service! Captain in the army of His Majesty the Sultan—may Allah prolong his life!—and governor of this land."

"And," she interrupted—for she had heard the tale—"our people's enemy—mine own enemy!"

"No!" he protested.

"No?" she echoed wonderingly.

"How can I be your enemy? If I were, would there not be the dark, dark night of sorrow in my heart? But is it? No! Golden is my heart and gay—and there is a lilt of a tune in it, a rippling, merry tune like the laughing of far waters. And"—he came a step nearer—"I would be kissing your red mouth. Only——"

"Only?"

"You would think me too bold!"

"Bold? You?" she mocked. "And have I not heard that you eat dirt as a goat likes salt—that you bend your knee to Ibn Saad and crave his forgiveness—that ever the sword is in your scabbord instead of in your hand?"

"If you heard that much you heard the rest! You must know that it is not for fear of myself, but——"

"I do know!"

They were both silent.

Then she spoke:

"Why do you not kiss me, O bold man?"

HE took her in his arms.

He felt her lips yield to his, and it seemed an eternity before he heard his own voice, husky, staccato:

"I love you——"

"And I love you."

"You have broken the fetters of my loneliness!"—lyric, winged his words, as they come to the race of Shem in moments of overwhelming emotion. "Let death be and the winds of life lull and the world tremble in the gray storm of judgment day, yet will my love for you live forever, defying Allah Himself——"

"But not defying Ibn Saad of the Benni Abbassi!" cut in a rasping voice that drove the lovers apart—that cleared the fog of passion from Mehmet Ali's brain and sent his fist to his sword as he saw Ibn Saad approaching, naked blade in hand, stepping softly and craftily as a great leopard might, with only one purpose writ upon him.

So there were here two men on a fine, sunny day, eager to take life because of the terrible thing called love of woman—Ibn Saad fighting warily, with a sort of cynical care, while the Captain attacked with murderous confidence in his own skill and strength and hate, and a roar deep in his throat, exultant, bull-like:

"*Hai!*"

Forgotten his old mother back home in Marrakesh, and the Sultan's red-robed executioners. Forgotten Ibn Saad's people, and the Sultan's army taking toll with rope and fire and the slaver's yoke.

The swords sparkled, tinkled, clashed; and Kothra looked on, a little frightened, yet triumphant.

For she, too, was an Arab, a girl of the black tents where life and love ripen savagely, quickly, and pulses beat high. And—the Lord Allah be praised!—was it not for desire of her that here were two strong men hacking steel?

"*Hai!*" roared the Captain.

"*Hai—hai!*" echoed Ibn Saad.

"*Hai—hai—hai!*" chimed in Kothra, with glistening eyes.

Then, suddenly, her own thoughts clicked to the Sultan's warning. So, knowing well those of her race, she wasted no time in futile, pleading words: "Won't you listen to reason?" and: "For the love of the Prophet!" But she picked up a large, jagged stone. She hurled it with all her young strength, with straight, unerring aim, hitting the blades as they met in midair, slithering sharp edge against sharp edge.

Under the force of the impact the swords flew from both hands like shooting stars, diving point foremost into the sand; and when, weaponless, panting, they stood there, womanlike, she calmly disregarded the fact that a moment before her own heart had thrilled to the stirring song of their combat, and spoke to them with heat:

"Have you forgotten the Sultan's warning? By Allah, I am as much ashamed of the one as of the other—although it is the one I love and the other I only like."

She turned to Mehmet Ali:

"And since it is you I love, how will you win me away from my tribe without being disobedient to his majesty, and your mother's gray head dropping under the executioner's swishing blade?"

Humbly he bowed to her; bowed humbly to Ibn Saad, saying that—by the Prophet!—here was he, the proud, impatient man, again forced to eat dirt.

"Not that I care for the taste of it," he went on, "nor is it for myself I am pleading today—but for the happiness of the girl whom we both love. She loves me—and not you. You heard her?"

"Yes."

"You cannot marry her, Ibn Saad."

"The tribal laws permit marriage by force, if the girl's father be willing and the council of the elders."

"Still I repeat that you cannot marry her. For it is in my mind that you are an honorable gentleman."

"I am that same. You are right. I shall not marry her. Nor will you!"

Ibn Saad spoke calmly, passionlessly; and the other knew that it would be impossible to argue, to plead with him. Might as well plead with some sardonic, deaf immensity, without nerves, without heart.

HE shrugged his shoulders. "I shall find a way," he said; turned to Kothra:

"Is there a doubt in your soul but I shall find a way, O Crusher of Hearts?"

"No doubt at all!" Her voice was low and steady.

"You will wait for me?"

"Yes."

"The waiting may be long and weary."

"I shall wait until my hair is white, and my mouth toothless, and shriveled my breasts! I shall wait until I die!"

So she plighted her troth; and she walked away by Ibn Saad's side.

That night the latter smiled thinly as he pointed at the horizon where a horseman was rapidly vanishing in the sun's afterglow.

"There goes your lover," he said to Kothra, "turning tail to a matching of wits, since matching of blades it cannot be."

She did not reply. She had heard that, earlier in the day, the Captain had given over command of the army post to his Negro top sergeant. She did not question his reasons for leaving. Whatever they were, he would return—she felt it, knew it—and she would wait. She had promised.

Nor was Ibn Saad convinced in his own mind that Mehmet Ali had ridden away to avoid conflict with him, and he said so the next morning when the elders of the Benni Abbassi met in his tent, where he had summoned them.

He told them what had happened, and shook his head when his uncle Hadj Reshid exclaimed that—by the crimson pig's bristles!—Kothra should marry him whether she wanted to or not. "If she refuses, she shall eat stick—a great deal of stick! She shall marry you, my nephew, and bear you many lusty men-children with Allah's help!"

"It is not the way of me," replied Ibn Saad, "to take a woman by force. Nor, on the other hand, is it the way of me to let an enemy have what I cannot have." He slurred; stopped; went on: "This Mehmet Ali has been a good governor. He is doubtless in high favor with the Sultan. Perhaps he is going to Marrakesh to plead his case before the throne. Perhaps the Sultan will command that Kothra be given to him."

"We shall resist!" cried one of the nomads. "We shall show him the sword when it is red!"

"And he," said Ibn Saad, "will show us a thousand swords and ten thousand swords! He will break us upon the wheel of his strength! No; we cannot resist."

"Then what can we do?"

"If you cannot take things by the head, take them by the tail!" Ibn Saad quoted the Arab proverb. "Are we not Bedouins? Are we not the jackals of the wilderness who flit silently by night? Has not Mehmet Ali ridden away to the North? Listen!"

He told them his plan. There was laughter, high-pitched, guttural.

AND all that day the oasis echoed a grand feasting: mutton roasted whole, and great pots of *kouss-koussou,* and mounds of pilaf of rice and pilaf of wheat, and platters of figs and dates and melons; feasting to which—to their naive and delighted surprise—even the Negro soldiers of the Sultan were invited. Later on were broached enormous kegs of native barley beer and palm wine—strong spirits forbidden the true believer by the Koran, yet palatable and gorgeously heady. And why not drink your fill when a white-bearded, green-turbaned priest of the Benni Abbassi, a man of God, declares:

"Drink, my children! This is the good of Allah and no lack! A sin against the Koran? I absolve you! Drink, my children!"

So they drank; they laughed; they drank again; they danced. Presently the kegs were empty. So why not sleep—and dream?

They did. Night dropped. And then a hustling and bustling in the villages of the Benni Abbassi, who, better Moslems than their Negro guests, had drunk only coffee—a great deal of coffee—to keep awake. For the road stretched long before them.

Long, too, was the road to Mehmet Ali. But finally one day, four weeks later, he arrived at Marrakesh, weary and travel-stained, demanded and received an audience with the Sultan, and asked to be released from service.

"No!" said Mulay Idris. "I need you. The land of the Benni Abbassi has prospered under your rule. You have been a good governor. And you heeded my warning. You bridled your pride and kept peace——"

"I can keep peace no longer. That is why I beg to be released."

"Fool!" exclaimed the Sultan angrily. "There is your mother! Beware!"

"Heaven-born!" the Captain implored. "I crave your mercy, but——"

"Well?"—impatiently.

"There is—a woman!"

"Ah!"—Mulay Idris sighed reminiscently, his anger disappearing—"there is always a woman. Once I, too, made my heart a carpet for narrow, tripping feet. Is she a woman of the Benni Abbassi?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"Yes. I love her—she loves me. But Ibn Saad——"

"I understand. Do not worry. The matter is easily arranged. I shall give an order to this desert rat of an Ibn Saad. The woman is yours!"

"No, no!" Mehmet Ali was shocked. "It would be cowardly! My honor——"

"Are you so young, and therefore so foolish, that you still believe in honor? Very well. I release you from service. I grant you permission"—Mulay Idris laughed shrilly—"to break the peace down there among the Benni Abbassi, to stab and shoot—to kill if need be—since your precious honor seems to demand it. You will be one against many. Doubtless, presently, the carrion vultures will feed on your flesh. But, should you survive, you may again enter my service. Here"—giving him a purse filled with gold—"even an honorable man has to grease palms at times. Go, heart of my heart! The audience is ended!"

So Mehmet Ali, a captain no longer, traded his horse for a racing dromedary and was off once more, alone, into the south.

But, when at the end of the month, he reached the Wad Neflis, he saw there no black tents stippling the green oasis, heard never a sound of the nomads' clean, earthy symphony. And then, approaching the soldiers' barracks, he met Ethlib, his former Negro top sergeant, who told him what had happened—told him shamefacedly, kissing the hem of his burnoose:

"There was a great feasting. A great quaffing of forbidden spirits—may Allah forgive us!—and while we lay asleep the Benni Abbassi folded their tents, rounded up their cattle, and went away in the night."

"Where to?"

"South across the border—beyond the reach of our Sultan's power! To seek protection—the desert gossip has it—with the Sultan of Timbuktu!"

Mehmet Ali did not dismount. He put red spurs to his dromedary's lean, heaving flanks. For days, snatching brief hours of sleep, he followed the caravan trail to the border.

There was no definite plan in his brain—only a terrible, overwhelming longing that drove him on and on—as he rode beneath a vaulted sky that burned with a stupendous, brassy glare; as the farther Sahara came with drab, saw-toothed rock ranges shelving down into avalanches of pebbly strata; and finally, early one morning, with the walled town of Timbuktu jumping into the focus like a smudge of purple and copper.

A FASCINATING town it was. A maze of flat white roofs. A narrow tangle of shadowy, crowded alleys. A caravanserai where Mehmet Ali stabled his dromedary and ate a hurried meal. A bazaar lined by booths where men of all Africa and half Asia bartered and laughed and spat and gave each other the full-flavored abuse of the Orient.

Here, in one of the stalls, a very old man squatted among his wares. Wizened he was and white-bearded, but with eyes as innocent and kindly as a child's; and it was because of his eyes that Mehmet Ali, passing through, stopped and spoke:

"You have heard of the Benni Abbassi?"

"Indeed. Their tents are not far from this town."

Mehmet Ali was silent for a moment. His first impulse had been to go to the Benni Abbassi, sword in hand, and fight it out. His common sense had told him that he was one and they many; that a dead horse cannot eat grass—nor a dead lover kiss red lips.

So now he took out the purse the Sultan had given to him and lowered his voice to a flat purr:

"How much to deliver a message—secretly—to a certain person of the Benni Abbassi?"

"Is this person a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"A message to a man would have cost you—ah—perhaps three golden tomans. But a message to a woman——"

"Well—" Mehmet Ali demanded impatiently—"how much, babbler?"

"Nothing!" smiled the other. "Why? Because I remember the days when I was young. The woman's name, O Moslem?"

"Kothra, daughter of Hadj Reshid."

"I know her. I have a small granddaughter, called Aziza, who visits her frequently. She loves children, does this Kothra—may she have many children of her own!"

"If I be the father!" laughed Mehmet Ali.

"You will be—Allah willing! My granddaughter shall take the message. Tell me——"

And they whispered for a long time.

Late that night, atop his own dromedary and leading a second by the halter, Mehmet Ali waited beside a clump of palm trees, not far from where the Benni Abbassi were herding their cattle and tilling their fields under the protection of the Sultan of Timbuktu.

There Kothra came to him out of the purple shadows. He did not speak. Nor did she. Hurriedly she vaulted into the saddle.

MEHMET Ali went on his way, hating the other for his surly insolence, hating himself because he had eaten dirt.

They rode away—rode north toward the Moroccan border.

And then, as they turned a bend in the trail, suddenly Mehmet Ali wheeled his camel; his sword leaped to his hand. For he had heard a shrilling of war cries, a crackle and clash of naked steel; saw there, sharply outlined in the moonlight, Ibn Saad galloping out of the sands, followed by Hadj Reshid and a fine tail of fighting men.

Thoughts flashed through his head. Had the bazaar merchant turned traitor? Had his little granddaughter been careless in delivering her message? Had——

Allah! What difference how it had happened! The thing was a fact; a sending of Fate—Fate, which comes out of the dark like a blind camel, with no warning, no jingling of bells!

He spoke to Kothra as he raced past her:

"It is in my mind that here is a dead man telling you he loves you!"

He heard her answer, clear, firm:

"And it is in my mind that I shall love this dead man even beyond the grave!"

HE whipped his dromedary into the fray, a primitive lust of battle singing in his blood.

They were around him like locusts, like vultures over a carcass, like hounds trying to pull down a stag, stabbing with their lances, slashing with their curved swords.

"*Itiah saadeq. Itiah saadeq!*" he cried, trying at the same time to land blow, to parry lance or blade, to jerk his dromedary free from the pressure of the nomads who rode against him from all sides.

His heart drummed noisily at his breast; his mouth parched and gaped. He knew weariness that plucked at the sinews behind his knees and numbed his wrists. He knew fear. But he overcame both and smote out stoutly with his sword. Once he fought himself free. But the next moment a dagger hissed past his right ear and buried three-fourths of its length in the neck of his dromedary.

The animal groaned, stumbled, fell. He tried to leap from the saddle; was not quick enough; felt a dull jar, a sharp pain, as his head struck the ground.

He regained consciousness—he did not know how many minutes or hours later—to find himself stretched on the ground, his head cradled in Kothra's arm, a moist bandage on his forehead, and, standing above him, the grim, statuesque figure of Ibn Saad.

There was no sign of the other tribesmen.

"You are captive of my lance and sword," said Ibn Saad. "Your life is in my hand."

"I know!" replied Mehmet Ali, rising. "Such is the law of the desert."

"I overheard your message which Aziza brought to Kothra," continued the other. "I called out my warriors." He smiled. "It is yourself is the reckless fool—and myself is the generous fool! I give back your life to you."

"My life is useless without the woman!"

"The woman, too, is yours!" Ibn Saad gave a little sigh. "For swords are useless—hate and enmity are useless—when a woman's heart speaks naked to a man's heart!" He turned to go. "Your dromedary is dead. Take mine."

He bowed deeply to Kothra.

"My heart," he said, "will be lonely and gray and orphaned—with you no longer in the black tents!"

He walked away, and Mehmet Ali looked after him.

"There goes a gentleman!" he whispered.

"Indeed!" replied Kothra proudly. "For is he not of the Benni Abbassi? Is he not of mine own people—blood of my blood and bone of my bone?"

So the lovers mounted and rode into the north.

THE END

As the Wets See the Drys

Prohibition—PRO *by*

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

NOTE—Next week will appear another view of prohibition by Julian Codman and others.

NO persuasive argument against prohibition was presented by the foes of the Eighteenth Amendment at the recent hearings before the subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Like the froth on the old-time mug of beer, there was not much substance to their testimony. Neither did they present any alternative upon which they could agree. The dry testimony might be briefly summed up thus:

Prohibition is supported and obeyed today by the overwhelming majority of the American people, because it represents their deliberate wish. It is being enforced against a lawless minority with a degree of success that depends most largely upon the character, ability, and energy of the enforcing officials. It registers the degree and the value of its observance and enforcement in our health and economic indicators and in the decrease of drunkenness, crime, pauperism, and alcoholic insanity. The varying alternatives suggested by the various wet groups are remedies far worse than the disease they are supposed to cure.

The support of prohibition came from over 40,000,000 members of groups of every kind and from practically every section of the country. Eighteen million women from every State in the nation spoke through their authorized representatives in support of this policy of government.

Many of the largest religious denominations of America, with adherents all over the country, presented their plea for continuance of prohibition enforcement as a moral advantage and a social gain. Leaders in other denominations, not authorized to speak officially for their entire churches, presented similar arguments as individuals or as pastors and bishops.

Business, the home, and the school through their spokesmen opposed weakening the present law. No section, group, class, or other division of American life, with the sole exceptions of the liquor interests and irreconcilable wets, was missing from the ranks of the dry supporters. With the possible exception of the time when the Eighteenth Amendment was being discussed, there has never been a larger portion of the American people represented in support of any measure at any hearing.

Among the defenders of prohibition at these hearings were some from the ranks of those who had formerly been opposed to this law, but had been converted to prohibition through observation of its achievements for the common good.

The wet group came from a few sections which have always been considered as opposed to prohibition. Their statistics, viewpoint, and influence were sectional rather than national and they did not suggest any change in public sentiment since the adoption of the amendment.

The portrayal of children unable to play because they were kept busy washing home-brew bottles was one of the comedy high lights furnished by the wet witnesses. Youth generally resented the slanders of the younger generation by the apologists for the brewery.

One wet witness, Mr. Church of Pittsburgh, swiftly retracted his testimony when he faced the aroused and indignant students of his own institution on his return home.

In Atlanta, over 10,000 young people, on May 2, took part in The Youths' Protest Parade, with such slogans as They Lied on Us in Washington. Evangeline Booth's evidence effectually refuted the wet claim that youth was drinking greatly, as it did other wet assertions concerning general drinking, home-brewing, drunkenness, and the effects of prohibition on the working people.

Many more of the attacks by the modificationists were so exaggerated that they overreached themselves. They claimed a great increase in drunkenness, but their own figures showed that they arrived at that increase by including in the total 2,195,844 arrests for drunkenness in 457 communities for the dry years, but omitting to give any arrests at all in those cities for any wet year.

Economists, health experts, college professors, and experts in nearly every walk of life testified that the improved health and the prosperity of the nation were largely due to the general abandonment of drinking habits. The fact that people are not drinking more than a small fraction of the amount formerly consumed is demonstrated by the health and economic data far better than by any other items. The nation, like the individual who swore off, proves its sobriety by the physical and financial results that followed its pledge-taking in the Eighteenth Amendment.

EXAGGERATIONS of the modificationists are shown by their claim of 17,200,000 stills (nearly one for every other family in the nation) producing an average of forty gallons of liquor a day, or nearly six gallons of moonshine a day for every man, woman, and child in the nation. To this might be added, in the frenzied figuring of the wets, the 60,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol diverted, according to their claim, which was effectively refuted by a Treasury Department expert. That would add two quarts more of pure alcohol, or from four to six quarts of bootleg liquor, per capita yearly to the amount of moonshine already imagined by them.

If one should add the fabulous but imaginary floods of smuggled liquor and the oceans of hypothetical home-brew, as pictured by the wets, to this total, the absurdity of the wet statistics would be apparent to the most prejudiced. This structure of fancy was erected upon the seizure in 1925 of 17,854 stills as reported by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

By including distilleries, still worms, and fermenters (these last being washtubs or any other receptacle for mash, totaling 134,810) in the total with stills, the grand total of 172,000 was reached, which, multiplied by either 10 or 100, according to the fancy of the statistician, gave the wets either 1,720,000 or else 17,200,000 illicit stills.

Because the consumption of industrial alcohol has increased 60,000,000 gallons under prohibition, they assumed that the bootlegger got it all, although it was shown that only about 13,000,000 was a potential supply for the bootlegger and he did not get even that amount.

PRO *and* CON

Wayne B. Wheeler

As the Drys See the Wets

Incidentally, the amount of pure alcohol in the 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer and 167,000,000 gallons of whisky, besides the wines, gins, etc., consumed before prohibition, was 165,000,000 gallons at least.

At a very liberal estimate, there is probably not so much as 10,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol used in the illicit liquors consumed today.

No one disputes that illicit liquor is being made, smuggled, sold, and drunk. That is no argument for repeal of the law, although the modificationists appeared to base their demand upon this fact. Laws are not repealed because a small minority break them. Every law is broken. Lawlessness is met with enforcement, not surrender.

EVILS of the use of liquor were emphasized by both sides at the hearings. The dry forces presented these evils as arguments for the suppression of the traffic that produced them. The wet forces urged the very same evils, only emphasized and exaggerated, as an argument in favor of extending, legalizing, and even subsidizing, through national ownership, the traffic which was responsible for them.

Instead of blaming liquor and the thirst generated through centuries of license for the drunkenness and the liquor lawlessness, the foes of prohibition blamed prohibition. Their argument was as logical as it would be to blame the sentence of a court for the crimes of a convicted criminal. Their suggested cure for the existing evils of illicit liquor—legalizing its sale, making it cheaper and easily accessible to all—was as absurd as to attempt to cure green-apple colic by a diet of more and greener apples.

There was no agreement shown by the wets on any substitute for prohibition. Some urged beer, although the beer saloon, the lawless corruption of the brewers, and the beer habit were the source of the evils which led to the adoption of national prohibition.

The saloon was denounced by many of the wet witnesses. This is the common practice among the foes of prohibition today. It is remarkable, however, that this denunciation did not begin until after prohibition. These nominal foes of the saloon did nothing to remedy its evils or to remove it from society. Prohibition did that.

Neither have the modificationists any very plausible substitute to suggest. As Evangeline Booth said in her testimony, "Wherever light wines and beer are sold, even if it should be on the doorstep of a rabbit hutch, there will be a saloon. Under the old license law, about 90 per cent of the intoxicating drink that was consumed was wine and beer, and a beer drunkard makes a most terrible spectacle."

If one placed in parallel columns the wets' exclamations of horror against home-brewing and home drinking under prohibition, as they portrayed these themselves, with the wet arguments for the sale of beer and wine to be consumed only in the home, the perfection with which these arguments mutually cancel each other would be readily seen.

Some urged government control, although testimony on the unspeakable conditions in the government-control provinces of Canada, joined to testimony concerning the failure of this system wherever tried in America, showed that drunkenness, crime, social immorality, corruption, and debauchery were inevitable accompaniments of government control.

Hardly had the hearings closed than liquor scandals growing out of the Canadian government-control system rocked the Dominion ministry. Montreal officials have been bribing the Civil Service Commissioners and the Minister of Customs with shipments of liquor to insure their complaisance when complaints about laxities in Montreal reached their ears.

The revelations of the corruption inseparable from the liquor traffic, intensified by its intrenched position under government control, has already ruined men prominent in Canadian political life, has forced resignations in the past few weeks, and promises to have far-reaching consequences.

This is the system urged in one of the measures suggested by the wets.

THE praise given foreign countries by the wets, who extolled beer and wine as temperance drinks, is not justified by the alcohol consumption in those lands. The following table shows the average yearly per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages, from 1906 to 1910, years uncomplicated by war or economic disturbances. The measure used is the liter, practically equivalent to a full quart:

	Distilled Liquors at 50 per cent.	*Wine*	*Beer*	*Total Consumption in pure alcohol*
Finland	2.31	0.61	7.25	1.54
Norway	2.87	1.16	18.43	2.37
Canada	4.23	0.42	22.61	3.31
European Russia	6.09	0.86	6.52	3.41
Sweden	6.87	0.54	21.64	4.33
Holland	7.16	1.55	27.28	5.01
Denmark	10.44	1.50	36.16	6.82
United States	5.51	2.37	76.25	6.89
Germany	7.29	4.76	104.98	7.47
Austria	7.40	19.72	52.20	7.78
Great Britain	4.17	1.23	123.06	9.67
Belgium	5.47	5.16	220.82	10.58
Switzerland	3.82	55.63	69.01	13.71
Spain	3.24	69.50	84.05	14.02
Italy	1.02	128.58	1.63	17.29
France [1]	8.81	144.00	71.66 [2]	22.93

[1] *Consommation des Boissons Alcooliques dans les Different Pays.* Dr. Johannes Gabrielsson, Librairie Felix Alcan, Paris, 1915. Figures probably as accurate as can be had.

[2] 34.45 liters of this is cider.

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The lack of sportsmanship of the wet group was well illustrated by their brief filed after the hearings closed. Much of the time allotted for dry testimony was consumed by filibuster methods under the pretext of cross-examination, when wet propaganda, unsworn to by anyone, was read into the record as part of the questions put to dry witnesses.

The resultant lack of time prevented the introduction of scores of witnesses who were present, prepared to testify to the success of prohibition and its possibilities under better enforcement. In spite of this, the wet group assail the dry forces for not putting certain other witnesses upon the stand, make hysterical charges against leaders in the churches and in business, and, since argument failed, resort to the childish device of applying insulting names to their opponents. I had planned to take the stand myself, but when I found they intended to use a large amount of time in my cross-examination on questions not relevant, we thwarted their scheme and now they whine.

The wets' denunciation of the church and the ministry because of the support given prohibition is coupled, in the closing brief of their counsel, with an accusation that these are "traitors to the firmly established principle of complete separation of state and church in American government."

No one suggests any union of church and state. "Separation of church and state" does not even remotely imply that Christianity disfranchises its adherents, that only the godless, profane, and unregenerate should participate in public activities or that the church and its ministry should not express themselves as the moral leaders of the nation when a policy affecting our moral life is under discussion.

THE liquor group have vainly sought to give a moral tone to their propaganda against prohibition. They have sought to camouflage their pleas for beer and wine with the claim that these would make for temperance. They have vainly tried to pose as the champions of morality—since prohibition. It is curious that the roll of the dry advocates contains the names of many who throughout their lives have sacrificingly stood for morality and service, as Evangeline Booth, to name but one, while such names are conspicuous by their absence from the wet group.

Hard driven for facts, the wets have resorted to positive falsification. It is a common stunt for wet advocates to declare they were formerly dry, although they were never heard from when the fight was on. Their dryness is the "extra dry" of champagne, not of prohibition. The wets also assert that bootleggers favor prohibition. This is the biggest lie this group has ever uttered. No group of criminals ever was in favor of the law which penalized them. The vicious element has always been wet, even though all the wet element has not, necessarily, been always vicious.

Against the wet argument that suppression of the liquor lawlessness which they exultingly pictured was impossible, the dry forces presented the records of men who showed that the law not only could be enforced but was being enforced. With smaller staffs and with smaller appropriations than the United States district attorney of New York—who offered an unconvincing alibi for his own confessed failure—the United States district attorneys in Cleveland and Chicago presented their records of dockets cleared, convictions secured, law enforcement achieved, and the illicit traffic reduced to a small fraction of its former extent.

The successes of the Coast Guard and the improved control of industrial alcohol demonstrated the possibilities of closing these channels of illicit liquor. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Andrews, when he told of his plans to abolish the illegal traffic in beer, did not suggest any thought of the impossibility of enforcement.

Unable to substantiate by any reliable evidence their claims that the law could not be enforced, the wets were forced, in their brief, to make the outrageous claim that "conditions became worse with every curtailment of commercial beverages" and then to quote the figures of the Department of Justice, showing the increasing success in arresting and convicting violators of the law, as though they were evidence that the law was not being enforced.

Senator W. E. Borah, Dry Leader. *Wayne B. Wheeler, Anti-Saloon League.* *Emory R. Buckner, a Federal Attorney.*

The wet demand that the law be repealed because of liquor lawlessness suggests the old story of the incorrigible youth who was on trial for murder of his father and mother and asked clemency on the ground that he was an orphan. The evils of the liquor traffic, admitted by the wets, are the results of their own propaganda. They have no right to expect that the nation will treat with mercy a murderous traffic merely because it is murderous.

The low cost of enforcement was shown by economists whose reputations are worldwide. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale testified that the economic gains from prohibition were over $6,000,000,000, merely counting the effects of the transfer of energy and the increase of energy under this policy of government and ignoring the economic gains from savings in costs of jails, almshouses, insane asylums, etc., because of the lessened crime and insanity, and ignoring, too, the economic value of the lowered death rate.

PROFESSOR FARNAM of Yale demonstrated that the cost of prohibition enforcement was 22 cents per capita. These estimates also ignored the fact that the bootlegger pays most of the cost of his own arrest and prosecution, since the fines paid into the public treasury of the United States cover the greater part of the money spent for enforcement of prohibition.

If one added to the sum of these fines the amounts paid into State treasuries in fines imposed in State courts, the net cost of prohibition enforcement would be seen to be practically nothing. In many States nine-tenths of all such cases, made by Federal officers, are tried in State courts in order to get speedier action.

Opposition to prohibition enforcement also has its cost. One might quote from the Baltimore *Sun* of May 4, a paper that supports the modificationists' program and therefore cannot well be accused of libeling the foes of the Eighteenth Amendment, the following concerning the account filed with the clerk of the House of Representatives on May 13 by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, under the Corrupt Practices Act:

> Many prominent persons, the report shows, were among those who contributed $100 or more. BREWERIES, beverage makers, glassware manufacturers, and OTHER TRADES FORMERLY AFFILIATED WITH THE LIQUOR BUSINESS, are listed as contributors.

The wets until recently made no accounting of their money secured and used for political purposes. The Anti-Saloon League is the only organization reporting for years its receipts and expenditures in Congressional campaigns in the wet-and-dry fight. While no evidence was presented at the hearings on these reports, they were dragged into the discussion of the hearings by the wets.

The wet suggestion that Congress turn over enforcement to the various States, permitting them to fix their own definitions of intoxicating beverages, is answered by President Coolidge in his Williamsburg speech, May 15, when he said:

> When the great body of public opinion of the nation requires action, the States ought to understand that unless they are responsive to such sentiment the national authority will be compelled to intervene.
>
> The doctrine of States' rights is not a privilege to continue in wrong-doing, but a privilege to be free from interference in well-doing.

THE mind of the American people was made up before these hearings opened. A national referendum is unnecessary and meaningless. The mind of the people is shown by the fact that over three-fourths of the States maintain stronger laws than the Volstead act, by direct vote of the people or by legislative action.

The wet hearings were not staged for the passage of wet legislation in this Congress but to create beer sentiment and discontent. Not even the advocates of the wet bills expected any of them to be recommended. The dry forces might have objected to these hearings on the ground that they were for propaganda only, but the Anti-Saloon League favored the hearings, knowing it would reveal the weakness of the opposition.

The average man or woman knows that under prohibition there is little drinking where there was once very much; that home conditions are better; that business and working conditions are better; that prosperity is more general; that slums and poverty have practically vanished; that youth is not drunken, as the wets claim, but keen-eyed and clear-brained; that the political corruption which accompanied brewery control in politics is gone; that the liquor lawlessness and the bribery of public officials which exist today are the legacy of the saloon days and are only a small decimal of their former amount; and that a break in the dike of prohibition would inevitably bring back the saloon and the brewery train of evils that accompany these plagues.

THE real issue is not whether a minority residing in a few notoriously wet centers, represented by a steadily diminishing group of men in the House or the Senate, whose oaths of office do not seem to conflict with their loyalty to the brewer or liquor dealer, want prohibition hamstrung. The only real question is, Do the American people want prohibition or not?

Primary and election returns are the best answer to that question. Those answers are drier every year. About the only time the wets win is when the dry vote is divided and the wets are united, as in the recent Pennsylvania Senatorial primary. The American people are not willing to surrender to any lawless element, however specious their arguments may be.

Many excellent citizens who had not been actively concerned in the fight to secure enforcement, have been startled into action by the boldness of the liquor group's attack upon the very principles of constitutional government. Somewhere it is written, "Give your enemy enough rope and he will hang himself."

THE END

Sit down to breakfast *with* writers, opera stars, actresses and business women

"What do you eat for breakfast—and why?" . . . A long list of famous women recently answered these questions for a scientific institute, engaged in research on foods.

You'll find these women in the pages of "Who's Who in America." They are successful, renowned—yet they work hard and steadily. And, through days crowded with many activities, they retain vigorous, radiant health.

How? . . . Their answer is "The right kind of food!" Carefully chosen meals—and particularly a small, well-balanced, highly nourishing breakfast.

Famous women say that food like this is essential to health and achievement

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, like the women to whom the breakfast questionnaire was sent, doubtless eat a light or moderate breakfast. Most people do, nowadays. . . . But are you careful to see that the small amount of *food* you eat supplies you with a large amount of *nourishment*? It's the only safe plan! All the vital elements of nutrition, in proper quantity and proportion, should be contained in your breakfast.

That is why Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food. Served with milk or cream, it is an exceptionally well-balanced ration—and most delicious! It gives your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special process which develops the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food particularly easy to digest—and makes it *crisp*. Ask your dentist what thorough chewing of crisp food means to the health and beauty of your teeth and gums! As a nation, we are suffering from the prevalence of soft foods in our diet.

Because this one food can do so much for your health—because it can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

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MOONLIGHT *and* Honeysuckle

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

One day Flora arrived in the middle of the morning. "Hello!" said James. "Why aren't you at work?"

A Short Story of Two Gentlemen Who Preferred the Same Blonde

By DANA BURNET

"ANY girl," maintained Uncle Henry, "who permits herself to be picked up by a man is simply not what she should be. That's my opinion; and I tell you, my boy, the rest of the world will have to come around to it again before we can ever hope to return to the good old American ideals. Yes, sir! If I didn't think so I wouldn't be putting money into that new Riverview development. And Respect for Womanhood is the foundation of the home! Now you, James, are young and you've got a lot of newfangled literary notions in your head. I worry about you."

James looked at the girl sitting across the table, on Uncle Henry's right, and wished to God he'd never obeyed the impulse to invite this Flora to Sunday noon dinner with Uncle Henry. The older man liked her! He was smiling upon her and preening himself. That made it worse. Because if he ever found out that his nephew had spoken to this girl for the first time only that morning, he would be, in a word, sore. It might end, reflected James gloomily, in his being forced to live with Uncle Henry!—to give up his precious room in Tenth Street!

You see, Flora was also a Greenwich Villager; in fact, she inhabited the room next to his. James didn't know her from Eve—though he met her occasionally on the stairs; and once he had seen her in her kimono streaking it toward the bathroom.

Her hair was down, and he had observed that it reached almost to her waist; a veritable flood of reddish gold that had astonished him beyond words. He could not have been more astonished if he'd met a dodo in the hall. Obviously, therefore, she was not the sort of girl in whom he would be interested.

So he had rather definitely avoided making the acquaintance of this girl Flora, which probably wouldn't have been difficult; for she seemed a friendly sort of person.

And then, that morning, meeting her in the hall, he suddenly had begun talking to her. He was feeling appalled at the thought of Uncle Henry's impending Sunday sermon.

"Say, listen!" he had blurted out finally. "Why don't you come and have dinner with me at the Ritz? My uncle'll be there. Nice old chap. Not so old, either. Thirty-eight or forty. Rich as hell. Talks real estate and —er— Well, what do you say?"

And Flora had said: "Yes!" And then she'd gone into her room, and had got dolled up a bit, and the next thing James knew they were rattling uptown in a taxi and he was asking her what her name was and telling her his.

And so here they were, with Uncle Henry beaming at Flora and approving her appetite and——

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Then the inevitable happened. Mr. Fillmore turned to his nephew, blinked once or twice, and said jovially: "Well, James! And why haven't I met Miss Martin before this?"

"Well, you see," replied James—"the fact is, I used to know Flora years and years ago—er—when I was in college. We met at a dance, you know—now where was that dance, Flora? I always forget."

"Indianapolis," said Flora, with just a faint suggestion of malice.

"Oh, sure! Indianapolis!" said James. "That was the year I made the glee club, and we took that long Western trip, and——"

"Then your home's in Indiana?" Uncle Henry remarked to Flora.

"It used to be," answered the girl. "But—last fall my mother died, and we sold our home; so I came to New York to get a job. I wanted to earn my own living, you see."

"Well, well, well!" commented Uncle Henry. "That was pretty brave of you. I hope you didn't have any difficulty——"

"Oh, no!" said Flora. "I found something right away. A lovely job with Baltman and Company. In the household furnishing department. I adore it. I always think, when I'm selling a rug, or a lamp, or an electric icebox, that maybe I'll be buying something like that for my own home some day."

"Ah, ha!" chirruped Uncle Henry. "So you want a home of your own, do you?"

"Do I?" cried the girl. "Why, I dream of it nights. I like New York. But I do get so homesick for houses with grass around them!"

Uncle Henry rose to the hint as a trout to the fly. His ruddy face lighted up and his eyes—the eyes of a business man with a vision—rested almost hungrily on Flora Martin.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll just drive out to Riverview this afternoon. I'd like to show Miss Martin our new development."

James felt strangely numb. "Didn't you tell me you had an engagement, Flora?"

"Why, no," returned the girl naively. "I'm sure I didn't, because I haven't. And I think it would be awfully nice to drive out to—wherever it is, and——"

"Waiter!" called Uncle Henry. "The check!"

A FEW minutes later, as James and Flora stood on the sidewalk waiting for Mr. Fillmore to drive up in the car, she said to him: "I didn't know that this was going to be your uncle's party. You didn't tell me that he was going to pay for——"

"Oh, well," said James, trying to be light-hearted about it, "what's the difference? Uncle Henry's got scads of money. He's had a good time, and he's going to have a better one showing you around that darned suburb——"

"He's sweet," said Flora.

James was vaguely alarmed.

"Look here!" he said. "I don't know about this. I hope I haven't started anything. Not that Uncle Henry isn't all right, you know, but—well, he's a man, and a bachelor, and—er—you know how these strait-laced people are when they begin to let go of their repressions. They just sort of explode, and——"

"Explode!" laughed Flora. "Why, I can't imagine Mr. Fillmore exploding. I felt terribly about that story you told him."

James was depressed by Uncle Henry's conversation on the way out to Riverview.

"Right on the Hudson!" burbled the wealthy realtor to Flora. "We've got our lots all laid out and now we're putting up a few model houses to show the type of home we expect to build there. Now I'm not literary" (this was a subtle dig at James), "but I've got my ideals, Miss Martin——"

"I'm sure you have," murmured Flora.

Uncle Henry swelled till he became almost volatile.

"Take any young couple dreaming of the ideal home. Analyze their dream, and what do you find? You find a little white house—in their mind's eye—drenched with the atmosphere of moonlight and honeysuckle. Do you get it?"

"I certainly do," said Flora.

Uncle Henry gazed penetratingly at her.

"Now I'll just bet," he said, "that you've got some such picture of the ideal home in your mind's eye, Miss Martin!"

"You're very clever, Mr. Fillmore."

"WELL, *I* haven't!" spoke up James, from his corner of the tonneau, almost viciously.

Flora gave him a glancing smile. "What have you got in your mind's eye?" she asked.

"A trip to Paris!" flung out James with reckless abandon.

"James," said Uncle Henry, quite unmoved, "wants a trip to Paris. But I tell him it's foolish to chuck a good job—business prospects—till he's established himself as a writer. By the way, James, how's that novel coming along?"

"Oh, all right," growled James.

It was mid-afternoon when they reached the site of the Fillmore development.

Flora and Uncle Henry spent at least half an hour in one of the mousetraps, a small white stucco house perched neatly on a knoll overlooking the Hudson, while James sat on the front steps and played with a child, a little girl who had wandered up from nowhere to make friends with him.

Behind him, at intervals, he could hear through the open door Flora's voice: "I saw exactly the right thing the other day in our department at Baltman's!" And again: "A pergola, you know, leading from the back door into the garden."

THE friendly little girl told James that she was the caretaker's little girl, and came and sat on his knee. But after a while she got down, saying that she had to go home because her mamma had told her not to go out of the house because she had been sick.

Finally Flora and Uncle Henry came out of the mousetrap.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Uncle Henry. "There's James! What are you thinking about, James?"

"Paris!" returned the novelist glumly.

"I believe," remarked Flora, with feminine irrelevancy, "that if you want a thing badly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Her hair, a flood of reddish gold, astonished James.

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
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TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

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AN ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY HOTEL
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KIN HUBBARD
(Abe Martin)

I USED to think that th' old Logan House, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, with its yeller omnibus an' calico horses, an' lace curtains at th' parlor windows, was about th' last thing in hotels. I loved th' combination odor o' rubber stair treads an' hash that hit you in th' face as you passed th' ladies' entrance. But hotels were mysteries t' me 'till I went t' Chicago World's Fair with an uncle, who talked o' nothin' but th' Sherman House throughout th' long, tiresome journey. He had stopped there in th' past.

We hit th' Sherman House on "Ohio Day," an' th' office was crowded with people clamorin' fer accommodations, an' I recall a ruddy-faced clerk, who combed his hair like an acrobat, an' wore sea bean cuff buttons an' a yeller diamond banjo scarf-pin, tellin' my uncle he could "feed us, but couldn' bed us." We later stopped at a pasteboard hotel out by th' fair.

I've stopped at th' Hotel Sherman many times since, an' I have lived fer a day or longer at famous hotels in almost ever' city in th' world, but I have never found one as homey, complete an' altogether satisfactory, as th' New Hotel Sherman, of Chicago.

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1700 Rooms, each with bath. So distributed that 75% are at the Hotel Sherman's minimum rates—$3.00 - $5.00

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

enough you're bound to get it. You sort of make it happen."

"That's right," agreed Uncle Henry, and, clapping his hand on his nephew's shoulder, said: "You'll get to Paris one of these days, my boy."

Going home in the car Flora and Uncle Henry did all the talking. And they laughed a good deal.

James never had seen his relative in this mood before, and it aroused his suspicions.

James advanced toward the older man. "Uncle Henry," he demanded, "have you asked Flora to marry you?"

Then something happened which rather altered James' viewpoint. As they drove down Fifth Avenue in the twilight—it was spring, by the way—Flora's hand stole into his. She didn't look at him, nor he at her; but for blocks and blocks he sat holding her hand, while Uncle Henry talked.

The very naivete of this girl Flora was what affected James.

By the time they'd reached Tenth Street he finally had decided that, whereas he was not in the least interested in her emotionally, he would do well to keep a brotherly eye on her.

HE told her so as he said good night to her in the hall outside their respective doors.

"Look here, Flora Martin!" he said. "I'm going to be a brother to you. I've got you into this——"

"Into what?" asked Flora.

"Why—er—you know! Uncle Henry, and—you must have noticed how silly he was acting!"

"Silly? Why, no, I didn't see anything silly about him. I thought he was perfectly sweet, and—isn't it funny?—he asked me to be a *sister* to *you!*"

"What!" gasped James.

"Yes, he asked me to sort of keep an eye on you. I think he rather worries about you, James. He's afraid that you may form companionships that perhaps aren't quite—conventional."

He stared at her, furious. But her eyes were completely innocent of laughter. And so truly friendly was her whole aspect that he wanted to murder her.

"Oh, so you're going to look after *me,* are you?" he cried.

And then, with every intention of doing something frightful and completely obliterating to her, he took this girl Flora in his arms and kissed her. "There!" said James, breathing hard. "That's what I think of you as a sister! I mean—how do you like *that?*"

And this girl Flora said: "I like it—pretty well."

And before he could so much as dodge she had stepped forward, and was kissing him lightly on the cheek.

"Thanks for a very nice day!" she said, and was gone into her own room with a final friendly wave of the hand.

TWO days later Flora in her room, getting supper on the tiny gas stove, heard James' voice, muffled by the intervening partition, call: "Hey, Flora!"

She went quickly into his room and saw the young novelist standing before his mirror.

"Something's wrong with my face," he said. "Would you mind looking at it?"

So she looked, and gasped, "Oh, James! You've got the measles."

"Measles!" echoed James. "Where'd I get them?" Then he stopped and scowled at Flora, and exclaimed loudly: "That darned kid!"

"What kid?"

"The little girl who came and sat on my knee last Sunday while you and Uncle Henry were in that darned house! That's what I get for going to the country!"

"Never mind," soothed Flora. "Don't worry! I'll take care of—of everything. I'll just run down and telephone to your Uncle Henry. And then we'll get a doctor, and—Now, don't you worry! They may be only German."

But they were not German. They were the real thing. The doctor said so. He was a very expensive doctor, who came downtown with Uncle Henry in the latter's car.

An hour later James was in bed in the expensive doctor's private hospital.

Every day during his illness Flora came to see him. Usually Uncle Henry managed to drop in about the same time, about five-thirty in the afternoon; which made it very nice—for Uncle Henry. But one day Flora arrived in the middle of the morning.

"Hello!" said James. "Why aren't you at work?"

"I've left Baltman's," she told him, sitting down by the bed. "Your Uncle Henry——"

"Uncle Henry!" exclaimed James.

"Yes. He's given me a job—the most marvelous job in the world! I'm to furnish the houses he builds. I'm going to start on that little house in Riverview—that darling little house! And if I make good your uncle's promised me a permanent position with Fillmore and Company. He really is the sweetest thing!" cried Flora; and added, in an offhand tone: "Of course, I had to tell him the truth about us. I mean, about that Sunday dinner at the Ritz, and the way I picked you up in the hall that morning——"

"YOU mean the way I picked you up! What'd he say?"

"He said he understood it perfectly. You see, I explained to him that I thought you were rather lonely, and needed a friend, and——"

"Oh!" said James. "I see! Well, he must think I'm a swell liar to have handed him all that guff about meeting you at a dance in Indianapolis, and being old friends, and——"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"Oh, no! He understands that, too. Because I explained to him that it was just your natural gift for fiction——"

The invalid groaned.

"How can you mention fiction to me? For all you know I might die of the measles and then my novel would never be finished—" He paused, then said querulously: "By the way, I left the manuscript in my room. It's in my top bureau drawer. Will you get it and keep it for me? I'm afraid something'll happen to it."

"Of course!" said Flora. "May I read it?"

"If you want to," growled the sick young novelist. "Though you won't like it, and it isn't finished, and— But you wait! The minute I get out of this damned hospital I'm going to finish it, and then I'm going to Europe—if I have to go on a cattleboat!"

Flora put her hand on his.

"Do you really want to go so much?"

"More than I want anything else in the world," he answered.

THAT night his fever went up to 103.

But the next morning it was down again; and at noon, when Flora came, and told him she'd sat up all night reading his novel, he was really quite heartened.

"I thought it was terribly interesting," she told him. "Of course, I didn't understand it all. And that girl—I mean your heroine——"

"You didn't care for Ida?"

"Why, yes, I did! I thought she was terribly interesting, and all. But—well—she's so different from—from me—that naturally it was a little hard for me to understand her. But I do think the whole thing's splendid! And, I mean, I wish you'd let Mr. Fillmore read it."

"Uncle Henry? He doesn't want to——"

"Yes, he does. I mean I'm sure he would! I mean— There isn't so much more of it to be written, is there?"

"A matter of two or three chapters," replied James.

"Please let me take it to Mr. Fillmore! The manuscript, I mean."

"Why?" he asked, curious.

Flora smiled, her head a little bent as though by the burden of bright hair upon it. She had taken off her hat, and in the shadowy room her hair had a reddish-golden sheen. . . .

"Oh," said Flora, "I have my reasons."

"All right," grumbled James, "let him see it if you want to—but, for heaven's sake, spare me his criticisms!"

ONE Sunday morning, some two weeks later, James Fillmore Kenyon was sitting in his room in Tenth Street putting the finishing touches to his novel.

Flora wasn't at home today. He knew, because earlier that morning he had knocked at her door—he had wanted to borrow a match—and had been met only by a chill, unanswering silence.

He'd reached the concluding paragraph before an interruption occurred. Then the landlady of the boarding-house appeared and told him that he was wanted on the telephone. It was Flora.

"I'm out at Riverview," she told him. "I want you to come out tonight—to a sort of housewarming. I've finished my first job and I'm giving a little dinner to celebrate. I'm cooking it myself, so you'll have to come. There'll be just you and Mr. Fillmore and me. Mr. Fillmore said to tell you he'd send the car for you at five."

"Delighted!" said James, and went back upstairs to his room with a certain vivid and disturbing picture in his mind—a picture of Flora seated at the telephone in that silly mousetrap of a house up the Hudson, a little smile on her lips, and her head bent, characteristically, with its bright burden of reddish-gold hair.

He sighed, sat down at his typewriter, and quickly pounded out the last sentence of his novel almost without thinking. After which he typed neatly at the bottom of the page, "The End," and got up and stood for a long time looking out of the window.

"Where's Mr. Fillmore?" asked James of the chauffeur, who arrived punctually at five.

"He drove up this morning, sir, with Miss Martin. In the roadster, sir."

So Uncle Henry had driven Flora Martin out to Riverview himself, in his own roadster! A chummy roadster at that!

FLORA and Uncle Henry were waiting for him on the front porch of the mousetrap.

Mr. Fillmore's greeting to his nephew was obviously an embarrassed greeting. His face got red and he laughed quite idiotically. Flora was extremely excited, and

insisted at once upon showing James through the house.

The latter was quite genuinely impressed. "Well, Flora!" he said, when they had completed their tour and were back again in the living-room, "you've come darned near making suburban life plausible. But where's the moonlight and honeysuckle?"

"That'll come later," she replied, with a smile that seemed to him a trifle mysterious.

Uncle Henry, standing by a window, looking at the Hudson, laughed—in a key much too high for a man of his weight.

The dinner, cooked and served by Flora, was wonderful. But it was consumed in an atmosphere of restraint that no effort on the part of any of them could banish.

Finally James, in desperation, mentioned his book.

"I've finished it," he said. "Wrote the last chapter this morning. By the way," he added, looking warily at Uncle Henry, "I've never heard what you thought of my novel. Er—that is, if you ever read it?"

"He did," said Flora.

MR. FILLMORE stared solemnly at his nephew.

"My dear James," he began, "I've been waiting for a suitable opportunity to talk to you about your novel. Flor—ah—Miss Martin gave it to me, and—" Here Uncle Henry darted a quick glance at Flora, who gave an almost imperceptible nod—"I think it's—ah—one of the finest—ah—one of the most artistic—ah—novels in modern literature!"

"My God!" said James. "I didn't know you knew anything about modern literature!"

"Oh, but he does!" cried Flora. "He really knows a frightful lot, don't you, Mr. Fillmore?"

"Frightful," murmured Uncle Henry, touching his forehead with a crumpled napkin.

"And he's awfully anxious to read the rest of it, aren't you?" cried the girl, smiling brightly at her employer.

"At the earliest possible moment," said Mr. Fillmore, with a kind of hypnotic enthusiasm.

"Well, then," said James grimly, "you can read it as soon as dinner's over—because I've got the rest of it right here in my pocket."

So when dinner was over Uncle Henry composed himself in the living-room to read. James, for his part, retired to the kitchen with Flora.

Flora in a white apron with a pink ruffle was a Flora he never had seen before. A very lovely, very present, and yet oddly distant Flora.

As she washed the dishes and he dried them, an awkward silence possessed them both. Then—when she handed him the meat platter—their eyes met, and——

"What's happened, anyway?" said James.

"Oh—several things. In the first place, your trip to Paris."

"My trip to— What do you mean?"

"You're going to have it," she said, the mysterious smile coming slowly to her lips. "I've been talking a little to your Uncle Henry, and he—I've helped him to see things your way."

James gently put down the meat platter, turned, and clutched her hands.

"You've done this! You've done it for me! I want to know why?"

"Because I—I told you I was going to look out for you! And, after all, I owe you something for introducing me to your Uncle Henry, and——"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

It's the only face you've got

The only face, too, that you'll ever have. The question is: Do you like it well enough to treat it *right*—give it, every morning, the comfort of a Complete Mennen Shave.

Take it from me, you'll feel a whale of a lot fitter and peppier if you do. It's one of those things which you can't begin to appreciate until you've actually tried it out.

I tell you what you do. Go around to the drugstore tonight. A tube of Mennen Shaving Cream will set you back only 50 cents for the big size—a size that spells true economy.

Then tomorrow morning, lather up and go to it. Honest, *men*—it makes all the difference in the world. You'll get the biggest, quickest lather you ever built. And the Dermutation process will take every ounce of fight out of your whiskers.

Swish! Your razor goes through as clean as a fire engine through traffic. Your face is left smooth as a new dollar bill.

After that, Mennen Skin Balm. It costs only half a buck for a big tube that will last you months. A little squeeze rubbed over the face and *boy*—it's the freshest, pleasantest sensation you ever had. A zippy, tingling coolness—allaying all skin irritation—toning up the tissues. Takes away all the shiny look. And it's all absorbed in half a minute.

For the final touch—Mennen Talcum for Men. A quarter a tin and a tin goes a long way. Dust a little over your face—it doesn't show. But it does dry out all the moisture the towel doesn't reach. It's antiseptic. Spreads a soft, gossamer film that protects against the elements or collar irritation.

You go down to breakfast feeling as if you had a personal valet working for you.

And that's *that*. Come on now fellows. Get next to yourself. Your face—the only one you've got—will welcome 365 Mennen Shaves a year. Why not reach out and get the best there is?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

With Lux *you keep lovely silks—chiffons—rayons—ever beautiful*

Trim sports frocks of silk, flannel, rayon Myriad-tinted hosiery .. Exquisite underthings ..

More beautiful this year, more perishable. The care you give them is so important!

FROCKS of silk and flannel for sports—of course! And now a new fabric—rayon—appears. This season the coutouriers are using it in so many, many ways. Alone or skilfully combined with flannel, linen, cotton, even silk itself!

This season marks a new brilliance in color, too. Pastel shades are giving way to their brighter, bolder sisters—*color* is the keynote!

Nor is this predominance of color confined to costumes alone. All the lovely new underthings of silk, crêpe de chine, rayon—hosiery, too—are exquisite, unusual in coloring—various enough to match each and every frock!

And oh! how much frailer everything is this year! You hesitate at first to purchase—then you remember Lux—and delightedly bear off the loveliest, most intriguing things of all!

For years Lux has faithfully guarded your fine things—your fragile silks and laces, your delicate woolens. You would not think of trusting them to other hands than your own, to anything but Lux! Its bubbling, foaming suds gently cleanse the most perishable fabrics, refresh the most delicate colors *without harm*. That is, of course, if pure water won't harm them!

No matter how delicate, how exquisite your frocks, your filmy underthings—silk or rayon—if water alone won't harm them, Lux won't!

And it's such a joy to use Lux, to swirl your precious things about in those rich, brimming suds! Such a relief, too, to know they're quite safe from harm!

Rayon—new, beautiful but fragile when wet

Nowadays you are finding more and more of your clothes—frocks, underthings, even hosiery—fashioned of lustrous rayon. In others rayon is mixed with silk—flannel—linen.

Rayon must always be handled with the greatest care. *Rubbing with cake soap may completely ruin it.* The safest way to wash rayon is in pure, mild Lux suds. Never wring, never twist it. Just dip it gently up and down in Lux as directions on the package tell you to. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Now the Big, Convenient Package, too

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"Flora, I'm going to kiss you!"

"No," she said, pulling her hands away. "You did once, and —No! Please! Please don't! You can kiss me—again—the day you sail for Paris, because then I'll be—your Aunt Flora!"

"What!" almost shouted James. "What's that? My Aunt—no! Come here, Flora!"

But she had darted suddenly across the kitchen and out of the door. He followed her, bumping into things, through the tiny pantry into the hall and through the hall into the living-room.

UNCLE HENRY was sitting motionless under a reading-lamp with James' manuscript in his hand. He rose quickly as they burst in, looked at them, and smiled in a manner that was an approximation, at least, of his usual businesslike self.

"Well—children!" he said.

"Children!" blurted out James. Then, advancing toward the older man: "Uncle Henry," he demanded, "have you asked Flora to marry you?"

"I have," said the other.

"And she—and what did she say?"

Mr. Fillmore's smile broadened into a fixed grin that gave his lips a peculiar twisted look.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "It was—it happened this afternoon, coming out here in my car. I said to her: 'Flora, will you marry me?' And she said: 'Yes, James!'"

"James!" repeated Flora, fumbling her apron. "James!"

"Yes. My name happens to be Henry."

There was an appreciable silence. Then Flora, with a stifled cry, turned and ran from the room. A moment later a door banged.

At this sound James started. Then he checked himself and looked at Uncle Henry.

"Go on," urged the latter. "Go after her. You're right."

"But I—how do I know I'm right?" cried the young man rather wildly. "I've never dreamed of—of being in love with her, or wanting to marry her! How did

you know? I mean, I thought you thought *you* were going to marry Flora?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fillmore calmly. "I did think so—in spite of that little mistake about my name. That might have been just a slip, you know. But when I got to the last paragraph of your novel, I knew that you were in love with Flora."

He tapped the manuscript with his forefinger. "You see, all through your book you speak of Ida, your heroine, as a girl with short, glossy black hair. And then your final sentence is: 'And the sunlight gleamed triumphantly on her beautiful, reddish-gold hair'!"

James, snatching the manuscript from Uncle Henry, stared for a moment, incredulously, at the last page. Then he turned and dashed out, shouting at the top of his lungs: "Hey, Flora!"

ONE summer evening, a year or so later, Mr. and Mrs. James Fillmore Kenyon were sitting under the trellis that led to their charming little fifteen-by-twenty garden.

There was a full moon high and bright above them.

"I'm sort of glad we chose this house instead of that trip to Paris," said James. "After all, I think an American writer ought to stick to America—for a while, at least."

"And it's so much better for the baby," said Flora. "And now that you've had such a lovely, artistic success with your novel, maybe your next book will really *sell*. I mean—then we could go to Paris anyway."

"Oh, sure," said James.

He put his arm around his wife and kissed her.

"Sort of nice here in the moonlight, isn't it? What's that sweet smell?"

"It's honeysuckle," she answered, and stretching out her hand caressed the rather scrawny vine that made a shadowy pattern against the white trellis. "That darling vine!" sighed Flora. "I'll never forget that I bought it with the royalties we got from your first novel!"

THE END

A Florida moon, a haunting waltz—and Mary Ellen was such an impulsive young lady! You'll read her story in next week's LIBERTY. John Monk Saunders tells it with delightful dash and humor and throws in a pair of rival aviator lovers for good measure. Look for The Mad Pilot.

How to Pick the Right Kind of a Job

By PAUL KINKEAD

WHEN you read that title you probably snorted something in this manner: "Huh, here's another bird who is going to tell me what to do to make a million a year."

Nothing of the sort! I'm considerably short of that figure myself. But I've learned some things about this job-picking business that are worth passing on.

Let's start at the beginning. We'll say you are going out tomorrow morning in search of your first job. Either you have graduated from somewhere or you haven't; at any rate, you have decided to step out and show the world what a real man can do.

Now we'll make another supposition: By noon you have found two openings. One offers thirty-five dollars a week to start, with the prospect of becoming head of your department in six or eight years at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. You are almost certain of that if you stick and do a fair day-by-day stint.

The other job carries an initial salary of twenty dollars weekly, with small raises occasionally. This job demands greater effort and the hours are longer. But there isn't any seventy-five-dollar limit. Somewhere in the concern that has the second opening are the mahogany offices of the $5,000 to $25,000 men.

We're assuming that there are no technical barriers. Those mahogany-desk jobs are for any two-fisted, clear-headed, normally intelligent young bucker of the world who is willing to peel his coat and push.

That's the proposition. Now, which job are you going to take? Before you answer, listen to what a few success-getters have to say about it.

One of them, president of one of the largest public utilities corporations in the country, who began as an under clerk, frankly admits that his organization makes a practice of paying beginners a little less than they are worth. Why? Because they can speed the new man up by a raise a short while after he has joined the concern and they know he's a comer. That insures loyalty to the corporation and keeps men on their toes. And it breeds the desire to get another raise.

I know of one man who held an enviable position with a nationally known corporation. He was earning $15,000 a year, and had worked fifteen years to attain it. The big corporation had reached the saturation point in high-salaried officials. But they organized a subsidiary company, and there was room in that. The man of whom I write, although more than forty and with a family to support, resigned his $15,000-a-year job to accept one at $10,000 with the new company. He came through and is getting more than twice that today.

Now we'll go back to that proposition involving the first job. Almost without exception, the beginner must choose between cash and opportunity at the outset. The choice must be the beginner's.

You've got to place a bet either on cash or opportunity. Old Man Experience's dope sheet shows that Opportunity comes in first most of the time.

THE END

Auto-Intoxication

—self-poisoning that is a drag upon the health and spirits of so many

AUTO-INTOXICATION is the price we pay for too much luxury—too little work. It is the result of too many miles by motor and too few on country walks.

We spend our nervous energy freely—we force ourselves with many things to do—but we let our bodies "loaf." We overtax our stomachs and we under-work our muscles.

Food remains within us for more than a day, clogging the intestines—fermenting—setting up the poisons that produce Auto-Intoxication or Intestinal Toxemia.

These poisons cause sudden fatigue—lassitude—dullness. They derange the intestines. They have an extremely bad effect upon the nervous system. They sharpen nerves—they make their subject, man or woman, cross and irritable.

* * * *

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica relieves and prevents Auto-Intoxication because it promptly corrects internal "stoppage" and sweeps away the poisons from the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. Through the mechanical action of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution it induces prompt peristalsis.

It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so much trouble. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

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The Machine-Gunning of McSWIGGIN

Colosimo had taken to slapping his bodyguard's face before Dale Winters. He "got his" later.

The Rise of the Chicago Gangsters

By

Sidney Sutherland

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

(Gang warfare in Chicago reached the machine-gun stage late last April, with William H. McSwiggin, an assistant State's attorney of Cook County, one of three men killed in the first fusillade. The story of these killings was told in LIBERTY last week. The present article reveals some of the amazing crime conditions that brought on this extraordinary climax.)

PART TWO

IN 1896, underworld conditions in Chicago were about the same as those of any big city, especially one with a large and kaleidoscopic foreign population. About the time that Jacob J. Kern, State's attorney for Cook County, made way for Charles S. Deneen, the Red Light district and wide-open gambling were frankly a part of the Loop, the business heart of the city.

On the West Side, the Tenderloin ran roughly from Madison and Halsted streets to Curtis Street. The Cottage Grove Avenue sector was the South Side vice domain. From Lake Street to Chicago Avenue, clustering principally along Clark Street, were the near North Side Bad Lands. Custom House Place, running south from Jackson Boulevard, was an extensive and popular haunt of the sporting element.

Prize fighting and racing were countenanced, and bookmakers practiced their vocation unrestrained. It was a wide-open town, and nobody cared. Certainly there was no resemblance to crime conditions as under the present reform era.

Deneen, now United States Senator from Illinois, regarded the State's attorney's post as a law office and not as a police station. That is, he made no effort to close up the town; and he was not expected to do so.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DISTINCTION

. . . surprise your guests with this tangy, sparkling beverage that you can make at home

INSTEAD of the familiar fruit drinks and punches, serve a frosty, foaming drink that banishes thirst. Then, when your guests clamor for the secret of your treat, know the pride of answering, "I made it myself."

Real old-fashioned, creamy rootbeer—and it's so easy to make from Hires Household Extract. No muss. No fuss. No trick to mix it. Just follow the simple directions and you're sure of the most delicious drink you ever served.

Cost less than a cent a glass

Hires Household Extract costs only 25 cents for a package that makes 80 glasses—80 glasses of rootbeer that is just crammed with natural, fresh-from-the-woods goodness.

You know it's healthful, you know it's wholesome, because Hires Household Extract is nature's own blend of roots, herbs, barks and berries gathered from over the whole world. It contains the natural plant juices, with their vitamins and healthful qualities. Give it to the children instead of the usual artificially colored and flavored drinks.

Prepare now for hot days

Get a package of Hires Household Extract today. Make a supply without delay and let the whole family enjoy it. Or if you prefer ginger ale, there's a Hires Household Extract for making that too. Equally delicious, equally wholesome and the same price. The Charles E. Hires Company, 210 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Those who think are proud to drink—Hires. At fountains—In bottles

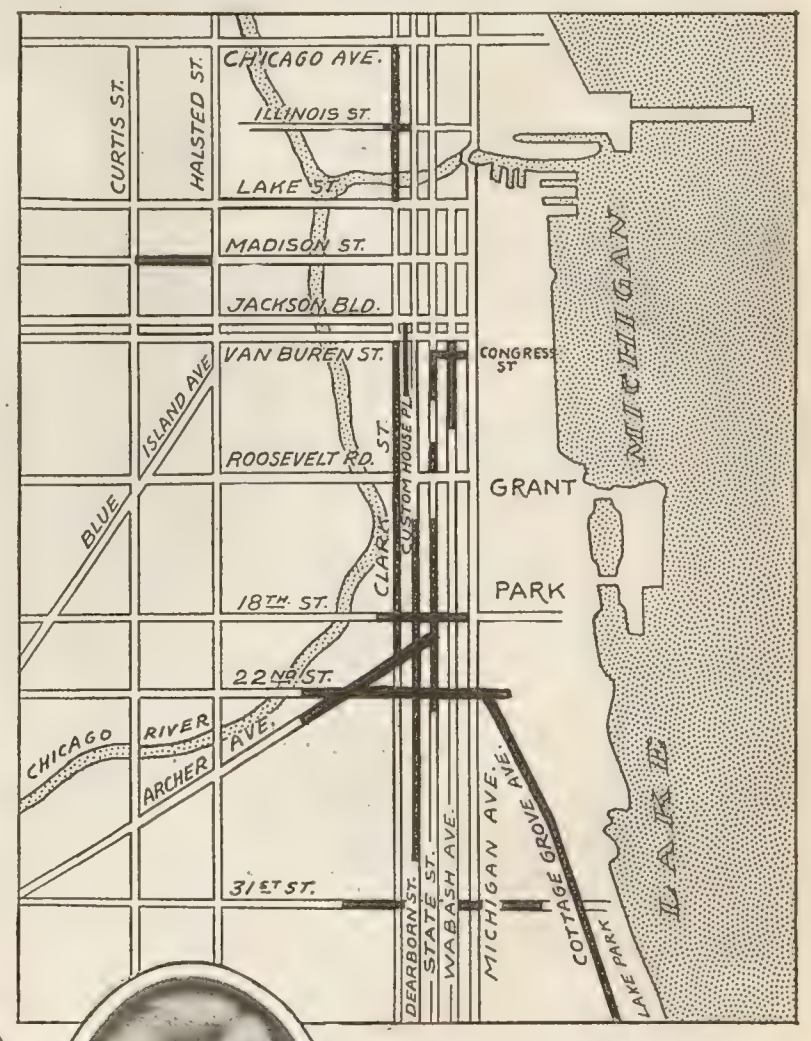
[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

Deneen was followed in office by a man who, Chicagoans maintain, was the best State's attorney the city ever had—John J. Healey, Republican. In his four years' incumbency he, too, regarded his functions as those of a barrister retained by the public to prosecute criminals, and not those of a policeman whose duty was to patrol the highways and byways, seeking crime.

But a new conception of a State's attorney's province came in with John E. W. Wayman in 1908; and for eight years Wayman was a policeman. Although he was a wet—that is, opposed to enforcing the Sunday saloon closing law—he was so taunted and tormented by the reformers that he closed the town with a crash. He broke up the segregated district and scattered prostitution to the hotels and residential sections.

EDWARD McCANN, chief inspector of police, took charge. He reassembled the brothel inmates and instead of one restricted Red Light area he established several, one at 22d Street and Wabash Avenue, one on the near North Side, and one in the Desplaines police station area on the West Side. He compelled the women to register and to submit to medical examinations at stated periods.

For this he was acclaimed as the originator of a marvelous idea by the reformers, who evidently knew little about the subject, since this "solution" of the age-old problem is as old as the problem itself.



Bad Lands of 1896 in black lines.

William Hale Thompson.

Wide World photo

Mayor William E. Dever.

And a mighty howl arose when Wayman indicted McCann as an ordinary grafter preying on the unfortunate women.

J. Hamilton Lewis, afterward United States Senator, defended the inspector, and all the other reformers flew to his aid.

Wayman, badgered to desperation, finally committed suicide. But McCann was convicted and sent to Joliet. Subsequently he was pardoned by Governor Deneen.

Following his trial, the brothels were again broken up; and under Maclay Hoyne, a decidedly damp Democrat, who also regarded himself as a raiding policeman instead of a prosecutor, the women again were scattered into the hotels and apartments, which they occupy to this day—in not a few of Chicago's best residential districts.

DURING these administrations of the State's attorney's office, the city had its gangs, among them the Market Street bunch, those from Back o' the Yards, from the Valley, the Henry Street mob, the O'Malleys, the Feinbergs, the Goose Island crowd, the Molly Motts.

These hoodlums, like the Ragen's Colts of a later day, exercised their exuberance by fighting among themselves, but seldom with fatal issue; by robbing gamblers, but on a puerile scale; by stuffing election boxes; by acting as strike-breakers or union thugs; and by hiring out as sluggers in newspaper circulation wars. They were a bad lot, these hooligans, but they couldn't have qualified as errand boys for the gangsters of the prohibition period.

It was in the early 1900's, after the restricted district had been reestablished around 22d Street and Wabash Avenue, that a Sicilian white slaver, named Jim Colosimo, reached Chicago from New York City. While his wife ran a bagnio on Armour Avenue, he started a brisk trade in members of the fallen sorority with

a New York ring and opened a small spaghetti restaurant and saloon near his wife's establishment.

Big Jim was a personality. He speedily became a power in ward politics, and in the course of years he prospered mightily. Eventually the Sicilian Mafia began to blackmail him. Tired of paying, he went to New York City and hired two gunmen. Their names were Johnny Torrio and Al Capone, the latter known as Scarface Al Brown.

These two specimens had been identified with the Five Points mob, from which Police Lieutenant Becker enlisted Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank, and Lefty Louis, the four killers who later went to the electric chair with him for murdering Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler.

With their women, Torrio and Capone proceeded to Chicago as Big Jim's bodyguard. The latter gave a big dinner in honor of his guests, and at dawn the next morning the three most active Italian extortionists were found shot to death in an alley. The blackmailing letters stopped. While Torrio and Capone were settling themselves in business by opening dives in Burnham, a county township near Chicago, and gradually taking over Colosimo's routine affairs, other scandals in the regular run of a great city's career were taking place.

Big Bill Thompson became Mayor and on the eve of indictment by the reformers for failing to close the saloons on Sunday, he closed them. Police were shielding the pickpocket mobs on the street cars. Yellow Kid Weil and Fred Buckminster, con men de luxe, were gayly making the first pages of the newspapers as their yokel dupes came to town and revealed their boobishness.

Colosimo's restaurant.

Jim Colosimo.

Barney Bersche squawked, and Captain of Detectives Halperin and other police officers were convicted of taking all kinds of graft —gambling, clairvoyant, prostitution, crooked elections.

A number of gangsters had dropped into the building-trades warfare—William (Dutch) Gentleman; his brother, Peter; Mossy Enright, who slew Dutch; Frenchie Mader; "Lovin' Putty" Annixter; Walter Stevens; "Prince Artie" Quinn; Vincent Altman; Tommy O'Connor; Umbrella Mike Doyle; Steve Kelliher; Con Shea; Dapper Dan McCarthy; Sonny Dunn; Gene Gary; Big Tim Murphy; "Nails" Morton; and the Miller brothers — Maxie, Hirshie, Harry, and Davey—the latter a referee of clandestine prize fights.

There were others, and some of these just named came a bit later into the picture, but they represent the flower of thugdom as embroiled in labor hostilities and extortion.

Over in the old Nineteenth Ward on the West Side a sinister figure was taking the reins of power. Tony D'Andrea, a polished and finely educated Sicilian, who had studied for the priesthood, but who had established a renegade independent church, had been sent to Leavenworth for counterfeiting.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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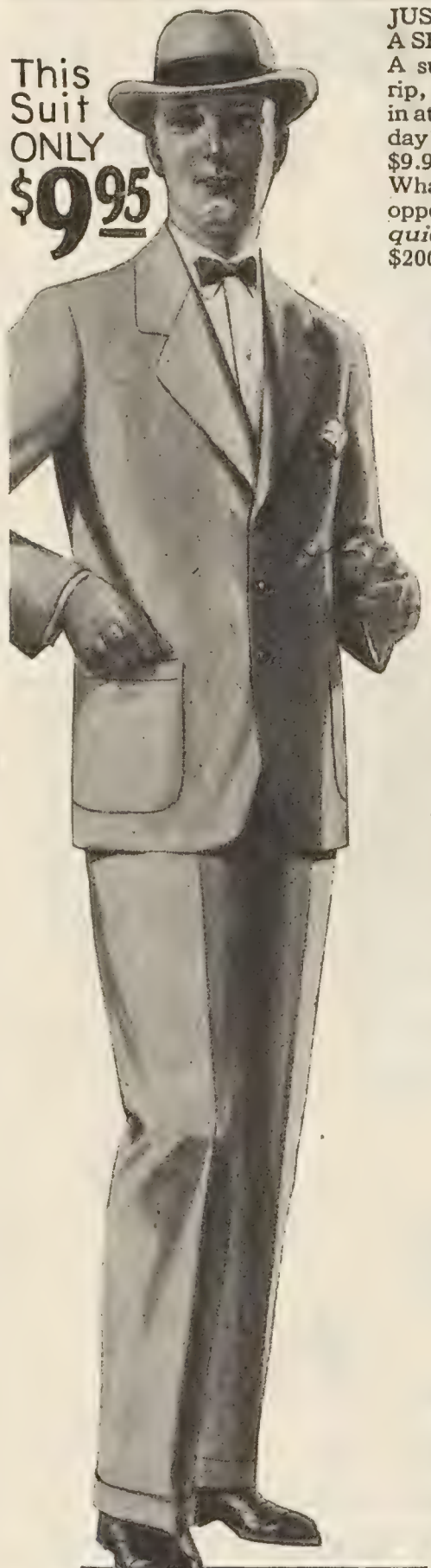

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SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

Pardoned by President Roosevelt, D'Andrea went back to Chicago and opened a macaroni factory, which as a side line

P. & A. photo
Jacob J. Kern. *C. S. Deneen.*

turned out an excellent quality of dynamite bombs. An interpreter in the police courts, he had begun to mix in politics, and presently he evolved the idea of becoming sovereign in Chicago's Italian circles.

As head of the Unione Siciliana, D'Andrea speedily became the terror chieftain of the city. Many splendid Italians belong to the Unione, but its secret policies have ever been dictated by the Mafia, and in the Mafia and its blackhand and murder practices Tony D'Andrea ruled supreme.

Suddenly there was a wave of homicides among the Italians. With Diamond Joe Esposito, a noted cafe owner, who was later to plead guilty of bootlegging and who was to occupy a powerful place in Italian affairs, D'Andrea began to plot the overthrow of Alderman Johnny Powers.

Paul Labriola, a municipal court bailiff—friend of Powers—and Charlie Raimundi, another henchman, were the better known of nearly forty men who perished in this savage ward struggle.

FINALLY, of course, someone got Tony. With Mike Merlo and Diamond Joe, D'Andrea had ruled the Latins with a brutal hand. Tony lived one flight up in a stone building on Ashland Boulevard.

On May 11, 1921, Tony came home, walked up the steps, and from the vacated front room on the first floor a shotgun roared its death call.

A year before, to the day, Big Jim Colosimo had "got his." Jealous of Torrio's rise, Colosimo had taken to slapping his bodyguard's face and to taunting him

P. & A. photo P. & A. photo
John J. Healey. *Maclay Hoyne.*

before the customers and before Dale Winters, the chorus girl Jim had hired to sing in his big cafe until he married her.

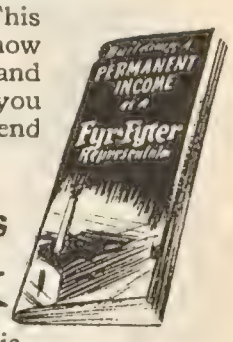
So, as Big Jim was seated at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Average $90 a WEEK

And Often Clean Up $90 in One Day, Extra!

HERE, at the head of this business, I watch Fyr-Fyter men sell millions of dollars worth of Fyr-Fyters a year. I see men start green on spare time . . . and make $4000 to $10,000 a year . . . and I am convinced that any average man who comes to us wanting to make $90 a week can do it! Don't think I'm exaggerating—we've got plenty of men making a lot more—plenty of men making $500, $600 and $1000 a month. This is the surest way I know to make $90 a week and more. Let me tell you how to start. Let me send you the proof.



READ This FREE BOOK

America's fire loss is enormous — $550,000,000 and 17,000 lives every year—and the field for fire-fighting equipment is boundless. See how you can average $90 a week selling the amazing new, low-priced Fyr-Fyters to homes, garages, stores, farms, churches, etc., and countless new buildings. On top of this, big office buildings, factories, schools, hospitals, etc., buy fire fighting equipment as a matter of course. These big, easy sales often pay you $90 at one time!

Look at these records: W. E. Seal, Ohio, made $100 in six hours. Hickey, Ont., made $148 in one day. Viles, Wisc., recently made a $1700 sale. Baker, Oregon, 68 years old, who can work only occasionally, often makes $25 to $30 a day, etc.

The Road to $10,000 a Year

We start you—tell you how to sell, full time or part time. We give you a 90-page sales manual. It covers every point. We make you a fire prevention expert, capable of earning $5000 to $15,000 a year. We give you the most complete line of portable fire extinguishers in the world—approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. Every building from the largest to the smallest is a prospect.

Send for this book—"Building a Permanent Income." See how easy it is to start. See how easy it is to sell nationally advertised Fyr-Fyters. Everybody wants fire protection!

Send for this book—see how to make $5000 to $15,000 a year.

R. C. Iddings, Pres.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.

1175 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

The Fyr-Fyter Company,
1175 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

Without obligation, send me full particulars, and a copy of "Building a Permanent Income" free.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Left to right—Will Colvin, chairman of the parole board; Governor Len Small; and Chauncey Jenkins, director of public welfare.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 30]

his desk in the restaurant office on the morning of May 11, 1920, somebody shot half a dozen pistol slugs into his broad back. The police suspected both Torrio and Colosimo's discarded wife; but both were absolved.

At the time of Colosimo's rude demise, prohibition had been "in effect" four months, and the gangs were just beginning to turn their attention from the petty graft of the old-line vice rackets and union-labor struggles to this new clover patch. Nobody knew just what it was all about.

Suddenly it dawned on gangdom that bootlegging was prodigious in its potentialities. The underworld realized that ordinary mortals were opposed to the new law and would pay handsomely.

While whisky was profitable, it was in beer and raw alcohol that the most desirable emoluments lay, because the former was hard to manufacture and harder to handle and because the latter could be used in making whisky, gin, and other more potent liquors.

WITH some bloody preliminary skirmishing the gangs began to line up: Johnny Torrio and Al Capone handling the southern end of the county, the six Genna brothers and the O'Donnells fighting for the western districts, and Dion O'Bannion and numerous others battling for supremacy on the North Side and in the Loop.

At this time (1920-1922) Len Small, who kept a million dollars interest money on State funds while he was treasurer of Illinois, had become Governor. His character and career offer a curious contrast to that of Mayor William E. Dever, although the results of their occupancy of office were identical in many respects.

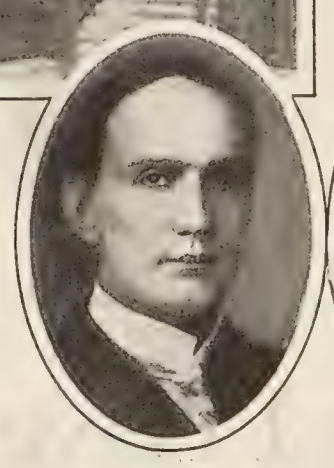
Where the Everleigh Club once held forth.

Small was a small-towner, resident in Kankakee; a Republican; a politician since boyhood; a Protestant; and made no claim whatever to the role of a reformer. When Small became Governor, Big Bill Thompson was Mayor of Chicago. His secret conscience and counselor was Fred Lundin, a graduate of the Billy Lorimer school of politics.

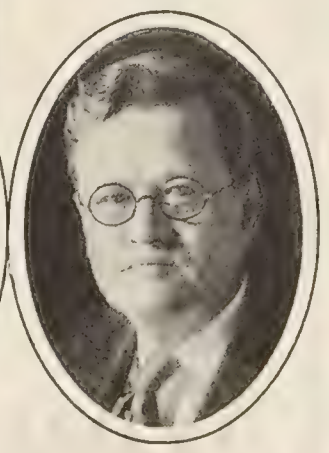
With Small at Springfield as their ally, ways were devised to get the spoils of office: manipulation of the Chicago school board with its disbursements of millions each year; the publication by Virtus Roehm, Lundin's nephew, of *The Republican*, a City Hall weekly in which business men with favors to ask found it advisable to advertise, and to which all city employees had to subscribe; the condemning of streets and buildings to make way for a City Beautiful program; street-cleaning and -paving appropriations; the hiring of realty "experts" at exorbitant fees—all these methods attested Lundin's and Thompson's versatility in political financing.

Thompson tried to get control of the judiciary in the election of 1922, and even Chicago revolted and notified him his reign was over.

William E. Dever was drafted from the bench in 1923 and elected Mayor by a community protesting against the looting of Chicago's exchequer and demanding honesty in office. In one way they got it. Dever is an honest man. But, notwithstanding this private integrity, the taxpayers have found that to be personally scrupulous is no guarantee that an official will create an honest administration or a tranquil state of civic affairs.



John E. W. Wayman, former State's Attorney.



State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, of Cook County.

With Dever's election the people sang Te Deums; but his inexperience in practical politics speedily opened the door to widespread administrative corruption in so far as it related to the tremendous profits to be found in violations of the prohibition statute.

This corruption was twofold: There was money in it for police

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

LAURA LA PLANTE in "POKER FACES"

The fact that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL is accentuated by the GREATER MOVIE LIST which UNIVERSAL has created for 1926-27. The stories are chosen from the work of brilliant writers and the players from among the best the screenworld affords.

Here is a partial list which I commend warmly to your consideration. In succeeding advertisements, I will give you the others. If you will preserve this list, it will prove a guide to your best entertainment for months to come.

"Poker Faces"—starring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, one of the funniest men on the New York stage, and LAURA LA PLANTE. Adapted from the popular novel by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Harry Pollard.

"The Old Soak"—starring JEAN HERSHOLT with JUNE MARLOWE and GEORGE LEWIS. From the play by the well-known humorist, Don Marquis. Directed by Edward Sloman.

"The Marriage Clause"—featuring FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, BILLY DOVE and WARNER OLAND. From The Saturday Evening Post story "Technic," by Dana Burnett. A Lois Weber production.

"The Runaway Express"—featuring JACK DAUGHERTY and BLANCHE MEHAFFEY. From the internationally famous stories, "The Nerve of Foley," by Frank H. Spearman.

"Her Big Night"—starring LAURA LA PLANTE, assisted by EINAR HANSON, a newcomer in the world of stars. Picture adapted from Peggy Gaddis' magazine story, "Doubling for Lora." Directed by Melville Brown.

HOUSE PETERS in ***"Prisoners of the Storm"***—a tale of the snow country. Directed by Lynn Reynolds.

Please remember that I am always sincerely glad to receive your comments, criticisms and suggestions. Write me.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson and Laura La Plante

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

PLAIN TALK *about* HOT WATER

If your home is piped for gas and water, there is no reason why you should ever waste another moment's thought or effort over the matter of a hot water supply sufficient for all the needs of your household.

There is a Humphrey Automatic Water Heater ready to come into your home and relieve you of this responsibility for the rest of your life.

Humphrey Automatic service is so completely automatic that your sole effort is confined to the act of turning the faucet. The Humphrey does everything else—turns on the gas, lights it, measures out the exact amount required, no more, no less, and turns off the gas again the second you turn off the faucet.

Inexpensive to Buy
Inexpensive to Use

Whether you live in a mansion of many rooms or a little cottage, there is a Humphrey Heater of just the right type and capacity to serve you to perfection.

And whatever Humphrey Automatic you select, it will provide a generous abundance of hot water *at less cost per gallon than any other water heating method known.*

Your gas company or plumber will give you details or, better yet, write us for booklet of interesting information, and name of dealer who can serve you.

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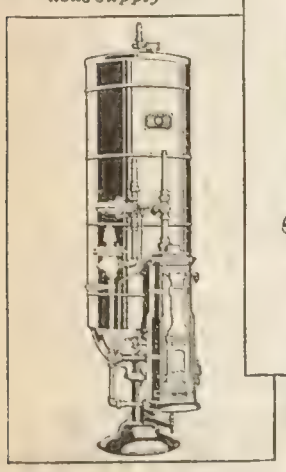
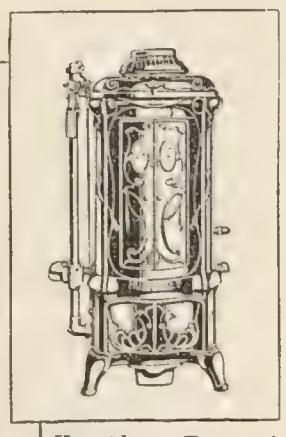
Humphrey Storage System—maintains a *continuous supply*





Humphrey Type-A Automatic—heats water *instantly* as it flows

HUMPHREY
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

[THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF McSWIGGIN Continued from Page Thirty-one]

and politicians, and there was immense partisan benefit to be derived from the activities on primary election days of great mobs of gunmen and sluggers.

Judge Dever was made Mayor, also, because it was generally believed that he was a "liberal." He wasn't. A big-towner, that is a resident of the city since childhood, a judicial-minded individual who had been reluctantly dragged into politics, a Roman Catholic, he suddenly shocked the community, which has emphatically and repeatedly attested its opposition to the dry law, by completely enfolding himself in the mantle of an extremist reformer.

And although he differs diametrically in training and character from Len Small, nevertheless his period in office has, strangely enough, produced in Chicago results strikingly similar to those following in the wake of the Governor's course out in the State.

Mayor Dever also entertained other novel ideas about running the city. He wrecked the former system of letting the ward committeemen handle affairs and turned everything over to Morgan Collins, chief of police, and his captains. Today the police captain controls his district, and he is czar. Also he is the man who may let brothels, gambling, and "soft" drink parlors run wide open, if he cares to.

IN the State's attorney's office, as the dawn of the new liquor racket glowed its alluring promise above Cook County, was Robert E. Crowe, a follower of Thompson and Lundin, who was smart enough to foresee their destruction and cut away when their support became a liability instead of an asset.

Crowe is the dominant figure today on the Illinois political map. His personality deserves a few paragraphs apart.

Enormous fortunes were piled up by the bootleg czars and their power increased. How politics and pardons figured in their immunity from punishment will be told in LIBERTY next week.

Photo by Louis Smith

What I Have Learned *from the* Stage

By JANE COWL

Interpreting the lives of the great heroines of drama, Miss Cowl has gained a rare insight into the minds and hearts of living women. The great tragedy in every woman's life, she says, is man's failure to live up to her ideals! Read her remarkable story

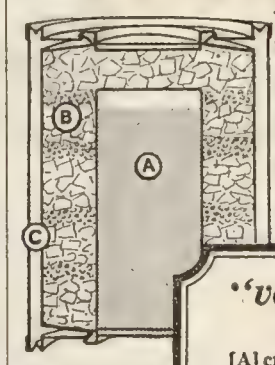
In Next Week's LIBERTY

"vacuum freezing"

replaces the crank!

Real *Home-Made* ice cream · fresh · pure · rich with luscious fruit juices · is today one of the *EASIEST* of all desserts to make. In place of tiresome cranking, *"vacuum-freezing"* now does the work. Intense *sealed-in* cold brings out the full tempting flavor.

"Vacuum-freezing" is exclusive with Auto Vacuum. It is fully guaranteed · · and endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute.



Leak-proof · · Spill-proof

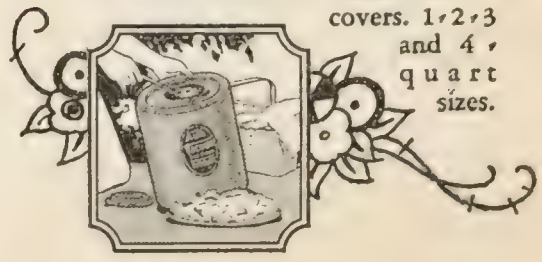
"vacuum freezing"
[A] cream mixture... ...[B] surrounded by ice and salt... [C] all within the sealed vacuum chamber

Auto Vacuum

The NO CRANK *freezer*

On camping and motoring trips, use Auto Vacuum as a portable refrigerator as well. With one packing of ice (leave out salt) it stays cold · crisp · fresh · for 2 days. Auto Vacuum Freezer Co., Inc. 220 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Only 3 parts · freezer and 2 covers. 1 · 2 · 3 and 4 · quart sizes.



If they're having a good time, they're doing all any hostess should expect of them.

How to Throw

A Good Party

Secrets Every Hostess Ought to Know

An Article by
VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

THERE'S no law saying that people who hate to give parties have to give them. But wouldn't you think there was? The other day a woman said to me, "Don't you find parties the *worst* nuisance? I have to give one and I'm having a fit." Well, it seems to me if you go about it in that spirit you might gather a lot of people at your house, but you wouldn't exactly be having a party.

There are, of course, different kinds of parties, given for different sorts of reasons. To some people a party is like an operation. They succumb to one every so often—not because they want it, God forbid!—but because they'd rather have it than keep facing the prospect.

There are occasions when you have to pay off a debt to the people who entertained the folks out in Keokuk. Those are Bread-and-Butter parties and about as close to the real thing as a sister-in-law twice removed—after the second removal.

There are the affairs that you give because the new wing is finished, or the new Limoges has arrived. These, while usually lavish, are likely to be as merry as any other linen and silver display.

Lavishness is no relation to real party spirit. It's just a step farther. And one bad feature about all lavish entertainments is, if you cut down on them you ruin them, and if you don't they ruin you.

Then there are the Second Story Soirees, given by our best climbers. The only fun anybody gets out of them is when the hostess reads the society columns the next day. I never saw a lion yet who had a roaring time at a party. And as for the other people, they like to rub elbows with greatness, but they never laugh themselves into the hiccups while doing it.

A real party is something that ought to just break out—like pimples. And that is the keynote of the whole affair.

It's best to give a party in celebration of something. Then you start off with the proper spirit—which, as the bootleggers say, is what counts.

The reason I give parties is because I like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Meadow Grove
CLUB CHEESE

Super-Quality

Meadow Grove Club Cheese is noted for its fine flavor, mellowness and creamy texture. It is a delicious treat any way you serve it.

A Distinct Quality in Meadow Grove is that it makes delicious, appetizing cheese dishes because it cooks up perfectly and does not become tough and rubbery like ordinary cheese.

Meadow Grove is rich in concentrated food values, easily digested and assimilated. In this respect it is of high economic value. Include it in your daily menu.

At your dealer's—sliced fresh from five pound loaf, or in individual half-pound cartons.

IN FIVE STYLES
American · Swiss · Brick
Pimento · Caraway

The Cudahy Packing Co., U. S. A.
Distributors

[HOW TO THROW A GOOD PARTY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

to go to other people's. And while one-sided love may go on indefinitely, lawn tennis and parties have got to be mutual. Or, to put it another way, one good party deserves another—and usually gets it.

My favorite author once said: "Fools give big parties; wiser people get invited to them. But the wisest do neither." But who wants to be the wisest woman in the community, unless you happen to be too old to get a kick out of anything else?

OF course, a party's always a big mortgage on tomorrow. But sometimes it lets you clean up a lot of little mortgages on the days after tomorrow.

A good rule, in making out your lists, is to have a hundred friends to choose from and no relatives.

Then again, you must consider, in planning your party, where you live. In the country you have inconveniences to cope with. And in the city you have neighbors. Whereas in the suburbs you have both.

Time is also an element. Many a good party has been depepped because the people had all met just a few nights before and shot off all their gunpowder. Moreover, nobody has a very high opinion of turkey the week after Thanksgiving.

If people have been going to too many parties they get the feeling they are doing you a favor by coming to yours. Maybe they are, but it's not good to let them feel it.

It's bad to have a party entirely made up of people who know each other very well. There ought to be enough new meat to make the men buckle on their armor and the girls polish up their laughs.

But, on the other hand, I don't believe in inviting all strangers. Before you have your party well mixed and stewed, if you follow me, half of them have grown discouraged and remembered that they left the water running, or the children, or something.

It's best to begin with a nucleus of old-timers, so that somebody can call across to somebody else, "Oh, Bess, remember the sleighing party when Willy Blackhead mashed the snowball down your back, and you crabbed all night?" That makes a little noise—a ripple—under cover of which some shy Don Juan can turn to his neighbor and ask some personal question, like whether it was still raining when she came in?

And when the veterans form in little groups discussing old battles, you can keep bringing up a few new recruits at a time, thus getting them off your hands and chairs.

The reputation of giving good parties is a ten-point handicap. People come expecting to enjoy themselves, and all you have to do is not disappoint them. Which is much easier than convincing a lot of First Nighters, still damp from the soil of Missouri.

Don't think anybody else can give a party for you. Parties are like mistakes. You have to make your own. Your personal popularity is an important factor. In fact, it is the keynote of the whole affair.

People ought to come to your parties because of you, and not to you because of your parties. Having them like you isn't the only way to get really nice people to your house. But it's the only one that has been discovered to date.

THE hostess of an affair should never expect to grind any axes of her own. A good party is its own reward. But a party is only good, collectively, when each guest is having a good time individually.

The perfect hostess, when Mr. B. asks her to dance, goes round with him twice—or until she spies Miss Q. trying to look as though she didn't mind being mural. Whereupon the P. H. says, "Oh, Mr. B., you must meet a simply *gorgeous* dancer." Whereupon, if he has the instincts of a true gent, he will take his Q, and she can do her best to hip-notize him.

A big party is easier to handle than a small one. The fact that there are not enough chairs does away with formality to start with. Husbands and wives who toss a mean wet blanket are lost in the mob.

The girls have a better chance of meeting something likely in a large gathering, and it keeps them on their toes. And there's a certain excitement generated by a crowd which, in turn, generates more excitement, which makes people think they're having fun.

YOU must have more men than girls. There's always bound to be some siren who can hold down two men at once; some wage slave who has to leave early in order to be in court next morning; and some golf fiends who will knot in corners and rake up old scores. And the girls who are left over never have a good time, however gayly they prattle to each other, however ardently they assure you it was the *sweetest* party!

Of course, if you could invite forty self-starters to your house you could boast all evening. But nobody knows all self-starters. Nobody would want to. The people you're fond of are, for the most part, just nice folks. Like the bullets that get cooked in the rabbit stew, they don't do any good, but they don't do any harm either, and you want to see them enjoy themselves.

Anyway, the problem is not whom to invite to your parties,

The fact that there are not enough chairs does away with formality to start with.

but whom to leave out. A lot of people get invited to parties only because their friends feel it wouldn't be safe not to. And the friends you omit are like bruised elbows—you keep bumping into them constantly.

It is quite true that by failing to invite her to a party you might lose a friend. But relatives are not so easy. However, it's my experience, if you give good parties, you will always have enough live people willing to come to them. And if you have enough live people willing to come to them you will always give good parties. Which, I believe, is the keynote of the whole affair.

I would never invite any woman, no matter how lively, to my parties, who pulled rough stuff. It's the bedbug that does the biting, but it's the bed that gets the whack. Men may be attractive when they're downright bad, but women only when they're a little naughty.

I never ask a prima donna, either—the kind of woman who can only have a rattling good time when she's the only coin in the box. Nor any woman who's suffering from a touch of superiority complex. Try to make friends with a snob and she'll step on you. Step on her first, and she'll try to make friends with you. I also leave out any sister with a cutey act. There's nothing so cute as a woman who's a little bit terrible. But there's nothing so terrible as a woman who's a little bit cute.

PEOPLE with personality are better party material than celebrities. A grain of pepper is smaller than a grain of barley, but it makes itself more noticed in the soup.

Have only young people at a party. But that doesn't mean you can't ask boys of sixty and girls of fifty-nine.

I know women whose hearts positively break every time the phone rings—for fear it's a last-minute guest signing off. To me it's always a relief when people can't come, because I invariably invite too many in the first place. And somehow, if you feel that way, they hate to stay away for fear of missing something. I never want anybody at a party who isn't crazy to be there. And that, I think, is the keynote of the whole affair.

There's really no formula for giving a party. Practice makes perfect in anything. But in parties, impromptu often beats perfection. Only you can't count on it.

There's only one thing more foolish than planning beforehand what you are going to do with a lot of people who may not even arrive, and that's letting them arrive without planning beforehand what you are going to do with them. You can't have baked Alaska pudding just from putting snow in the oven. The inexperienced hostess expects people to have a good time at her parties. The experienced one makes them.

Don't wear yourself out beforehand cleaning and fussing. If you are all fagged you can't have a party, let the backs of the bookshelves be never so clean. A tired hostess never thinks she has lively guests. And usually she hasn't.

There's nothing so deadly as a party where nobody does anything, except, perhaps, one where everybody does something. Some people like to entertain and it's all right to ask them—but not at the expense of your other guests. No matter how masterly is your pet young man's rendering of The Six Hundred, no matter how much you and he enjoy it, the eighth time it has been rendered for the same people, it is probable that more than The Six Hundred will pass out.

I never like a singer or pianist to feel that just because he has partaken of my food he or she is going to be asked to perform. I usually feel I have done enough for him or her. Although I believe in talent. If it does nothing else, it makes the guests crazy to talk and dance.

But you can't run a party like a train schedule. At 9:52, Mrs. Blotto singing Take Me Back to Wilkes-Barre (Now that Mother's Gone from There). And at 9:59 Miss Hedda X. Eamer giving an exhibition of the Charleston and points South. There must be an element of spontaneity. Most people are bored early in the evening by having to shut up and listen to a bibbling tenor babbling about a bubbling brook. And they may never recover the desire to do their own babbling.

Never on any account stop a party that's hitting on all eight to let somebody do his stuff. Wait until your guests have let off their own steam and are beginning to weaken and then shoot your games and entertainers (the game laws permitting).

ON the subject of whether games are advisable there are only two answers. Yes and no. It's best to have some—like your fire extinguisher—on hand, but not necessarily functioning. Of course, some guests always resent having to do anything. But if you are firm, the very ones who came to scoff will remain to play.

But any game, as your butcher will tell you, should be quite fresh, and not too involved, either, out of deference to the married men.

Get a party started right and then let it run itself. There's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$100 a Week is waiting for you

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once—We Furnish All Equipment —Experience Not Necessary

IF you want $100 a week clear profit, if you want $5000 a year without working as hard or as long as you do now, I'll show you how to get it. I'll prove to you that $10 a day is easy, that $15, $20, or even $25 a day is possible. I'll give you a chance to make money in a way you never thought possible. You can start immediately, without experience, without investment and without delay. You can have the satisfaction of a big income. And besides your large cash earnings you can get a new Hudson Super-Six Coach FREE.

You can be one of them. The rest is easy. We tell you what to do and you make a profit, a generous profit, on the business that comes from your territory. That's all there is to it.

Get Your Share Of Two Million Dollars

This year our representatives will make two million dollars as their profit. You can have your share. You will be amazed at how easy it is—at how quickly the money rolls in. You will have the same opportunity as Henry Albers, who made as much as $47 in a single day.

$125 In One Week

I will give you the same offer I made to Christopher Vaughn whose earnings have reached $125 in a week, and Frank M. Brown who formerly worked twelve hours a day for $25 a week. He accepted my offer and was amazed to find that he could make $27 in an eight-hour day. You can do like John Scotti who started without experience and made $97 his second week, or Mrs. K. R. Roof who has two children and does her own housework, yet in her spare time has made $50 in a week and $15 in a single afternoon. Yes, profits like these can be yours. Do you want them?

How You Can Make These Amazing Profits

If you read the big magazines like the Saturday Evening Post, you have seen advertisements of ZANOL Products. You know that The American Products Company is the biggest business of its kind in the world. You will find that a million homes in all parts of America are our customers, that ZANOL Products are known and liked and used wherever you go. We make 350 wonderful products. The demand for them is enormous. Millions of dollars' worth are bought each year. But ZANOL Products are never sold in stores. In each community we appoint an authorized representative who handles our dealings with our customers in that territory.

$47 In One Day

Henry Albers had worked at many different things, all without success. As a ZANOL Representative he has made $47 profit in ONE DAY—more than he ever earned in a week.

Cleared $210 In First Two Weeks

That is the record of Edgar Morris. Since then he has built up a big, steady business that has made him independent.

$100 Profit Every Week

L. C. Van Allen of Illinois says, "Before I accepted the ZANOL Agency I was making $100 a month, but now I average more than that a week. My profit last week was $125 clear, so you can't blame me for being so enthused about the business."

I Furnish Everything

We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you.

You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kern, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts; and dozens of others. It has enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm and G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make $100 a week and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. It means thousands of dollars to you. And you are not risking a penny. You are not agreeing to pay anything. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
5411 Monmouth Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH FREE!

We help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a brand-new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this high-grade closed car without expense and an income of $100 a week.

Mail This NOW

ALBERT MILLS, Pres., American Products Co.
5411 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir: I want to know how I can earn $100 a week as the ZANOL representative in my locality. Send me all the facts about your money-making proposition, without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(c) A.P. Co.
(Please Print or Write Plainly)

[HOW TO THROW A GOOD PARTY
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

nothing so terrible as the officious hostess, who isn't satisfied to be hostess but wants an outlet for her god complex too, who, when you've succeeded in hooking the one man you wanted to land all evening, comes up and drags him away to make an eighth at charades. Or who goes into the kitchen where that killing traveling salesman has been exhibiting his entire new line to a hilarious group, and coyly shoos them all back to listen to the radio. If they're having a good time, they're doing all any hostess should expect of them. Her job isn't with the living, but with the dead.

There is the Little Woman who belongs with the Life of the Party and always has a rotten time. There is the Husband of the Vamp, standing around on one foot, simply dying to go home without her, and not daring to. And the escort of the soprano, trying to look as if he enjoyed her singing more than anybody else—or as if he didn't.

Sometimes they have a less deadly time if they're grouped. At least they don't look so miserable, and it keeps them from hanging heavy on other people's necks. Never spoil a live girl's evening by rolling up a hearse for her to play around with. Let the live ones roll their own.

A good idea is to have some folks drop in later. That keeps things from settling and going stale. Which, after all, is the keynote of the whole affair.

There are ways of keeping a party in perpetual motion without dancing, but I don't happen to know of any.

IF you have nobody to play the piano (as if making dance music for a mob were playing, in any sense of the word!); if, as I was saying, you have nobody to belabor the piano, be sure you have plenty of fresh, new records. Have you ever tried to keep the old pep at boiling point with nothing to take the strain off Bambalina except one cracked record of The Volga Boatmen?

There are two things no hostess can do—nothing and everything. Flatter some of your guests by letting them help. Get someone with a good circulation to keep going around, and someone else to help with the food and iced tea or what have you?

Which brings us down to practically the keynote of the whole affair. Eats. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the ice-box. And oh, how you can depend upon food when all else fails!

It's better to serve food late than never or early—no matter how much your Big Bertha is sulking out in the kitchen. Everything is bound to be an anticlimax after food.

If you have a buffet and let people help themselves, it's less work for you, but also less food for the last twenty. You always find some birds whose one idea is to see how much of your food and so forth (if you know what I mean) they can get away with. My policy is to give them all they want and thus heap coals of fire on their stomachs.

I know that perfectly corking parties can be given without Unowot. And some day I mean to try and prove it. I would not advise anybody to break the law in order to insure the success of a party. I would merely suggest that every hostess have on hand a big pre-war supply.

Some people don't worry so much about breaking the law as about getting bad stuff. But I find you can trust almost any Uno to give you good stuff—the first time. There are a lot of folks who claim that, given enough to drink, any group of people automatically becomes a party. But I have always argued that a stone cannot turn itself into a herring just by getting pickled.

However, to go back to the party, the end is what really tells the story. If a man has eleven good oysters and the last one is bad, he says, "These oysters are rotten." The hardest word in any language is Enough, because you don't know you've had it until you've passed it. You never think a good party ought to end. But sometimes the neighbors do. It makes all the difference in the world *whose* piano is being gored at three o'clock in the morning. However, a strong finish is the keynote of the whole affair.

The best way for a party to break up is suddenly, like a hard winter, instead of thawing out in spots and standing around in puddles. Easy come, easy go, was never written of party guests, and you often wish you had been the first to think of saying to the Old Gent, "Come on, dear, let's go to bed—some of these folks want to go home."

BUT oh, that moment when the door closes on the last of them, and you kick off the other silver glider and turn to the Old Gent, who is examining the tops of the bookcases where lighted cigarettes were left to blush unseen, and ask him whether he doesn't think that *perfectly terrible* man Gertrude brought is a dipso! And the Old Gent replies that one swallow does not make a dipso, to which you answer, as you turn out the bridge lamps, that neither did that dipso make one swallow. Although, personally, I don't think a hostess should ever discuss her guests. One might come back for his rubbers.

And then you yawn, stretch, and regurgitate the whole evening. A hostess can always find something outside herself to blame for any little failings; something inside herself for any little success. Of course, you know there's going to be some talk, but then, the whole world is divided into people who talk and people who give them something to talk about. And you, for one, had an elegant time. Parties may be a bother, but, darn it all, they're worth it.

THE END

Gertie Makes *a* Hot *Decision*

By GORDON SEAGROVE

I TELL you, Pearl, I'm givin' the air
To the cookie-dusters and parlor snakes,
An' all them sheiks with the patent hair—
How could they keep a mamma in cakes?
All they can do is spoon and dance—
A rush of brains to the feet beneath.
I'm kissin' 'em out! I want a chance
At a ploddin' guy with 3 gold teeth!

A steady guy with his pants cut raw.
You get me, Pearl—your Al's that way.
An' a strong man's bust an' a fireman's jaw.
Lead me to him, is all I say!
A thrifty bozo that's after the gilt
An' asks for bids on his bridal wreath.
Show me that kind an' I'll chirp, "I wilt."
Gimme a plodder with 3 gold teeth.

Honest, Pearl, if you'll read the books,
You'll find that guys that gathered the gelt
Was mainly weak when it come to looks,
But terrible strong in the business belt!
Me, I'm for 'em! Give me 'em plain!
Bury the cake-eaters deep in Lethe
(That means "fini"). I'll say it again—
Gimme a plodder with 3 gold teeth!

Madden's Motto

TACKED on the wall of his headquarters, wherever his horses may be racing, and over his desk at the office on his breeding farm, John E. Madden, the famous horseman, has a sign which reads: "No complaints received unless accompanied by remedies."

When Joseph Widener assumed the leadership of American racing, he gave a dinner at which he outlined the policy of the Westchester Racing Association and said: "We are adopting Mr. Madden's motto."

"I made up that sign when annoyed," said Mr. Madden. "One of our horses had been beaten, and an acquaintance came around, criticizing the horse, the trainer, the jockey, and claiming we should have won.

"'How?' I asked.

"'I don't know; only I know he was trained and ridden wrong.'

"Then I told him not to come around with any criticism unless he was ready to offer something better.

"Most criticism is that way, and I do not think anyone has the right to claim a thing is wrong unless he is ready to show how it can be corrected."

When you've taken a plunge in the cool, bracing surf— and battered and wet with spray, you climb out on the welcoming sand

—have a Camel!

WHEN the surf is running in from the sea. And you plunge in to shoulder aside the foam-topped rollers. When you climb out, glowing, and join the crowds on the beach—*have a Camel!*

For after healthful exercise, no other cigarette in the world satisfies the taste like Camels. Camel mildness and mellow fragrance is the awaited award of millions of experienced smokers. Camels are rolled of the choicest tobaccos nature grows—they never tire the taste. Camels are the expert blend that did away with cigaretty after-taste. Camels are the taste revelation, the smooth and mellowy mild wonder of smoking.

So this sparkling day as you start for the cool, restful beach. When with measured strokes you have tried your strength against the breakers — know then the most fragrant mellowness ever made into a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking contentment.

Have a Camel!

Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1926

THAT youth can longer be *retained,* as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It *is being done* by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

PALMOLIVE

...oud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the *often aging,* artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean. In fairness to yourself, try this, with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive.

Do this for one week
Mark the difference that comes

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They must be washed away. If not removed, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

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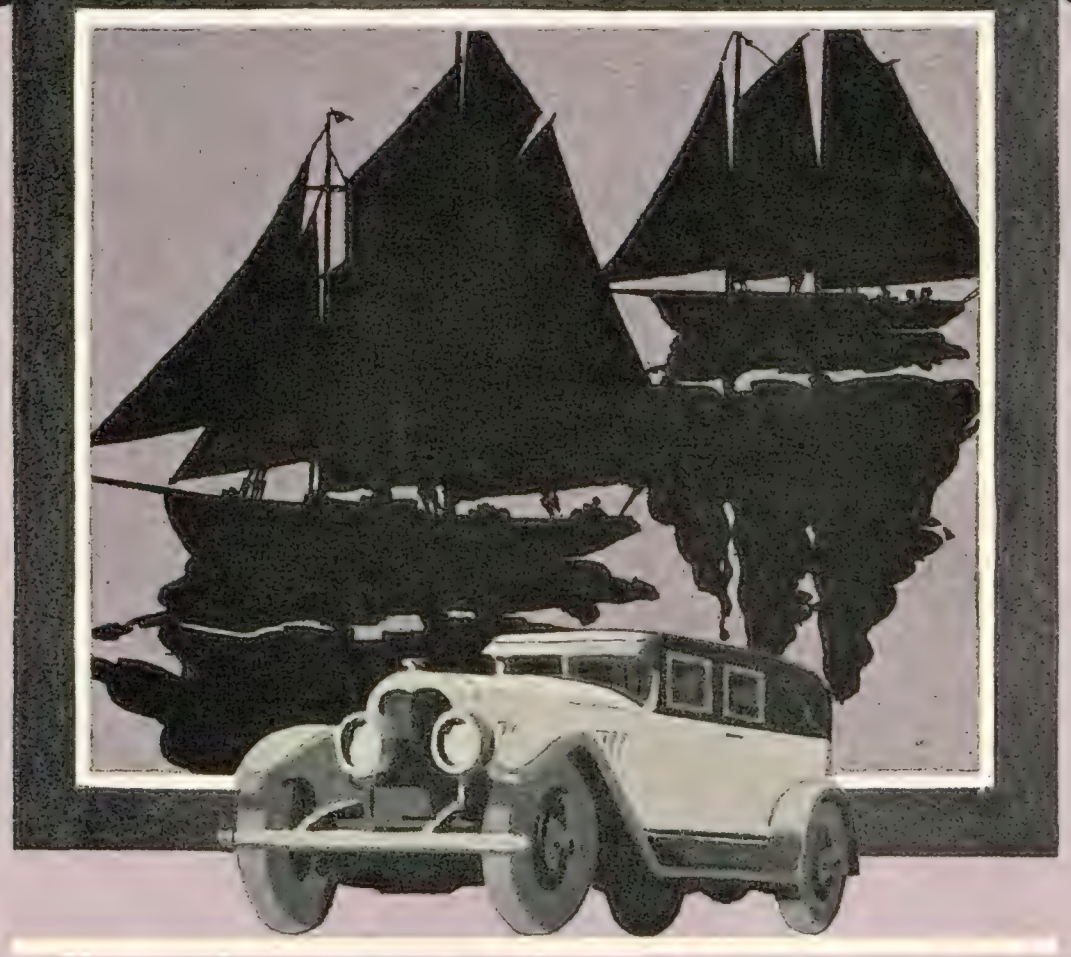
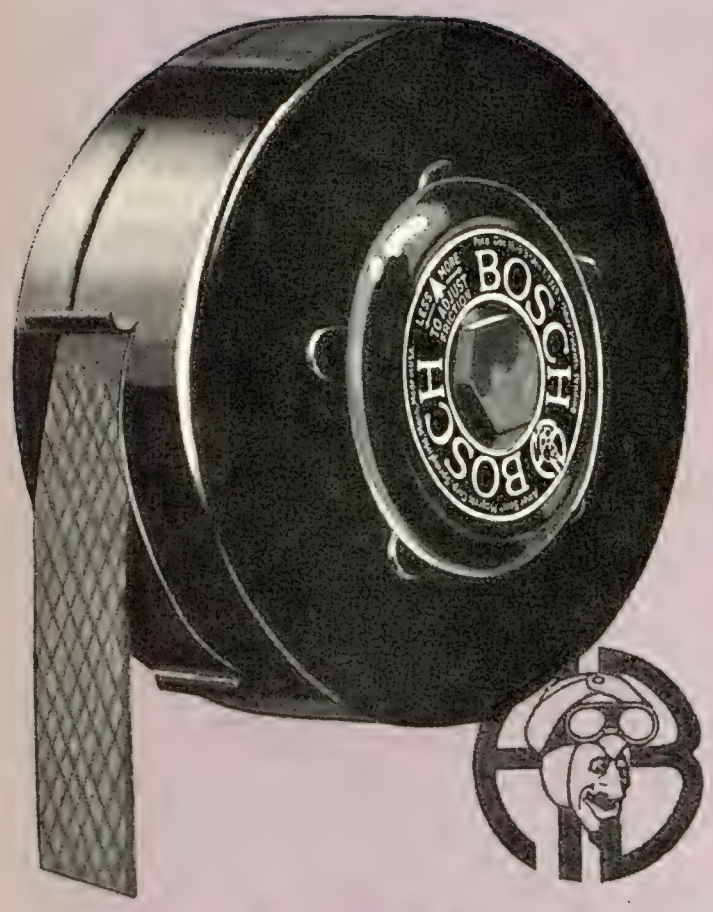


BOSCH



Quiet, comfortable riding is yours if your car is Bosch Shock Absorber equipped. They give true spring control instead of a jerk and bounce when you hit a rough spot in the road. There is, in the Bosch Shock Absorber equipped car, that gentle motion of a good ship in smooth water. Bosch Shock Absorbers will make yours a quieter car for they will prevent squeaks and rattles. They retard depreciation and reduce upkeep cost. They fit all cars and are adjustable to high and low pressure tires. Install Bosch Shock Absorbers and find a new riding pleasure in your car. Order them today.

For Fords (3-point Control Set complete) $16.50 per set.
Medium cars $15.00 per pair. Heavy cars $20.00 per pair.

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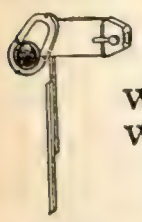
YOU WILL NEED THESE OTHER BOSCH ACCESSORIES, TOO



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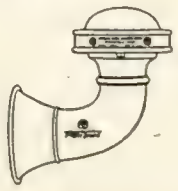

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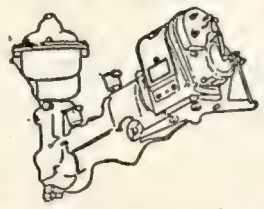

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Magneto and
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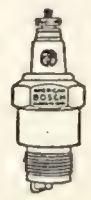
FORDSONS



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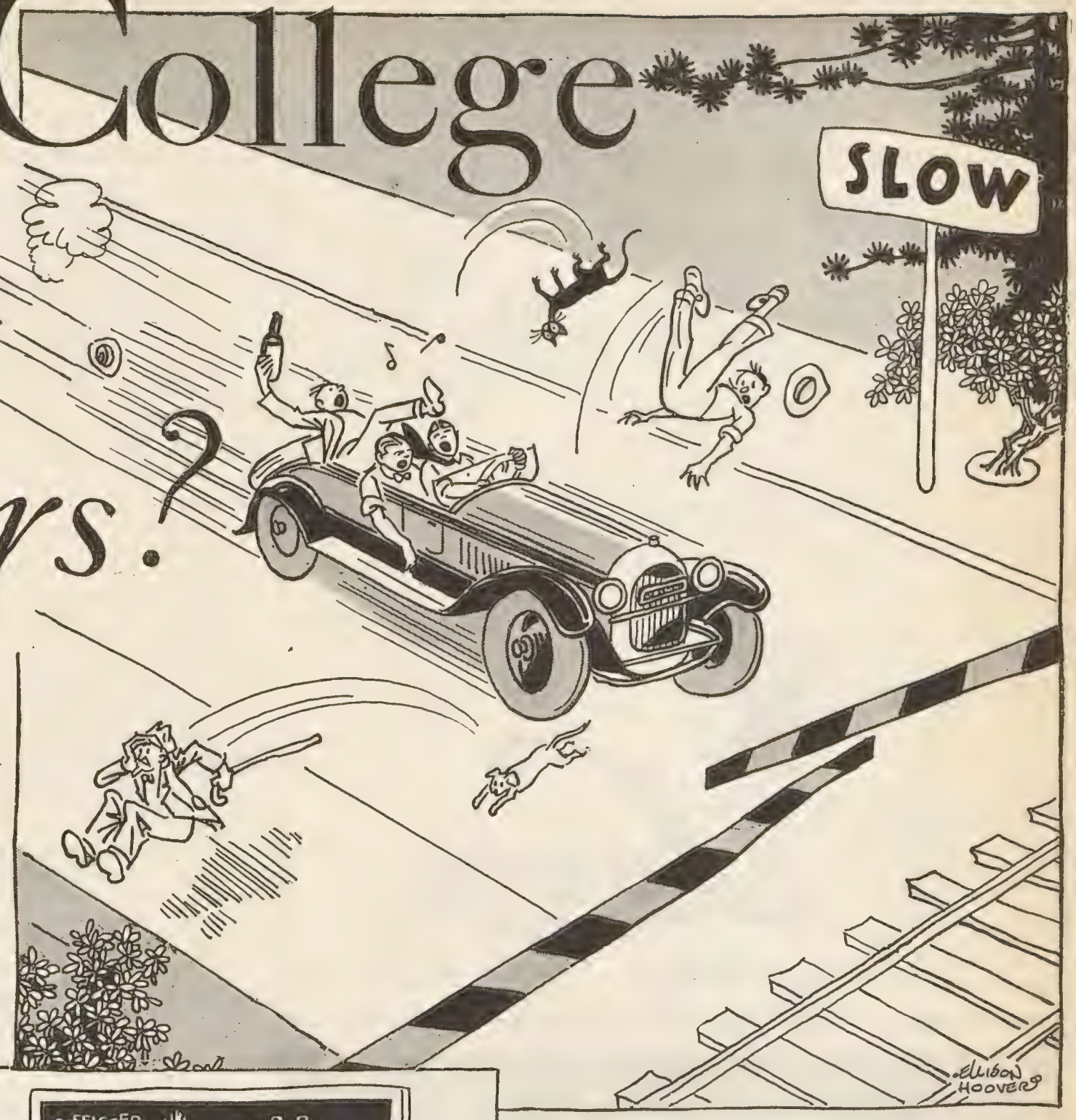
Shall College Boys have Cars?



" Give him a chance to get wild ideas out of his head while he is young."

We Asked Our Readers and This Is What They Say

Pictures by ELLISON HOOVER

NOT so long ago LIBERTY printed an editorial discussing the advisability of permitting undergraduates to own and operate automobiles during their university careers. Responses were immediate and numerous; vehement and tolerant. Both factions spoke frequently in terms of personal liberty.

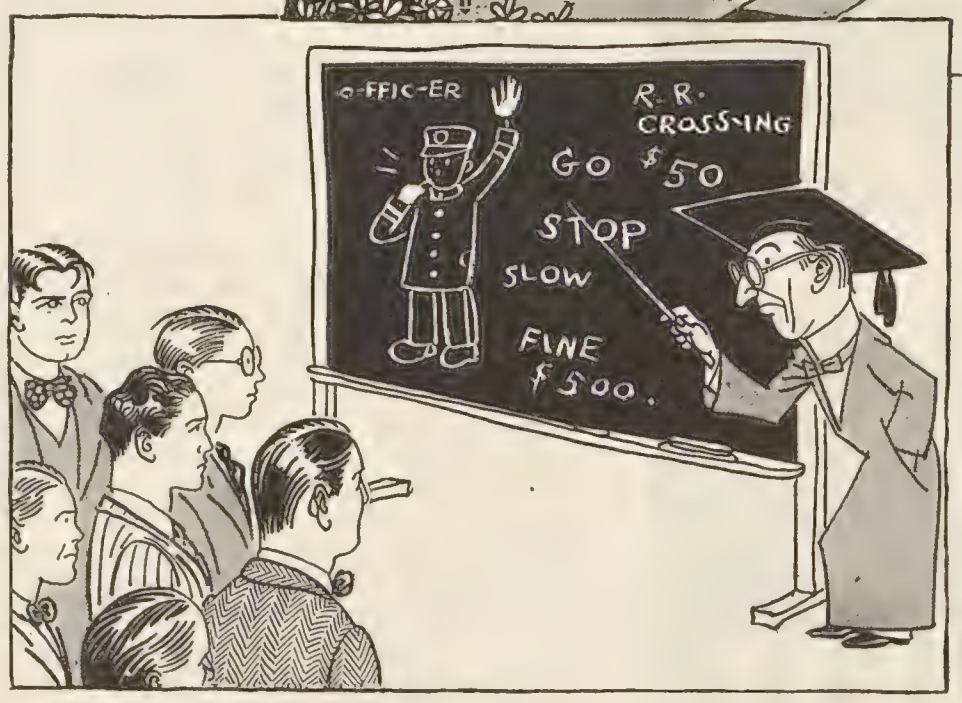
Those opposed to cars for college students spoke of them as an abuse of liberty, an encouragement to snobbishness, and a detriment to morals. The others, principally students, complained of the infringement of their personal rights and a tendency to baby them. There was more than one thrust at the Old Gent's buggy ride of a generation ago and some insinuated that the bottles dad tipped did not always contain sarsaparilla.

Petting was spoken of in varying tones; bitterly on the part of some and with casual unconcern on the part of others.

For the most part the letters from students, even those who do not own cars, held a note of rebellion at any concerted attempt to regulate the use of automobiles at colleges.

Parents seem to be about evenly divided. Many, of course, supported the teachers, particularly Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton, who has long campaigned against the unrestricted use of cars by undergraduates. At Princeton the Senior Council has decreed that only seniors who have written permission from their parents and the consent of the dean may keep automobiles.

But many other fathers and mothers approved the use of motor cars by undergraduates, contending that, in a world so greatly served by automobiles, a full knowledge of their use is essential.



" Does one go to college to learn to drive a car? "

Just to show our impartiality, we print first a letter which says " Yes, and no."

GOOD FOR RIGHT BOYS.

At Colorado School of Mines automobiles are not detrimental to the worth-while student. The other kind isn't making any better record without a car than with one. If he hasn't one, worse diversions will take its place. By the time a boy enters college he is mature enough not to need to be governed in conduct. If a student will let an auto interfere with his work, he hasn't backbone enough to amount to anything anyhow, and if the college parts with him on that account, it is a good riddance.—*E. D. M., Denver.*

STUDENTS OF THREE KINDS.

I cannot condemn the use of automobiles by students. There are three types of students: (1) Thinker. Has planned career. Divides time into study, class, and recreation. Is greatly benefited by the recreation a car would afford. (2) Not a thinker. Has not seriously considered his career. Imagination has caused him to study for a profession. Would be systematic as long as his interest would survive. Is changeable and seldom completes a course, which is not the fault of a car. (3) Flighty. Object in life a " good time." Has no definite plan of education or work. Would not be more studious if deprived of a car, because other things would attract his attention.

Recreation is as essential to a student as to a business man. Let him have his car.—*Neal Colson, Dayton, Ohio.*

AND SO DID YOUR OLD MAN.

The combination of car, college boy, and prom girl has caused many a college boy to resolve to learn and to work hard to win his prom girl. Many who started out to raise hell have made successes because of their prom girls. Tragedies sometimes result, we agree. But remove the car and tragedies will continue to result. Many a condemning dad would be ashamed to tell what he did at college —and without a car.—*L. M. Davis, University of Pennsylvania.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

His friends called him "FLAT-FOOT FRANK"

~until he used Lynco Muscle-Building ARCH CUSHIONS

He had tried them all—the stiff, hard metal supports that hurt his feet, cut his shoes, but gave him no relief.

Then he used LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions—and what a difference he found. He was walking on cushions—soft, pliable cushions that banished his foot pains, followed every movement of his feet and slowly but surely built up his fallen arches to the position Nature intended.

LYNCO Arch Cushions are different. Made of special cellular rubber, covered with soft pliable leather. No metal anywhere. Cannot cut the shoes and can even be worn with canvas tennis shoes. Give ease and comfort in wear while effecting a permanent cure.

Made in all sizes and styles for men and women. Write us about your foot troubles.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., Inc.
71 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I.

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THE "NIGHT DRIVER"

Night driving made safe at last!

The "Night Driver," made of specially processed, green-toned, double-strength glass, eliminates the hazards of approaching bright lights.
Equally as effective against sun rays.
Adjustable to any car.
Start driving in safety.
Order today!

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SANDUSKY OHIO

DELUXE EQUIPMENT INCORPORATED,
Sandusky, Ohio.
Please forward One (1) "Night Driver"
Post Paid to
(Print Name).....
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(City).....
Check model desired
( ) Open car ( ) Closed car
( ) Check here if interested in Distributors Franchise.
7-10-26

[SHALL COLLEGE BOYS HAVE CARS? Continued from Page Forty-one]

LET 'EM LEARN IN COLLEGE.

Colleges are intended to teach young men how to live, also to prepare for the realities of life. Whisky, car, boy, and girl are a bad combination and the equivalent is just as bad after one has finished college. Are we to learn this in college? We develop our future to a great extent during our college life, and a habit formed there will influence our lives. I hope Dean Gauss is successful in getting parents to realize that this question must be settled.—*The Rev. J. W. C., Oklahoma City.*

BEATS OLD HOSS AND BUGGY.

College is an institution of learning and a boy should have every opportunity there to fit himself for the world. In this day thorough knowledge of a car and its social and business uses is essential. A car beats the old hoss and buggy.

"For a college to refuse a boy a car is like refusing a girl candy."

You hear fathers and mothers tell of romantic moonlight night rides they had, and then rave about moonshine-lit nights of their sons and daughters in a car, forgetting that the boys and girls in a car are the same as they were. Deprive the college boy of his car and he will find other means of going astray, if inclined that way.

What will he do when he leaves college and comes into a world of cars? It is better he should learn how to handle and use them.—*J. T. C., Bluefields, W. Va.*

A CONTINUAL TEMPTATION.

Where you have a residential college in the country, and where part of the training is the man's life with his classmates on the campus, the car constitutes a serious problem. It is a continual temptation to dissipate and scatter the life of the college. Our disciplinary committee has more trouble with men who have cars than with men who have not. The car is, of course, not the cause of the trouble; it is merely an accessory.—*Christian Gauss, Dean, Princeton University.*

CODDLING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Give a student a car and force him to make all sorts of promises, and he'll get rebellious. Give the same boy a car, tell him his parents have the utmost confidence in him, and nine times out of ten he'll drive carefully and avoid trouble.

A college boy with his girl on a cold, rainy night, waiting for a crowded uncomfortable trolley. It is not pleasant. Fathers and mothers wouldn't do it; yet expect us to. Try the boy out. If he does not prove worthy of trust, he has no right to possess a car. If a boy cares about himself, his family, his school, his girl, he will be careful. If he is no good, you will find it out, car or no car. Give him a car. Give him a chance to get wild ideas out of his head while he is young and it will save a great deal of pain and suffering in his future life.—*R. E. J. S., Georgia Tech., Atlanta.*

GIVE HIM HIS CAR.

A boy would get more from college if he had a year or two of work between high school and college. To keep cars away from a developed young man would be folly. Let each be told he must use his own brain. For a college to refuse a boy a car is like refusing candy to a girl for fear she might eat it. —*T. L. Bayer, Des Moines.*

CARS BREED SNOBS.

The problem and danger is as great for girls as for boys. Why should boy or girl not have a car at college? (1) A child with a car is just one more source of worry to fond parents. (2) Having a car often breeds snobbishness. (3) Invariably (I know from experience) the car owner neglects studies either because he takes his chums on errands or goes out for pleasure. I was graduated from Wellesley in 1923 so am not so far behind the times. Wellesley solved the problem agreeably. Only seniors are permitted to have cars and then only with faculty approval. — *Mrs. Lucile Sine Welch, Pueblo.*

AUTO MAKES THEM BLASE.

I had a car while in college and found that I had more fun before I had the car than after. Youth and friends should be enough for college days. Keep the automobile, marriage, and other troubles for later years. Ownership of a car gives one student unfair advantage over others. Comparatively few American parents can afford to send their boys to college and give them a car as well. Unearned luxury is always weakening to the individual. If a student earns the money, let him have a car. The campus will not be crowded. Ownership of cars is seldom necessary for transportation. College activities are grouped. To get the best out of college life, students should know each other. The automobile has a dispersive effect. — *Murray Fahnestock, Pittsburgh.*

FATHER SAVES HIS SON.

I am an erstwhile indulgent parent. If we had let our boy have a car at college he would have gone a long way toward hell before he could have been rounded up; if at all. He is what is known as a good boy. His impulses are decent. He is seventeen. Always I deceived myself by believing he would see things just as I see them. I was wrong.

I had been brought up in a poverty-stricken home of the most rigid religious standards. I am

a native of one generation; he of another totally different one. I am a foreigner in his generation. Things that were immoral to me are not immoral to him. Our standards are confused. I have tried to be fair; to see life through the knot hole that gives him his view.

My father never saw an automobile. I got my first one when my boy was an infant. He was born to one. I thought nothing more wonderful than my boy's first display of knowledge in handling a car alone. Soon I discovered he had come to depend upon it. If he could not have the car he was out of society. I had taught him indolence and inured him to luxury. I had not the Spartan vein to undo this. My wife, who had seen clearly, intervened. We decided he should go away to school. He was a car addict; a petrolmaniac. There never was a day but that he could find some excuse for getting the car.

Interference with the right development of the boy was the vital feature of the case. If permitted to take the car to school he scamped his work or planned to avoid work. His school work was a mess. If forbidden to use the car he would become sullen and neglect his work to punish us, or put in his time planning to outwit us and get the car.

Would having a car at college do anything but ruin the life of this boy? I believe a car at college is a detriment, morally, mentally, and physically, to nine out of ten students permitted to have them.

[The writer of above letter is one of the best known magazine writers in America who forbids the use of his name in telling his intimate family problem.]

College Men Set the Example.

Luxuries were unknown to our forefathers until their high ideals had been attained and standards established. Today, when booze seems to have a death hold on the nation, our colleges are affected by this malady. Automobiles and bootlegging are working hand in hand. Our youth, while being tutored to leadership, also is drilling itself in luxurious and health-endangering habits.

If these conditions are allowed during a boy's training, surely the habits will continue through life. His ideals will crumble and his standard of resistance will be lowered. Eliminating automobiles will impress upon him more vividly the responsibilities of life. Divorces, murders, and robberies are increasing alarmingly. Luxurious habits and bootleg are mainly responsible. A remedy is training our young men to work for ideals, not for luxuries. Young men in college should not have cars, but should set an example to those not as fortunate as they.—*Andrew E. Tomcik, Jr., Cleveland.*

Not a Necessity.

Those who have cars at college do not go for the purpose of education. As for preparing for the struggle of life, that is silly. Their battle was fought by their grandfathers or fathers. The majority go to college for education. Does one go to college to learn to drive a car? It can be taught to anyone in a day or two, and the uneducated truck driver usually can handle one better than a college man can. The car owners at college are busy learning it cannot be done with safety and the others are too busy preparing for the worth-while things in life to bother.—*Sam J. LaSala, New York.*

Clipping Tells His View.

I inclose a clipping from our *Daily Record* which answers the question of whether or not college boys should have cars. The clipping is a picture of a young woman of DeKalb, Ill., who went auto riding with three college boys, which ended in a booze orgy, after which she says she was beaten and attacked.—*Richard La Mura, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

What Happens at College.

For no reason the public always associates college students with good liquor, high-priced roadsters, and beautiful show girls. What we really have is drug-store gin, Fords, and plain girls. Why anyone should imagine college life is night life is beyond me. Strange as it may seem, we go to class and study, or are kicked out. Here at Pittsburgh an unusual number of boys come to school in cars. They are well behaved and careful. The motor saves us time we can use in study and enables us to take week-end trips. It helps us widen our circle of friends. Oh, when will the dear public realize that we are their own sons and not a lot of sapheaded, dance-crazy, liquor-drinking idiots?—*Bus Brown, Pittsburgh.*

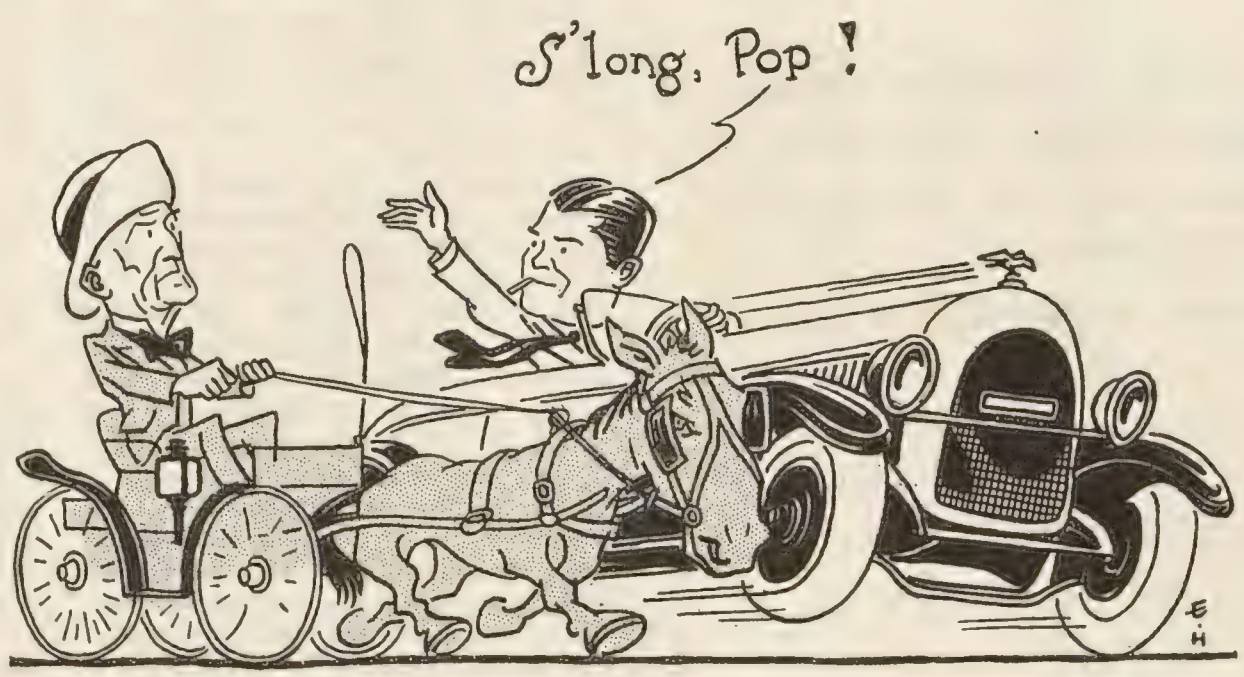
Living in a New Age.

The trend of progress is toward the time when the undergrad will choose his course; when he will not be tied down with hard and fast rules. Parents should realize that at college their sons are being prepared to meet the problems of life. Parents seem to refuse to realize the objects of sending a boy to college, and give lavish allowances. Result: purchase of a car and all that goes with it.

The burden of doing away with the evil, if it is an evil, rests with parents. Prohibiting the ownership of cars is not a remedy. If the money is forthcoming the boy always can obtain the use of a car. Parents should not expect administrative officers to execute parental duties.—*Member, Class '25, Cornell.*

College Men Not Fools.

Few university men are fools. We don't go with the idea college is an elongated house party. Over half our men have part-time positions. We who work at night make good salaries. Nearly all of us own automobiles, or rather flivvers. We use them mainly to save time; to give us an extra fifteen minutes here and half hour there, to sleep or study.



"In this day a thorough knowledge of a car and its social uses is essential."

Cars are almost as necessary here as are shoes. Joy rides are almost unknown. Gas is too expensive.

All universities have a few foolish young men and women with too much money and too few brains. When a party of these lands in jail or is wrapped around a telegraph pole there is a hullabaloo against the college man. During four years here I have known few such incidents. Yet our elders want to take our flivvers—our seven-league boots—away from us.—*F. C. O., Washington University, St. Louis.*

Prays for Dean Gauss.

To acquire an education necessary to meet the requirements of the present age calls for a different combination than the auto, prom girl, and hooch. That combination has been a detriment to our country. I am heartily in favor of Dean Gauss' campaign. May God be with him in his efforts. One remedy would be to compel every boy and girl in the grade schools to learn the fundamentals of the Boy Scout movement before being permitted to enter high school.—*H. F. Jenks, St. Paris, Ohio.*

Jack Steps on the Gas.

Why can't we college fellows have a little peace? Parents are always thinking up something new to do to us or take from us. The newest fad is locking up the cars. The papers pick up stories of a few sky-high flyers and the folks at home think we are all the same. A fellow has to have a little fun. Dad tells how he took mother on a fast buggy ride and how his old-fashioned petting party was carried on. But he yells when son takes his girl out riding and speeds up a little. Kisses never hurt anyone yet.

We are just as good as the college boy of 1890, only they don't know it. A bunch of fellows and girls drive their cars to a roadhouse at fifty an hour and get drunk. But how can dad howl? He jumped on his horse when he was young and tore to a barn dance. In a catch-me-if-you-can manner he took a drink from a hidden flask. The fellows of today are more open and truthful. They drink in front of everyone, kiss a girl where anyone can see, and stand up for their rights. —*John A. Robins, Indianapolis.*

Car Owners Poor Students.

In my school the car owners are not the best students. Not having a car makes a fellow feel poor. Girls nowadays are spoiled and will not go with a fellow anywhere unless he has a car. A machine means too many parties, a big head the next day, and no inclination for study.—*C. M. R., University of Pittsburgh.*

Question of Personal Liberty.

Personal liberty enters into the problem. The popularity of a boy with a car exceedeth all understanding. If his head is easily turned by girls, life is endangered, for as his head swells his judgment evaporates. If he is level-headed a car will assist in his education and health. If the polish is rubbed off the cars onto them their assets double in value.—*A Mother Who Cannot Buy a Car for Her Boy, San Francisco.*

College Boys Not Children.

Taking cars away from college boys is all wrong. That is the method employed with children: putting things out of reach. Is this the method to be used with men supposed to be leaders of the coming generation? It will not work. They will rent cars. I know many who do. It means further drifting away from the home bond. Petting, parking, and drinking are not frequent in our school of six thousand.—*Harry L. Crock, Dayton, Ohio.*

Would Arouse Rebellion.

Although I have not owned a car in college I feel they are not an evil and am convinced trying to eliminate them is unjust, wrong in principle, and would antagonize students. The spirit of youth is paramount in college, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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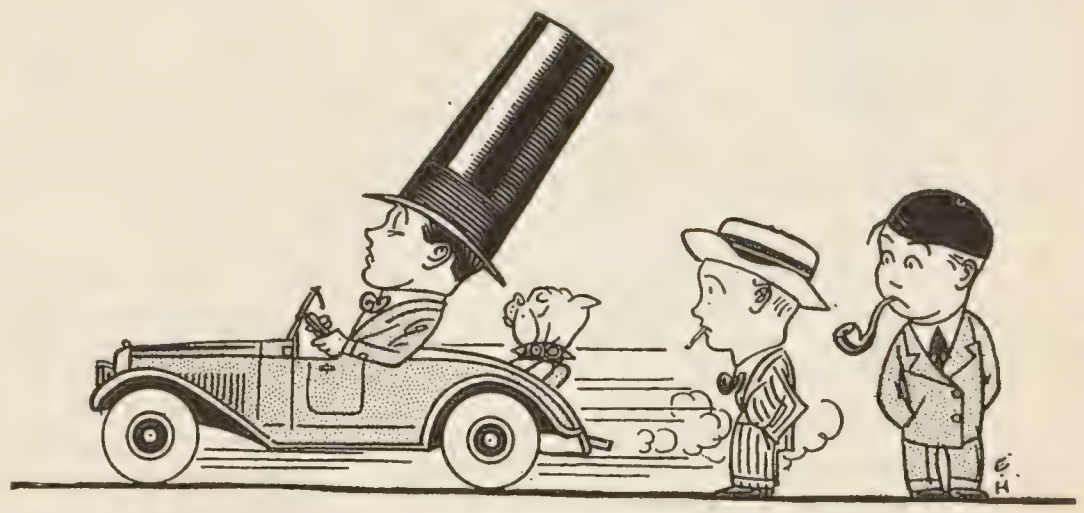
[SHALL COLLEGE BOYS HAVE CARS? Continued from Page Forty-three]

some narrow theorist who tries to curb it will find he has an insurmountable task.—*Edward W. Sowers, University of Missouri.*

CHEERS FOR GAUSS.

Three cheers for Princeton and every college with nerve enough to forbid students bringing cars to college! I am in a college town 125 miles from two large cities. Students are going to them for dinners or theaters, which means return in the small hours. Even if that prehistoric character, the chaperon, is included, college work is bound to suffer.

I was dean of a college for eight years and during research work here for two years have seen the university angle. Am more emphatic than ever in saying cars are a menace.—*Lucinda de L. Templin.*



"Having a car often breeds snobbishness."

SOME CONCRETE CASES.

A young fellow high in fraternity and low in grades owned the most luxurious car in school. On one joy ride he carried eight guests. One, a fine athlete, was instantly killed. Two girls lay between life and death for weeks. A third, whose college expenses were earned by the violin and typewriter, has a permanently stiffened hand.

Another car was owned by the young daughter of a wealthy man. She and her car annexed a young cake-eater, who drove her to school, then ceased functioning until time to drive her home. Friends and parents stormed. The result was the use of the car for a freshman elopement.

Another girl quit school because the expenses were too high. A sorority sister with a car drove her into town and she paid for the lunches. Not one in four cars in this school is used for legitimate purposes.—*S. S. B., University of Washington.*

LET THE GIRLS HAVE CARS.

Give a college girl a car. The whole situation changes. Each girl with her own car would work wonders. I tried it. Immediately I was in a different light in the eyes of the boys. I was more to be respected; one who wasn't hanging round to be toted here and there. Girls can go anywhere now without escorts. With a car a girl is boss of the situation. She can even give one of the boys a lift home; otherwise she might never know him, since boys without cars don't ask girls for dates.—*Margaret McM., San Francisco.*

TOO YOUNG TO HAVE CARS.

The average boy entering college today is a great deal younger than the college men of ten and twenty years ago. Many have not crossed "fool's hill." To these a car brings only cuts of classes, roadside petting, and dismissal. If colleges are to foster and maintain democracy among students, student ownership of cars will not help.—*Sam Ramsay, Centre, '13, Memphis.*

THEY'LL HAVE 'EM ANYHOW.

Youth is rebellious against censure and prohibition. Being poor I gave no thought to owning a car, although once I wished under my breath to do so, although it was forbidden freshmen. One day the Serpent came in the form of a salesman who offered me a flivver for $40. I said no. He said "Thirty-five and five gallons of gas free." I fell. The cautiousness with which I kept the forbidden fruit was a source of satisfaction.

Dean Gauss is going to have trouble. The moment cars are forbidden there will be another bootleg party wherein garage owners will make big rakeoffs and empty shacks and lots will be used for smuggled cars.—*John S. Fortune, Princeton.*

SCORES of others entered into the argument—dividing about equally in opinion, but leaving a scant majority favoring cars for the college boys. Parents and teachers voted "nay" heavily; college boys and girls "aye," with a few exceptions.

Among the contributors were: Herman Hill King, Burling, N. C.; Homer J. Coole, Springfield, Mass., Francis X. La France, Washington; J. Arthur Boucheault, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes, San Francisco; Arthur M. Smith, Minneapolis; Carl W. Boyer, instructor in education, Lafayette College; L. A. Wright, McKeesport, Pa.; John F. Woloch, Kanty College, Erie, Pa.; R. A. Miller, Cincinnati; Ralph Robb, Marion, Ind.; J. A. S., University of Missouri; Banarr Cox, Louisville, Ky.; Cecelia Klein, Newark; E. E. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; John B. Haldeman, Philadelphia.

THE END

The CORBIN Necklace

A Mysterious Jewel Merchant joins the Hunt for the Vanished Pearls

By

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Pictures by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

The woman was frightfully upset—frightened or shocked.

"MOTHER," Punch cried, "the thief that stole grandmother's pearl necklace has put it back!"

Then the boy stood staring at his mother, speechless, utterly appalled. For Victoria Corbin's face, lips and all, had turned gray.

I was the Corbins' neighbor, laid up with a broken leg, and got the story direct from thirteen-year-old Punch Corbin. Old Mrs. Corbin, his grandmother, had decided to give her $100,000 necklace to Punch's sister, Judy, as a wedding present, in honor of Judy's approaching marriage to Bruce Applebury. But when the girl had been sent for and the safe opened, the pearls were gone! Aghast and furious, Mrs. Corbin declared that Victoria, her daughter-in-law, had stolen them. But, to Punch's amazement, Judy only laughed.

Straightway Punch appointed himself detective, and slept on the davenport in the second-floor hall. He was rewarded by catching a glimpse of a man in pajamas, who crossed the hall to the stairs, mounted them, and vanished. The next morning the necklace was back—and Victoria, strangely enough, was filled with consternation. But Judy seemed indifferent.

Throughout, the girl was acting queerly, Punch felt. Just after the wedding guests had arrived that morning she had looked frightened—had caught Punch's hand and begged him to be on her side, no matter *what* she did. And that evening the boy saw a man—he couldn't make out who it was—thrust a thick letter into her hand. Clearly, Judy was in deep waters, and I got the notion that the necklace, so inexplicably returned, was the hub of her troubles.

Soon after the gems' reappearance, a mysterious wedding guest arrived: Mr. Ethelbert Smith—"Old Eagle Eye," Punch heard Victoria call him. He was a jewel merchant and a friend of old Mrs. Corbin. He happened to be with me when Judy paid me a flurried little visit with Bill Grant—a likable chap—the groom's cousin. I was surprised to find Judy with Grant instead of with Bruce, her fiance. But I was destined for a greater surprise. It came from Punch, who arrived after Judy and Grant had left.

PART FIVE

"PUNCH," I said, after the boy had sat down in the summerhouse where we were, "tell Mr. Smith the whole story of how the necklace was stolen. And perhaps," I added, "you'll tell me, too, the details of how it came back."

For I didn't see any point, now that the cat had got out, in trying to make a mystery of the empty bag.

I was relieved, though, that Punch's story, which he told with admirable lucidity at lunchtime, was considerably abridged where it touched Judy. Of course at that time I knew nothing of the letter that had been pushed through the narrow neck of the Chinese vase,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

nor of her nocturnal excursion for its recovery. Punch's account of his adventures that night left this episode out.

He told us how, when he couldn't sleep in his room on the top floor, he'd come down to the davenport in the hall below; how he'd seen a man in pajamas going upstairs; how the mystery had completely baffled him at the time; how Miss Digby, his grandmother's nurse, had told him of the fright she'd had, and how, between sleep and waking, he'd figured out what had happened.

"Good work, Punch," Mr. Smith said, when the tale was told. "I'm proud of you." His tone, though, wasn't as enthusiastic as his words. He'd spoken with only half his mind, as if out of some deep preoccupation.

"Well, that's more than anybody else is," the boy answered. "You see, they all think—mother and Miss Digby and Uncle Alec—that I took the necklace myself, for a joke or something, and then brought it back in the middle of the night. It's what anybody would think if they didn't believe the story of the man in the pajamas. And it is sort of a funny story. Only, you see, I *saw* him."

"Yes," Mr. Smith said thoughtfully, "it is a funny story, sure enough."

THE boy looked from one of us to the other, possibly to satisfy himself that we ourselves believed it. He must have done so, for presently he went on:

"It gets even funnier than that. Because, you see, as long as they thought I'd done it, I wanted to know whose pajamas I'd seen, and who it probably was who wore them. So, after they'd all gone down to breakfast, I went around and saw all the pajamas there were—all that had been slept in, I mean—and I couldn't find the pair I'd seen last night. They weren't on the top floor, so I went down to the second floor, and they weren't there either."

"Are you sure you saw them all?" Mr. Smith asked.

"I counted," said Punch. "I found a pair for everybody."

"Servants too?" Mr. Smith asked.

"No," said Punch. "But, you see, there isn't any third floor to the servants' wing. The door to it opens into the second-floor hall where the davenport is. If it had been one of the servants he wouldn't have gone upstairs."

"How well did you see the pajamas when the man was wearing them?" I asked.

"Pretty well," Punch said. "I saw the legs of them awfully well, because they walked right through the moonlight and it was about as bright as day. They were plain pajamas, gray, or some color like that, and one of the legs was torn, a little square tear, as if it had been caught on a nail. Well, the only person in the house whose pajamas are plain gray is Uncle Alec, and they weren't torn. Besides, he's about twice as big as the man I saw. Everybody else's pajamas are fancy; because of the wedding, I suppose. Anyhow, it's a puzzle."

"Well, the pearls are brought back, that's one thing," Mr. Smith observed. "To your grandmother's room, you say? Where are they now?"

Punch's eyes gleamed with a sudden pleasure. "That's supposed to be a great secret," he said.

"Don't tell any secrets," Mr. Smith warned him quickly.

"Well, it isn't a secret from you—from either of you," Punch explained. "And Donovan isn't around, is he, nor anyone else who'd hear?"

"No," I said, "you won't be overheard. But how do you know we're not to be kept out of the secret?"

"I'll tell you," he said, "and then you'll see. It's a secret from mother, all right, and Judy and Uncle Alec, but not from you.

"It was when I was going around on the second floor, looking at the pajamas, that grandmother heard me and called me into her room. She said I'd been right about the safe not being a safe place for the necklace, so she was going to give it to me to hide. Only I was to promise not to tell anyone in the house that she'd done it, nor where

the necklace was, of course. But, you see, you aren't in the house, so the secret doesn't include you."

I won't pretend to have been satisfied that this bit of casuistry was strong enough to bear, but my curiosity was much wider awake, just then, than my conscience. I made no protest, and neither did Mr. Smith. The boy went on:

"Mother came in just after Gran had given it to me and asked her where it was, and Gran told her it was in the safe. She'd had me put the box back in the safe and lock the safe up, but of course the box was empty. Mother asked her when she was going to give the necklace to Judy, and Gran said when she got ready. She always gets kind of cross when you ask her a lot of questions. So mother saw it was no good asking any more, and went away. And I had it all the time."

"Where did you hide it?" Mr. Smith asked.

PUNCH was thoroughly enjoying himself now, there could be no doubt of that. The unjust accusations of his mother and Uncle Alec and old Digs he could afford to ignore in the face of this magnificent compensation.

"Why, I thought of lots of places," he said, "that would probably have been all right, but I didn't like them somehow, and then I thought about The Purloined Letter—you know, that story of Poe's. How the safest hiding place for anything is the last place where anyone would think of looking for it. So I just wrapped the necklace up in a handkerchief and stuck it in my pocket."

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Is that where it is now?"

"Surely it is," old Mr. Smith remarked calmly. "Hence the rifle."

Punch flushed a little. "Of course it's only a twenty-two," he said, "but it's got a long cartridge in it."

At first blush the idea of intrusting the Corbin necklace to the trousers pocket of a thirteen-year-old boy armed with a little target rifle seemed wild enough, and when one added that an inexplicable attempt had just been made to steal it, an attempt that might be repeated at any hour, day or night, it became perfectly frantic. I didn't care much about the necklace, but I cared immensely about the boy.

He was looking eagerly into my face, and must have read the consternation that was printed plain upon it. "Can you think of a safer place?" he asked. "Of course I suppose I could give it to you to keep for me."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried. "But there must be some other——"

I let the sentence fade out unfinished, and lapsed into a thoughtful silence. I couldn't think of anything better, and that was the truth.

"It's years since I've seen that string of pearls," Mr. Smith said presently. "Let's have a look at them, Punch."

The boy plunged a hand deep into his pocket and pulled out a wadded and rather grimy

handkerchief, which he spread open on the table. There the thing was, all right. I stared at it, fascinated.

It was beautiful, of course, that perfectly graded series of shining globes, but I was moved by the sight of it to reflect how ridiculously artificial our values are. That thing would buy leisure for a man's lifetime. Comparatively few men from the cradle to the grave are able by their labors to earn as much as would be needed to buy it. Numberless men

Old Mrs. Corbin summoned Victoria as tyrannically as she would have sent for her chambermaid.

alive in the world today would commit any crime up to murder to possess it. It seemed absurd when one thought of it like that.

Possibly, to carry out the illusion, the thing wanted a better background. Perhaps it suffered from the indignity of contact with a small boy's pocket handkerchief.

Old Mr. Smith took the thing in his fingers —unusually intelligent looking old fingers they were, as if habituated to handling pearls. Then I glanced up at his face, and was struck by a conviction which for the moment put the necklace clean out of my mind.

He had stuck a monocle into one eye. The gleam may have come merely from the lens, but from wherever it came, there was so piercing a brilliancy in his gaze that I almost shouted, "Old Eagle Eye!" aloud.

I DIDN'T, of course. He went on studying the necklace, and Punch sat gazing from his face to mine. Of course—of course! Why hadn't I identified him at once? He was the man Judy was to prevent, at all costs, from getting a chance at something—the necklace, beyond a doubt. That was why Victoria hadn't wanted to keep him at the house.

Well, the best-laid plans go wrong sometimes. Victoria had overdone it. There sat old Eagle Eye with the necklace in his hands.

What was he going to do with it? I'll admit that in my confounded state of mind I'd hardly have been surprised at anything. I didn't really expect him to perpetrate a robbery with violence then and there, but I was vividly conscious, for a fleeting instant, that Punch's little rifle was leaning up in the corner of the room, far out of reach. It only shows what an atmosphere of persistent mystery will do to the ordinarily well-behaved mind.

Mr. Smith, however, remained calm, and, when he had done examining the necklace, folded it up again in Punch's handkerchief, rather negligently, I thought, and handed it over to the boy.

"Put it back in your pocket, Punch," he said. "I can't think of a safer place for it. But now that you've gratified our curiosity," he went on, "I think you'd better stretch the promise you gave your grandmother to include everybody, out of the house as well as in it. Who are in the house, anyway? Do you know them all?"

"Oh, hardly any of them, if you mean do I *really* know; not just who they're supposed to be. I don't think mother does, even; not the Applebury crowd."

"And the Appleburys," commented Mr. Smith, "don't know Judy's crowd any better. It's a perfect situation, in a way."

We weren't very talkative during the rest of the lunch. The thoughts of old Eagle Eye seemed to be running mostly on the man in pajamas.

"You said he wasn't nearly as big as your Uncle Alec. Was he noticeably small; smaller, say, than any of the men in the party?"

"No," Punch said; "I don't think he was. He just looked about ordinary. Of course, I didn't see him very well, except his legs, and I didn't look at him very hard. I just thought he was somebody going to the bathroom, until he started upstairs. I think he looked sort of stout and clumsy, as if he filled his pajamas rather full."

"Are you sure it *was* a man? I know you didn't think of it at the time, but mayn't it have been a woman? I believe they wear pajamas sometimes. And in any sort of men's clothes they're likely to look heavy."

I COULD see that the idea attracted Punch. It seemed to offer a loophole of escape from his mystery. But he was too honest a witness to avail himself of it.

"No," he said, "I don't think it was. I don't think a woman would have walked along like that."

"You're probably right," the old man agreed. "Most women would look like women even if they had on a man's pajamas. We'll stick to the men for the present. Stout and stocky, medium height; does that describe anybody in the party?"

Punch laughed. "The only one it describes is Bruce Applebury himself," he said.

Mr. Smith didn't laugh. "What are *his* pajamas like?" he asked.

"Sort of tan color," said Punch, "with red stripes."

I spoke up in the interest of common sense: "Surely you couldn't suspect——"

"I'd suspect anybody," the old man asserted, "when we're concerned with a thing like that necklace. Oh, not suspect, if you dislike the word—but consider as possibly involved. I admit my point of view is rather specialized."

"He played tennis and swam practically

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE CORBIN NECKLACE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

from the time he came to the house until he dressed for dinner," I pointed out, "and the loss of the necklace was discovered before he'd finished dressing."

"Probably, then, he didn't take it," Mr. Smith conceded. "But he may have brought it back, and that's just as important a part of the mystery."

Without waiting to allow time for that to sink in, he turned to Punch. "When is he—when are he and Judy expected back from town?" he asked.

"There's a train about three. I think they'll surely come on that, because they're going to rehearse the wedding this afternoon. You'll come over for that, won't you?"

EAGLE EYE took this invitation with a twinkle. "Old men are supposed to take naps after lunch," he said. "Still, I may turn up. If I do, suppose, since we're already in mystery up to the neck, that you greet me as if we were meeting for the first time since Paris. Can we get away with it? Did anybody know you were coming here to lunch?"

"No," said Punch. "I just sort of disappeared. I suppose I'd better be going back now, though, or they may begin wondering where I am. I *could* eat another lunch, of course."

We both laughed over that as we bade him farewell. But we turned pretty serious as we watched him walk away with his little rifle.

"Do you think he's safe, going around with a hundred-thousand-dollar necklace in his pocket?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so," Mr. Smith answered reflectively. "For one thing, he hasn't got it in his pocket."

I must have gasped at him like a goggle-eyed fish. My mind once more had gone to pieces. Had the old gentleman done a sleight-of-hand trick when he returned that handkerchief?

"Oh, he's got just what he brought over here with him," he added. "Undoubtedly the same thing his grandmother gave him this morning to hide for her. It's not the necklace. It's a very fair imitation of it, however."

"You're perfectly sure of that, I suppose?" I asked weakly.

He nodded.

"You'd better go back to your couch where you'll be comfortable," he suggested. "We've got some thinking to do."

I agreed, and rang for Donovan. When he'd made me comfortable and gone away, Mr. Smith pulled up an easy chair for himself, and lighted a cigar.

"I know that necklace intimately," he began. "I sold it to Punch's grandfather in Paris, 'way back in the days of the Second Empire. Lord, what a while ago! A man shouldn't be allowed to live as long as that—1870 it must have been, or thereabouts.

"I'm a jeweler by profession, and I was managing director over there for Paulding & Revere. I've seen the necklace a number of times since. Mrs. Corbin always gave me a look at it whenever she came to Paris. So I can say with certainty that the thing Punch has in his pocket is not merely a necklace of imitation pearls: it's an imitation, pearl for pearl, of that necklace. In fact, we can go a little farther than that, if you don't mind my prosing a bit."

"I don't," I assured him.

"Both the French and the Japanese make imitation pearls," he went on. "Serious imitations, I mean. Merely for purposes of wear, the French pearls are better. Their luster's more like the real thing. On a pretty woman's neck in a ballroom they wouldn't be detected as not the real thing. But the moment you pick them up they give themselves away. They're much too light and much too translucent. Japanese pearls, on the other hand, are the right weight, or very near it, and they don't betray themselves when you hold them against the light. But they haven't the luster, not even the best of them.

"Well, these are Japanese pearls. Whoever had the string made of them, it's fair to assume, wanted them for some other purpose than wearing to parties. The French pearls would have been better for that, and cheaper too. But they wouldn't serve if they had to deceive someone who had opportunities to handle them."

"IN other words, they were made to deceive old Mrs. Corbin," I broke in. "Her eyesight has been failing for years."

"That's very likely a good guess," he said mildly. "But let's not begin guessing just yet.

"She may have ordered the imitation made, herself. She's as likely to have wanted to deceive Victoria, let us say, as Victoria is to have wanted to deceive her. And with her poor vision she may have deceived herself. The real string may have been knocking about, unregarded for months, in some drawer of her dressing-table, while the imitation was in the safe.

"All we know is that there are two strings, and that a person who couldn't see very well, either because his eyes were bad or because he was working in the dark, might easily mistake one for the other. We know that the imitation string is now in Punch's pocket. But where the real string is, we don't know."

"It's reasonably probable, isn't it," I asked, "that the necklace in Punch's pocket is the same one that his grandmother showed him Wednesday afternoon, when she told him she meant to give it to Judy for a wedding present? It was taken from the safe, it was brought back, and it was handed by his grandmother straight to Punch."

"That's as good a possibility as any," said the old man. "The

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

thief takes it in a hurry and more or less in the dark, discovers at his first good look that it's an imitation, and brings it back. But there are other hypotheses just as good.

"He may have seen a chance to take the real one at a time when he hadn't the imitation at hand to replace it with, and then brought the imitation back in the hope that the loss hadn't been discovered yet. It wasn't made public, I understand. Or someone may have borrowed the real one and returned the imitation by mistake. Or one person may have stolen the real one, and someone else, who later discovered the theft and wished to shield the thief, may have brought back the imitation, thinking he was making restitution. You see, it's endless. The most serious mistake we can make will be to begin thinking we know too much."

"Of course," I agreed. "One could easily do a cruel injustice to an innocent person by jumping at conclusions."

"That's not just what I mean," he said gently. "Perhaps I should have said dangerous instead of serious. I'm more concerned over what may happen in the next twenty-four hours than I am over what may have happened—oh, any time within the past five years."

He gave me half a moment of silence to digest that in.

"I'll run the risk of speaking with the utmost plainness," he then went on. "I think I can guess how this thing looks to you. You believe Victoria had that imitation string made for the purpose of imposing upon her mother-in-law and getting possession of the real one. You think she took alarm over Mrs. Corbin's decision to give it to Judy, because she thought that such a gift would lead to the discovery of the substitution and that she'd be charged with it. You think that's why she didn't want me stopping in the house.

"THAT'S all plausible enough. It may all be true. It would account, after a fashion, for the disappearance of the imitation necklace from the safe. She might have taken it herself; she might have persuaded Judy to take it.

"But into that picture you cannot fit the return of the necklace. You can't fit the man in pajamas, whom Punch saw. I have no intelligible picture, yet, into which that man will fit. But the return, I tell you frankly, seems to me to be sinister. It suggests strongly the presence somewhere, as an active possibility, of the real necklace—not stolen yet, but waiting to be. And accompanying that theft we may have anything, up to murder. That's why I say it's dangerous to feel too sure."

With great deliberation he extinguished his cigar in the ash-

He was the man Judy was to prevent at all costs from getting a chance at something—the necklace, beyond a doubt.

tray and rose to his full height.

"Invited or not," he said, "I'm going to that house this afternoon. I want to see the people in it. There aren't a great many first-class jewel thieves in the world, and I know the faces of a pretty fair proportion of them. Of course people who aren't jewel thieves sometimes attempt to steal jewels—a covetous girl, a boy desperately in debt, might make a frantic clutch, with no forethought, no preparation, and, of course, no possibility of ultimate success.

"If that's the case here, I'm as helpless as any of you, for I can't read thoughts or intentions from people's faces.

"But, somehow, to me the thing hasn't quite that look. So I'm going over to see whether I know any of Victoria's guests better than she does. How about you? Will you come along? You can manage, can't you, in a comfortable motor, if you've lots of room?"

I could manage it, all right, and my first impulse was to say I'd go. Then I thought of something and changed my mind.

"I think I'll stay at home this afternoon," I told him, "and rest up for that dinner."

II

IT was the thought of Judy that made me change my mind about going to The Oaks with old Mr. Smith. I thought that perhaps if I were alone at the cottage all the afternoon, and if the fact that I was here alone were advertised by the presence at The Oaks of my ancient guest, she might come back and tell me the story he had prevented my hearing at the summerhouse.

My concern for the child was fast deepening into an acute distress. I was spared, to be sure, the misery of doubting her essential rectitude. I'd known her from the time she was a baby, and the long intervals when I'd seen nothing of her had neither interrupted the growth of our friendship, nor changed the quality of it.

She'd never been expansively confidential; reticence was, indeed, one of her outstanding qualities. Victoria complained of her as a close-mouthed little thing who kept everything to herself. But candor — perhaps I shouldn't put it that way, for I believe the two things naturally go together—candor was not a virtue with her, but simply an irresistible compulsion. She couldn't even acquiesce at all graciously in a pretense. I consider myself a decently straightforward person, but I've been self-convicted a dozen times, by a straight look from Judy's eyes, of cowardly flinchings from the plain truth. I don't think she regards them as cowardly. She isn't a bit of a prig. She simply doesn't understand how it can be done.

The pungent quality of cynicism that sometimes flavors her speech has always one source—sham. She is cynical of shams.

I recalled a remark she had made to me only a day or two before, to the effect that the horridest thing in the world was whitewash. Then, with a start, I remembered the prediction she'd made in the next breath that she was going to be coated with it this week. How much had she known about the necklace then? Anything more than was involved in the newspaper announcement that her grandmother was going to give it to her as a wedding present?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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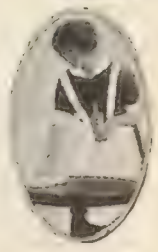
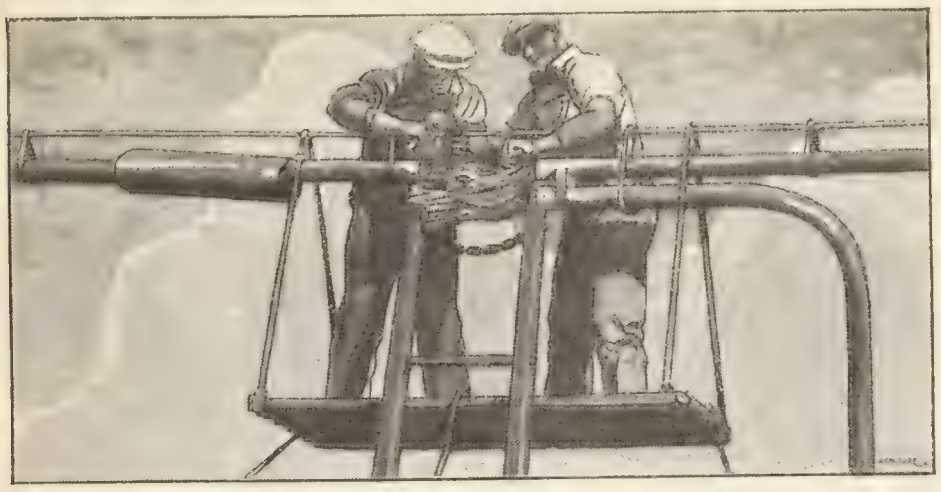
Cleans as  *it Polishes*

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago



The Nerves of a Nation

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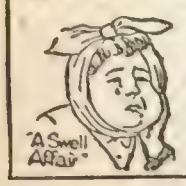

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Liberty

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Be sure not to miss James G. Jackson's article on selecting building materials in

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

[THE CORBIN NECKLACE
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

In the light of Mr. Smith's revelations this afternoon, I thought it likely that she had known more: known that the necklace then reposing in the morocco-covered box in her grandmother's safe was an imitation, and that the fact somehow involved her mother's credit. Didn't an invincible determination on Judy's part to save her mother's credit account for everything the girl was doing—including even her agreement to marry a man whom she didn't love?

It was all very well for old Mr. Smith, whose emotions were running cool and thin, to warn me against jumping at conclusions. But I had to jump. I had nowhere else to go. So I nailed my conviction like a flag to this mast.

It wasn't necessary to try to work out all the details. Victoria had done something, probably in some desperate money crisis—stolen the necklace; she'd always believed it was going to be hers some day—and Judy had agreed to see her through.

HOW had that involved a marriage with Bruce Applebury? Possibly Victoria had sold the necklace to him. Or possibly she'd done something besides steal the necklace. (I found it comparatively easy, that afternoon, to impute anything to Victoria.) At all events, the necklace, the real one, had to be recovered somehow.

Was this the errand Judy and Bruce had started upon this morning, under the innocent pretense of buying the wedding ring? Had she really started with him and been compelled, by some unforeseen occurrence, to turn back? Or had she only pretended to go with him in order to be free for some other meeting, under the protection of his cousin?

How was I going to account for the theft of the imitation necklace and for the return of it? Well, I didn't care about that. That didn't necessarily concern Judy at all.

But how about the thing that had happened to her on the veranda yesterday afternoon when the guests were arriving? The thing that had set her world rocking like a boat, that had led her to cry out to Punch, "Are you on my side, whatever happens—whatever I do?"

No, I couldn't solve that. I wanted her to come and tell me about it. She didn't come, though, and I put in the longest, dreariest afternoon I can remember, waiting for her.

III

WHEN Mr. Ethelbert Smith returned about 6 o'clock, I was in so detestably unamiable a state of mind that a resolute summoning of all the manners I had ever learned hardly availed to produce a decent show of politeness. I didn't want, I told myself, any more of his cold-hearted observations. However, common civility required me to ask for them, and before he had gone very far I was listening with unfeigned interest.

He began with an apology. He

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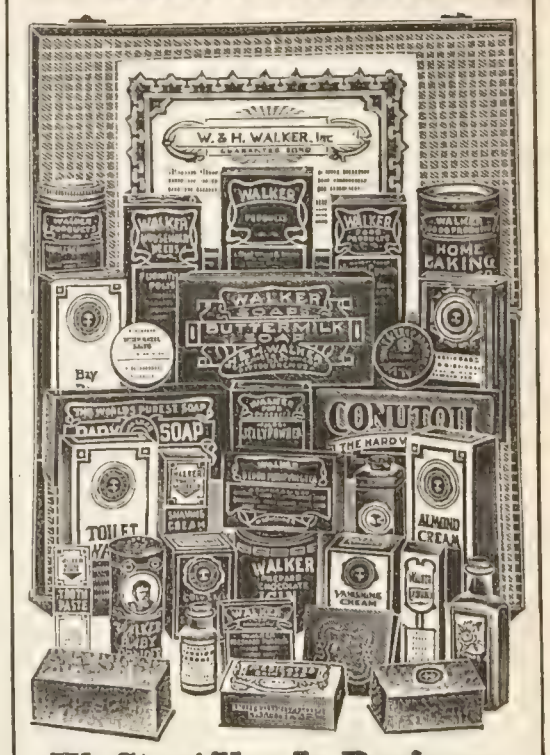

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

had permitted himself this morning to be saddled upon me as a guest, and now, after I'd hospitably made him welcome, and most comfortable, he added, he was about to climb out of the saddle again. In short, he was about to pack his bags and go to The Oaks to stay.

It appeared that old Mrs. Corbin, who'd been, of course, the first person he'd asked for on arriving at the house, had seen him at once and made him welcome in the friendliest manner. Furthermore, she'd been furiously annoyed to learn that he was not stopping under her roof, and had insisted that he change his plans at once in order to do so.

"She's altered greatly—by illness, of course," he remarked; "but she's no less imperious than she was in her best days. She settled the matter of my entertainment then and there, and summoned Victoria as tyrannically as she would have sent for her chambermaid. Victoria came, too."

"Was she startled at finding you there?" I asked.

"If she was, she didn't show it. She may have been warned, of course; probably was. A question or two of the servant who brought the message would have let her know what she had to expect. No, she took my being there as the most natural thing in the world. She didn't show more than a flicker or two of resentment over the manner in which the orders were given. She must, of course, be in a state of suppressed rebellion all the time, for I fancy that sort of thing is an everyday occurrence. I'm sorry for Victoria. I wouldn't blame her much for anything she might resort to, short of poison, as an escape."

"Did you find out anything about the necklace?" I asked. "From the old lady herself, I mean? Whether she knows of the existence of the imitation one?"

"I was disappointed there," Mr. Smith said. "I thought that when Victoria had gone, Mrs. Corbin would unburden her mind. She has something weighing upon it, I should say. But the emotion she'd wasted over the matter of where I was to sleep had completely exhausted her. She had to ring for her nurse, and tell me we'd have our visit later. She wasn't visible again all afternoon. So I was told, at least, and of course I couldn't question it."

THEN, "Do you know anything about that nurse?" he asked.

"She's been with Mrs. Corbin two or three years," I told him. "Punch regards her humorously, I think, but considers her above suspicion. Why? Did you notice anything queer about her?"

"When I left Mrs. Corbin's room," he said, "she was parting from Victoria in the hall. Evidently they'd been talking somewhere. It struck me that the woman was frightfully upset—frightened or shocked, I couldn't tell which. She might have been found out in something, or she might have been given some order she didn't want to carry out. They aren't drugging that old lady, are they?"

"She drugs herself, I understand — morphine. Naturally enough, after years of pain."

HE looked like a very old man when I told him that, and he sat musing over it for a long time. Finally he roused himself.

"Well, I didn't find what I went for," he said. "I made a point of strolling about the house. I managed to see several of the servants; not all of them, of course. But in a talk I had with Punch I asked him whether any new house servants had been taken on during the past two weeks, and he said there had not. Somehow I don't believe it's the servants we have to reckon with, anyhow.

"I saw all the guests in the

house eventually. There was quite a wait for the principal performers. The others were all gathered for the rehearsal of the ceremony, impatient as school children for it to be over with, too, so that they could run away and play. But Judy and the bridegroom, by failing for a long time to put in an appearance, kept them waiting."

"Was Bill Grant there?" I asked.

"He was. And his manner toward me excited my admiration. His weakness is evidently that he mustn't be surprised. Do you remember him this morning, completely disconcerted, unable to contribute more than a disjointed word here and there to the talk, floundering in the presence of the unexpected? But evidently he'd foreseen the probability of an encounter with me this afternoon, and he sustained it with complete sang-froid.

"Everybody else was discussing Judy's trip to town with her bridegroom. Nobody questioned but that was where she was spending the day. He knew that I knew she hasn't gone to town; that she'd spent the day, or a good part of it, surreptitiously with him. Yet he confronted me without batting an eye, without attempting a private explanation, or even a private signal entreating me not to give them away. He was, I felt, in the circumstances, almost formidably self-possessed.

"His self-possession didn't last him through the afternoon, however. Fate had another surprise in store for him."

"What was the surprise?" I asked.

"That's the point of my story," he said. "But let me tell it in order. The fact that it doesn't make sense makes it more important to approach it methodically.

"BEFORE Judy arrived with her bridegroom, I had seen every one of the guests in that house, including Mr. Alexander Corbin, and excepting only the bridegroom himself. After studying every face, I concluded there was no one among them whom I recognized as a professional jewel thief. Mr. Bruce Applebury then arrived with Judy and I didn't recognize him either. I had drawn blank as far as my particular errand to the house was concerned. But I was diverted from thoughts of my failure by something I saw happening under my eyes.

"I saw enacted a scene of perfectly tragic intensity, and I haven't the remotest idea, now, what it meant. I can tell it all in a very few words, because the scene itself had no accompanying words at all.

"Judy, as I say, arrived in the car with Mr. Bruce Applebury. They were surrounded at once by a group of young people who had been waiting for them on the lawn, clamoring for the rehearsal to begin.

"I looked at Mr. Applebury, realized that I didn't know him, and realized, further, that I didn't like him. He is self-important and oppressively correct. He looked not sulky exactly—mulish, that's better. And victorious. The man reminded me of nothing so much as a bad-tempered parent who had just beaten one of his children and has succeeded in persuading himself of his own righteousness.

"As for Judy, she was like an automaton; an amazingly lifelike, well-made automaton, capable of going where she should, answering questions, even of responding in an appropriate manner to jokes. Perhaps I shouldn't have perceived how perfectly galvanic all this was if I hadn't happened to be standing where I intercepted the one look she turned full upon her mother.

"It was a look—it's a strong word, but I mean it—of horror, the look of one still incredulous over a betrayal. Something had happened to her that had never entered into her calculations as a possibility when we saw her in the summerhouse this morning, although I thought she was facing some rather queer possibilities then."

I couldn't bear to have it spun out any longer. "What happened?" I demanded. "Get to the point, man, and tell me."

What desperate trouble is Judy in, and what part does Bill Grant play in it? For a breath-taking adventure involving both of them, read next week's installment.

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten—"

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," mourned guilty Lady Macbeth.

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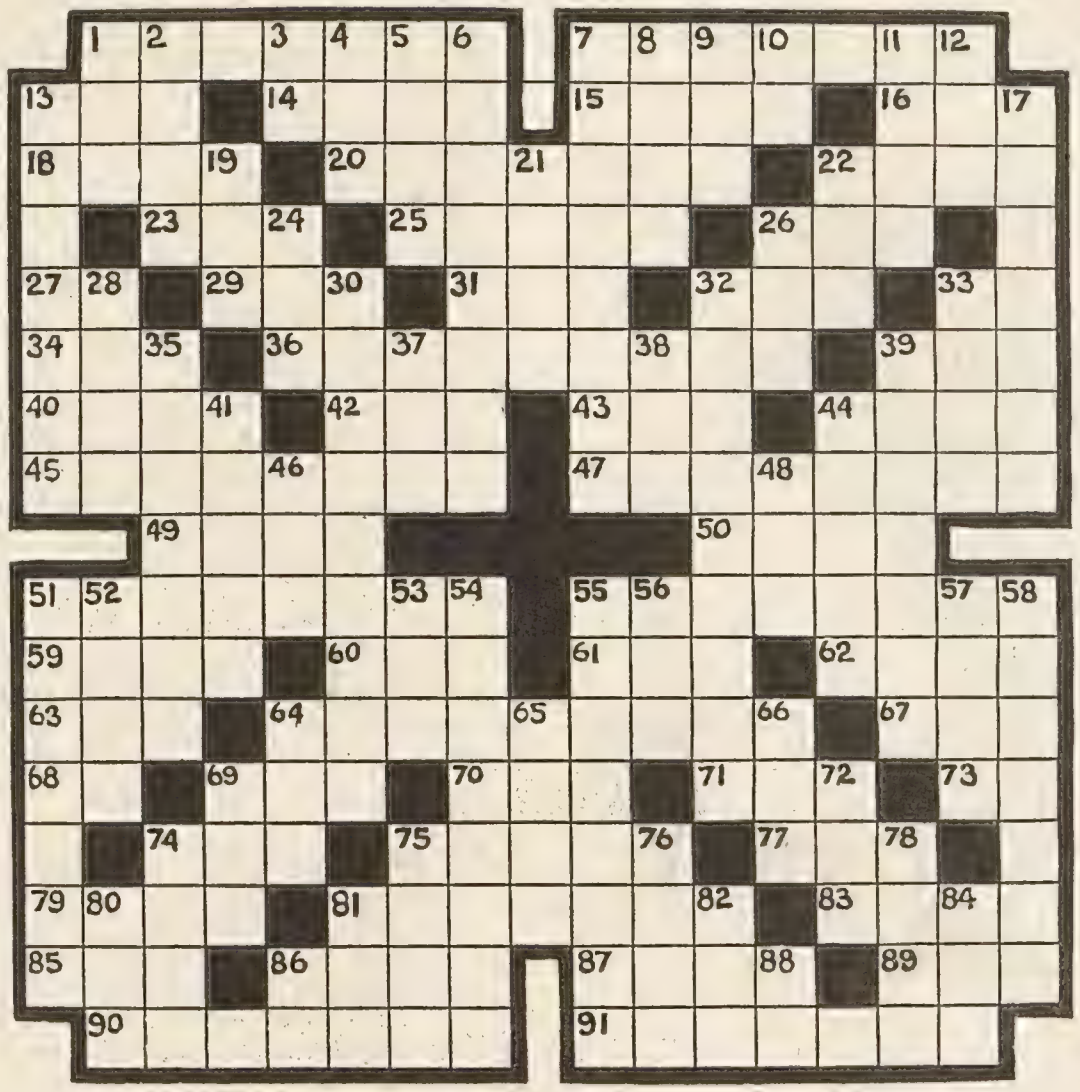
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 75

By JAMES W. WHITE

HUMAN nature, being what it is, just naturally resents having culture thrust down its throat. Which accounts, we believe, for the extensive popularity of the cross-word puzzle. For never before has knowledge been presented so sugar-coatedly to said human nature as in these little journeys into English.

And this week, not content with English, LIBERTY'S puzzle has gone out of its way to drag in a few foreign sticklers: For example, to Italy for horizontal 15; to Spain for horizontal 71; to Japan for horizontal 73; and to Greece for vertical 74. But never fear, puzzle fans—all of these foreigners have been naturalized and now reside in the best American dictionaries. So hop to it.

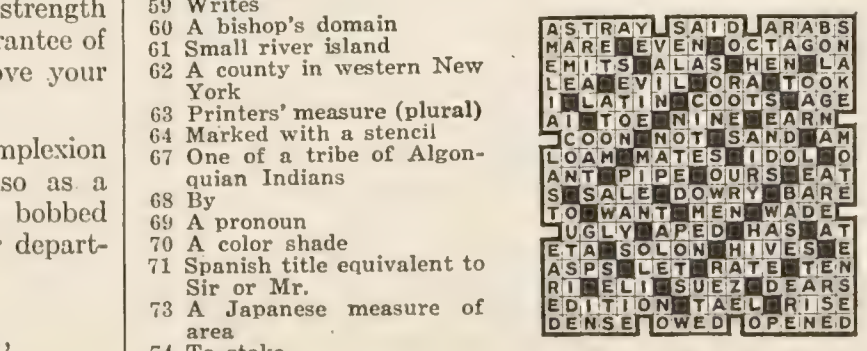


HORIZONTAL

1 Recollects
7 Remarked
13 To watch narrowly
14 Submissive
15 Ancient Roman poet
16 To make muddy
18 Shout
20 Puzzles
22 Row of words extending across a page
23 Downcast
25 A track
26 Flying mammal
27 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
29 Small fruit seed
31 Mortals
32 Droop
33 Not
34 Lofty mountain peak
36 Maimed
39 A feline
40 Waves
42 A fuel
43 A spigot
44 To be wild or furious
45 With this
47 Obliterations
49 To make fast
50 A cereal grass
51 Disdaining
55 Trespassers
59 Writes
60 A bishop's domain
61 Small river island
62 A county in western New York
63 Printers' measure (plural)
64 Marked with a stencil
67 One of a tribe of Algonquian Indians
68 By
69 A pronoun
70 A color shade
71 Spanish title equivalent to Sir or Mr.
73 A Japanese measure of area
74 To stake
75 Leans
77 A high pointed hill
79 A wide-mouthed jug
81 Indisposition
83 Mechanical repetition
85 Contemptuous name for a non-union workman
86 A molding having a reverse curve
87 A chamber
89 Proffer
90 Gathers for preservation
91 To make pleasing to the mind or feelings

VERTICAL

1 A food grain
2 Lampreys
3 Exist
4 Shelter
5 Granted the use of
6 A combat between detachments from armies
7 Designate
8 Ellipse
9 It is
10 Small fish of the carp kind
11 Give forth
12 To urge insistently for payment
13 A small fringe of hair
17 Consecrates
19 Lick up
21 A Scotch Highlander
22 To walk or move slowly
24 Obscure
26 Pernicious
28 On or toward the sheltered side of a ship
30 Boxers
32 Disconnected
33 The hub of a wheel
35 Rectors
37 To make lace of a particular kind
38 Thick, viscous substance distilled from organic matter
39 Course or conduct in life (plural)
41 Prophets
44 A neck dress
46 Pale
48 Word inserted to indicate a literal quotation
51 Declaimer
52 A coin
53 Word used to introduce the maiden name of a matron
54 Non-Mormons
55 Ropes for fastening boats
56 Any greasy liquid
57 Long, narrow inlets
58 Withdrew
64 Perch
65 To pacify
66 A small mark
69 A pronoun
72 And not
74 A letter of the Greek alphabet
75 One of several rows one above another
76 Crystals of ice
78 A garment
80 To swing from side to side
81 Duration of existence
82 Section of a shoe
84 A metal
86 Over and in contact
88 Myself



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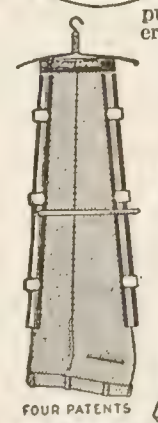

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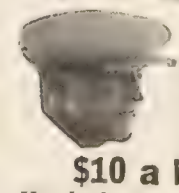

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How to Pitch Baseball

"Ladeez an' Gennelmen, Battree for the Home Team—"

Clark Griffith *and* Hugh Fullerton

CLARK GRIFFITH, owner of the former World's Champion Washington team, probably knows more about pitching than any other man ever knew. He was for more than ten years the master pitcher of the old National League. He pitched for and managed the Chicago White Sox during the early days of the American League. He learned pitching while a boy in Bloomington, Illinois, from the man who was regarded by old-timers as the greatest pitcher of his era: Charley ("Old Hoss") Radburn, who established a still unbroken record by winning sixty games in one season and pitching twenty-two consecutive games — the last twenty-two of the season of 1884.

"Rad" imparted all his lore to the little fellow. Griffith, naturally a student and bright, kept the secrets, and, by working desperately and experimenting, became, in spite of his small size, the greatest pitcher of his decade.

Since then, as manager and owner, Griffith has continued the study of pitching and has taught many stars.

Hugh Fullerton, who has studied and written baseball for more than thirty years, was Griffith's friend with Anson's old White Stockings and later with Comiskey's White Sox. At Fullerton's request, Griffith agreed, for the sake of the boys of today, to pitch one more game; not with his arm, but with his head (which was what he used mostly even when at his best).

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Griffith sat with Fullerton watching his Washington team, with Dutch Ruether pitching, play the New York Yankees. He told before each ball was pitched what Ruether ought to pitch.

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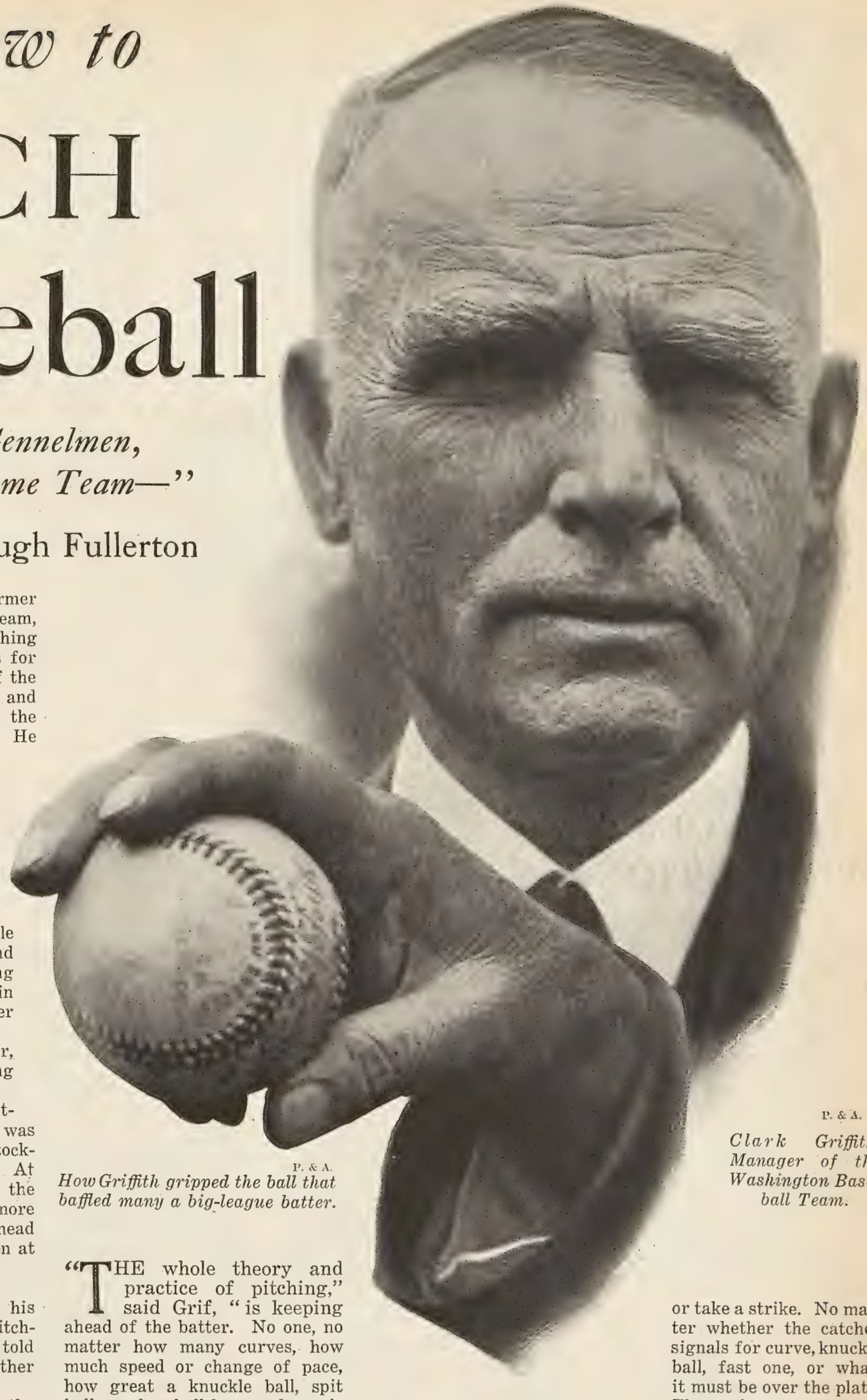
In it he explains the entire theory on which the great major-league pitchers work.

Every sand-lotter, every college pitcher, every minor-leaguer, and every youngster breaking into the major leagues should read this lesson in baseball.

Here it is—with Griffith doing the talking and Fullerton reporting the lecture:



P. & A.

How Griffith gripped the ball that baffled many a big-league batter.

P. & A.

Clark Griffith, Manager of the Washington Baseball Team.

"THE whole theory and practice of pitching," said Grif, "is keeping ahead of the batter. No one, no matter how many curves, how much speed or change of pace, how great a knuckle ball, spit ball, or slow ball he may have, is a good pitcher unless he keeps ahead of the batter consistently—and has control enough to get that ball over the plate when he wants it to go over.

"By that I mean the pitcher must always have something on the batter and make him do the guessing.

"The whole theory of pitching may be summarized in getting the first ball over the plate. Either make the batter hit the ball, hit at it, or take a strike. No matter whether the catcher signals for curve, knuckle ball, fast one, or what, it must be over the plate. The only exception is when, by his actions, a batter betrays the fact he is going to hit anything that is pitched. Then give him a bad ball.

"The batter may hit that first one out of the lot—but the pitcher has done the right thing. If he gets one strike on a batter the whole situation changes. The batter is on the defensive. He knows he must hit—and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HOW TO PITCH BASEBALL Continued from Page Fifty-three]

pitcher knows he can work on him, make him guess what he is going to do.

"IF the count is squared again, the pitcher must put the next one over the plate, with something on it. And with two strikes he has that batter handicapped in every way, forced to guess, unable to take a chance, while the pitcher has three guesses and can use anything he has.

"The pitcher who 'has everything in the world' is no good if he is always behind the batter.

"After his speed and curves lose their effectiveness the pitcher realizes he must do something to hold a job, so he begins to learn to pitch—and to keep ahead of batters so as to make his own work easier. Often he becomes a winner—after the best of his career is over.

Clark Griffith in his prime.

"Now look at Ruether. That boy knows how to pitch.

"We'll hit Hoyt hard, whether we get runs or not," Grif remarked, after Washington had batted in the first inning. "He was behind two batters, pitched himself into trouble, had to lay over straight balls and two of the three hit the ball hard, straight on the nose. The other he got ahead of and forced him to hit a curve and pop out. Now watch Dutch!

"Koenig, the first batter, isn't dangerous to a left-handed pitcher. He is a converted hitter, a natural left-handed hitter, who bats right-handed against left-handed pitching. Ruether should start with a fast ball, over the plate." (Ruether did.)

"Now he can waste one, a fast one high and outside, and try to make him swing." (Ruether pitched high and outside, but Koenig let it go for one ball.)

"Even again! He ought to keep right on with fast balls, and get this one over." (Ruether pitched a slow curve that Koenig let pass for a second strike.) "He oughtn't to have done it. That fellow is liable to whip into a left-hander's curve. But now Ruether is in position to do as he pleases. Here is where the pitcher has all the advantage. With two and one he often can outguess batters. A fast ball straight over might catch him and finish him." (Ruether pitched a fast ball straight over the plate, which Koenig fouled.)

"He ought to repeat that and keep it a bit higher." (Just then Ruether pitched a curve which Koenig hit sharply down to the shortstop. The ball went straight through Buddy Myer's legs for an error.)

"That changes it. He'll have to pitch all the way to Combs. That fellow is liable to crack the first ball pitched. If I were in there I'd shoot a high fast one at him. If he's up to bunt he can't do it. If he is hitting he's likely to pop out." (Ruether put up a slow curve. Combs hit to center for a single.)

"He ought to have pitched fast then. He'll have to now. This fellow Gehrig is up there to bunt. He'll have to pitch high and fast and put all he has on the ball, to make him miss it or pop out. He can't work on him as he would naturally. If no one was on he could use his slow curve and get him. Now it looks bad." (Ruether pitched a high fast ball, which Gehrig tipped. Then another, which he bunted, sacrificing the others to second and third.)

The crowd went wild as Ruth came to bat.

"Here is a fellow a pitcher has to pitch to all the way," said Grif. "He can hit any way, and as well with two strikes called as with none! I would pitch a high fast ball, and take a chance on making him pop out." (Ruether pitched a high fast ball, which Ruth swung at and missed.)

"He either should repeat that or use a slow curve breaking just off the corner. Ruth may be teased into hitting at that kind." (Ruether pitched a curve outside. Ruth started to swing, checked himself, and it went as a ball.)

"He ought to use that curve again and break it over." (Ruether did exactly that. The ball seemed to cut the corner of the plate, but Connolly called it a ball.)

"Tommy missed that one! Now Ruether won't dare do anything but pitch curves and keep them where Ruth can't hit them. With first base open and men on second and third, a pitcher can't take a chance on pitching a good ball to Ruth. He's set to swing—and a home run means too much." (Ruether curved two balls outside, and Ruth drew a walk, filling the bases.)

"Here's a dangerous man—Meusel. Pitcher has to keep a ball a foot out of the groove to him, especially with men on bases. He is a free hitter and dangerous. Slow curves will trouble him—but it is taking a big chance." (Ruether pitched a slow curve, which Meusel missed.)

"HIS curve is not working well. He'd better use speed, and keep it high." (Ruether pitched a curve, which Meusel cracked to center for a single, scoring two runners.)

"Now watch Dutch work on Lazzeri. He ought to slow-curve him to start, shoot a fast one over, and come right back with another fast one. He is a new man, over-anxious, and watch him shift his feet. He is too eager to hit, and isn't set." (Ruether pitched a slow curve, which Lazzeri missed, and flashed over two fast balls,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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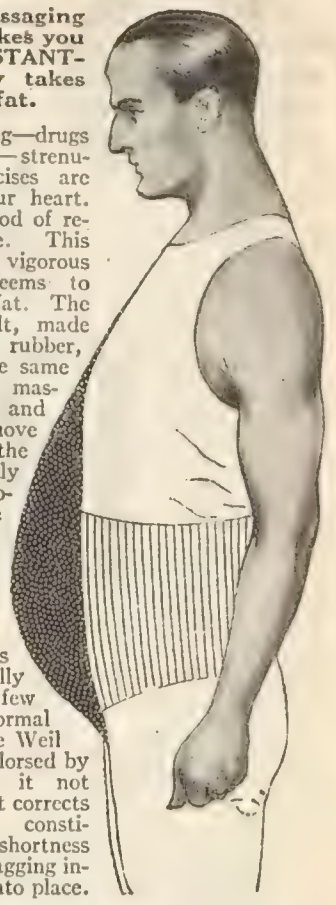

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

striking the batter out, as Grif had indicated.)

"He ought to get out with two runs," said Griffith. "Dugan should be easy if Dutch pitches right. He should use his fast ball and keep it close to the batter and high. He can work on Dugan as he pleases, as first base is open and even if he gets a pass it won't be any worse. I hope he doesn't use that curve. They're laying for it and hitting it."

(Ruether used a slow curve, for one ball.)

"He's behind the batter now. Dugan is set to hit, Dutch has to come over with the ball— What did I tell you?" (Dugan crashed a triple off the left-field wall, scoring two more runs.) "They're hitting that curve steadily. This fellow won't hit it, though." (Pat Collins was coming to bat.) "Ruether'll start him with a slow twister close to him." (Ruether did.) "Now fast balls all the way." (Ruether flashed a fast one past for a second strike. Collins fouled off two fast ones, then hit a high fast one down to short, and was thrown out.)

"You see," said Grif, "Dutch made two mistakes in actual pitching. The break was against him when Myer let Koenig's bounder get through and forced him to the defensive. He was ahead of every batter excepting Ruth, who walked, and Dugan, who delivered the blow that hurt worst."

WASHINGTON got the first batter to first. Two succeeding batters hit the ball hard. To each of them Hoyt was "behind" and was forced to put the ball over the plate—and the Senators hit the ball hard, but right at fielders.

"I'm afraid," said Griffith, "Dutch's curve isn't working. He's using it too much. We'll see, this inning. He ought to fast-ball Hoyt." (Ruether did, and Hoyt hit to Myer, who fumbled and threw wild.) "He should fast-ball Koenig. They're swinging at first balls now, knowing Ruether has control and is putting the ball over. With four runs to the good they feel they can do anything." (Ruether pitched a fast ball and Koenig popped an easy fly to center.)

"Now two fast ones on the corner to this fellow Combs, and cross him back by sneaking over that slow curve." (Again Ruether pitched exactly as his owner had thought, and Combs struck out.)

"Now he can work on Gehrig. He'll use the slow curve, low and out." (He did. Gehrig swung at one, missed, lunged at another, and popped out.)

"The curve is working now. We'll win this one if Hoyt doesn't steady down and we have some luck," said Griffith.

Hoyt was unsteady—failing to get the first ball over, and sometimes the second, to every man up. A single, a triple, and two screaming line drives resulted, and to close the inning Koenig made a wonderful catch—and out of all that slugging Washington got but one run.

"They won't score again, except by luck," Griffith predicted as the Yankees came to bat in the third. "Dutch's curve is under control. He can work on Ruth now, keep his curve low and out, and whizz that fast one across his neck." (Ruether pitched a slow curve, which Babe missed; shot a fast one over, which Ruth took for a second strike; pitched a slow curve outside the plate for a ball; and hopped a high fast ball up, which Ruth hit under, lifting an easy fly to the outfield.)

Dutch Ruether, Washington's star left-hander.

"Now fast balls to Meusel; he's set to hit that curve." (Ruether shot two fast balls over for strikes.) "Now switch and curve them," Grif ordered. (Ruether, as if reading the boss's mind, heaved two slow twisters, both wide, and then flashed a fast one, which caused the batter to fly out.)

"MIX 'em up on this one; start with speed." (Ruether pitched a fast ball, which was too high. He evened the count by dropping his slow curve across for a strike, tried to get another over, and was behind the batter again; evened the count when Lazzeri, setting to hit a fast ball, fouled it, and then struck him out with a fast ball.) "The foul saved him," said Griffith. "He was in wrong with the batter and got out luckily."

Again Hoyt was in trouble to batters, and walked two, but was saved when a terrific liner went straight at an infielder and resulted in a double play.

"This can't keep on," said Griffith. "Some of those hits must go safe—unless Hoyt settles down. Here's Dugan. Dutch should pitch fast balls to him and get him in the hole." (Dutch pitched two fast balls, one a strike, the other a foul.) "Now he can work. Dugan hit a slow curve before, and he'll think Dutch will come fast." (Ruether pitched a slow curve, and Dugan lunged weakly at it and dropped a Texas-League hit over the infield.)

"This fellow is a swinger" (this as Collins came to bat). "He'll hit at almost anything." (Ruether pitched a fast ball, a fast curve, and missed the plate with the second. A slow curve made it two strikes, and a fast ball struck the batter out.)

"He'd better fast-ball Hoyt," said Grif. "He may hit that curve—he's set for it." (Ruether pitched a slow curve, and Hoyt drove a hard liner straight at the third baseman.) "He'll hit at anything," commented Grif as Koenig went to bat. "I'd pitch him a fast high ball." (Ruether did, and Koenig flied out easily.)

HOYT seemed to have settled. He had every batter at a disadvantage and retired the side.

"Here's Combs again," said Grif. "I'd slow-ball him now, from the way he is set to hit. Then follow with a fast ball." (Ruether pitched a slow side-arm curve, which was fouled. Then Combs swung quickly and fouled a fast ball for the second strike, then hit weakly to the first baseman.

"Now a slow curve," said Grif. (When Ruether pitched a slow curve Gehrig hit an easy foul.)

"He can work on Ruth now—a fast one high, and then repeat, because Ruth will be looking for a curve." (Ruether pitched a fast one for one ball, and when Ruth took "toe holds" to hit a curve, the pitcher shot another fast one, and Ruth, quickly changing stance, hit weakly, and was an easy out on a bounder toward first.

Washington was helpless, in spite of an error that let one runner reach first.

"Meusel'll hit the first ball," Griffith predicted. "Therefore anything excepting one over the plate will do." (Meusel hit the first ball, a long fly out to left.)

"Mix 'em on Lazzeri," Grif decided. "A fast one, then a slow curve." (Ruether pitched exactly that way, but Lazzeri hit the slow ball on top and beat out the slow roller toward short field.)

"Fast to Dugan," Griffith decided. (Ruether pitched two fast ones for strikes, one being fouled, and Dugan hit the third fast ball to Harris, starting a double play.)

Hoyt had gained control. He, too, was ahead of the batter in each case, and Washington retired helplessly.

"Hook over a slow curve now on Collins," said Grif. "He's edging forward to hit a fast one. If he gets a strike, Ruether should come back with a fast ball, and then another." (Ruether curved a slow twister over for a strike; pitched two fast balls, one of them

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HOW TO PITCH BASEBALL Continued from Page Fifty-five]

too high; and, with two strikes called, Collins hit desperately in self-defense at the worst ball offered him, and flied out.)

"Fast balls to Hoyt," said Griffith, and his pitcher shot up two fast balls; and Hoyt, with one strike called, hit feebly to the second baseman.

"Now set this one—Koenig—down on two fast ones and a slow curve," Griffith commented. (Ruether pitched fast, slow, fast—the first a strike, the second a ball, and the third a weak bounder toward third, the batter being all out of position when he hit the ball.)

Washington hit two balls hard in the eighth and got nothing.

"Here comes Combs again," said Grif. "Fast ball. He'll hit the first and swing for a long hit." (Ruether pitched a fast ball. Combs swung desperately at it, topped the ball, and was out at first.)

"He's been using slow curves on Gehrig, and he'll lay for one," said Griffith. "Therefore he ought to pitch fast." (Ruether evidently thought the same. He pitched a fast straight ball for one strike, then a fast curve, on which Gehrig popped out.)

"NOW watch him work on Ruth," said Griffith. "They are trying to guess each other. Ruth, knowing the game is safe, will lay for a cripple and hope to hit a home run. Ruether won't dare stick one over. He'll try a fast curve and try to break it on the in corner of the plate." (Ruether did, but the ball was off the plate.)

"He'll come with a fast one now," said Griffith, "and try to keep it high and close to him, to make him pop out." (He was right. Ruth took a vicious swing at the ball and missed.) "Now he'll try another in just the same place," said the boss of the World's Champions. (Ruether tried, but got the ball too far inside, for a second ball.)

"He'll slow-curve him now," said the boss. (Ruether did, the result being a foul.)

"Nothing to it now but a fast ball and hope he won't get a good hold on it," said Griffith. (Ruether pitched a fast ball, and Ruth sent it for a vicious single to right.)

"Fast ball, high and in," said Griffith. "Meusel is set for a long hit." (Ruether pitched exactly as his boss thought, and Meusel fouled off the ball.) "Now another," said Grif; and, as Ruether pitched the fast ball, high and close to the inner corner, Meusel hit a high fly to Harris.

"Add it up," said Griffith. "He was in the hole just four times to batters—and three of them reached first base. He made five mistakes in pitching—that is, he pitched five balls I wouldn't have pitched. Two of them resulted in hits. He lost a tough game, but might have won had he pitched properly. It was Dugan's smash, which never should have been made, that upset the game."

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Own Your Home—A Series That Tells How, When and Why

LITTLE Things *That Play a* BIG Part *in House-Building*

Above: The Bronxville house in half-finished state. Below: As it will look when completed.

HENRY G. JEFFERSON and his wife are conquering the troubles of home-builders. Their home in Bronxville, N. Y., is reaching a stage where they can see their dream of a home in stone and brick and timber. In this, the second of the articles about their building adventures, Mr. Jefferson tells of their little trials and triumphs, and explains the problems that have arisen and those that have been overcome.

BRONXVILLE HOUSE

(Second Report)

By HENRY G. JEFFERSON

WHEN you have spent years planning a home and all winter have talked with the wife about getting into the new house in the spring; when everything is fresh and green, and you're getting the lawn and the garden started; when delays and disappointments put off the moving date further and further—well, then a home-builder begins to understand what the poet meant about hope deferred making the heart sick.

As an architect-builder, I've often been irritated when the home-owner complained of delays. From now on my sympathies will be with the home-builder. We had a running start on the house, expected work to go rapidly, and, in spite of every plan and care, have met with delay after delay.

In spite of the worries and troubles, the building of our home in Bronxville has been an exciting and interesting adventure; educational in the extreme. Now, while we are waiting for plaster to dry so we can go ahead, we can think over our problems and see how they have worked out.

The biggest and most interesting problem in the house was the chimney. From the line of the porch it *had* to be in the center of the house or the result would have been—however it appeared to the layman—architecturally impossible. Yet our living-room plan demanded that the fireplace be in the exact center of the wall of the room, with built-in bookcases and small windows above them on each side of the fireplace.

To do this we had to build the fireplace and then build a brick pier up to the porch height, connect them with heavy steel beams and build the upper portion of the chimney on that. In that manner we centered the fireplace in the living-room and got the upper chimney centered on the gable.

The chief requirement of a fireplace is that it draw well, and there were anxious moments while we tested it. It drew perfectly through the sloping flue connecting the fireplace and the chimney.

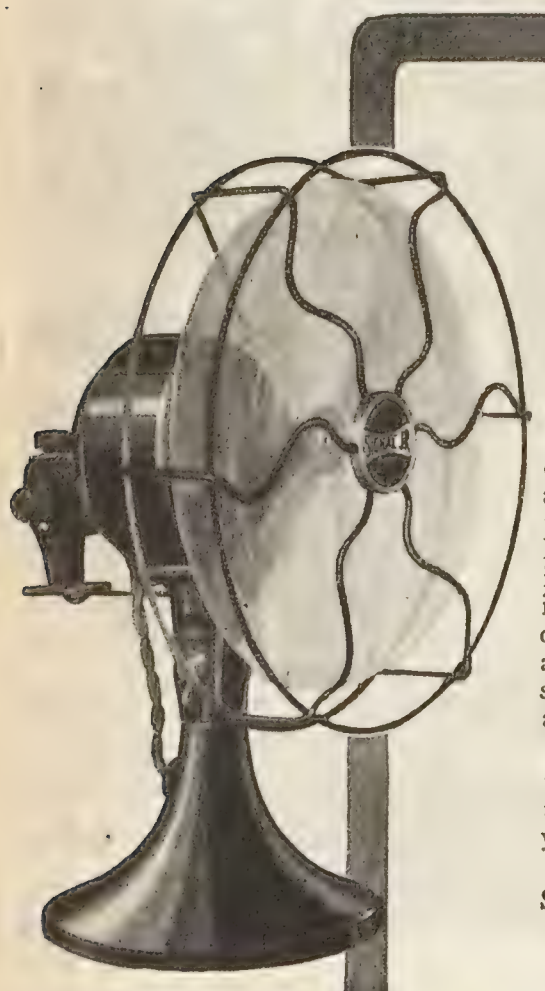
Possibly we were making too good time in building. We had planned and figured each small problem so carefully it looked as if we would be in our home even before our scheduled date.

In house-building, I find, troubles pyramid and everything acts to delay everything else. The painter started our trouble, although since then it seems as if everyone else (including myself) has had a hand in delaying things.

The painter was one of those fellows who rush bullheadedly into work without stopping to think or to study the situation carefully and be certain of their ground. The half-timbering effect on the house was to be one of its outstanding beauties. We had planned and dreamed over the artistic effect of that wood against the stucco and the unique brick we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Relief~ from the "Muggy" Hot Days



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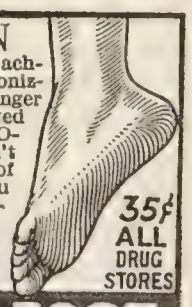

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[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

chose for the ornamental part. We used heavy, rough cypress and to give it an aged effect we had the face of the timber roughly tooled, as if it had been hand hewn from the tree.

It was mostly my fault. I should have been on the job. I think half of the mistakes in building are the result of taking things for granted. Before any piece of work starts you should go over it with the man who is to do it, and make certain he understands what you want, and why you want it.

I thought the painter understood my ideas perfectly. It was to leave the timbering in natural state to weather and darken, intending then to apply a toned stain, and get a dark, rough effect as in the old English inns.

That painter caught me off the job and proceeded to prime almost half the exterior trim with white paint. We were sick when we discovered the paint, and saw our dream house marred that way. It meant we either had to retool the timber already painted, and let it bleach out, or paint all the fine old timbers.

IT might have been worse—but not much. We are still figuring whether to go on with the paint all the way through, or spend a lot restoring the timbers that have been primed.

Our stucco job, so carefully planned, was good, but the color was off and much brighter than the samples, but it is drying out nearly to the tone we wanted and in time will be just what we planned.

Progress inside the house was rapid—up to a certain point. The rough plumbing went in, and I got the electric-light outlets and the radio outlets placed where I wanted them. The drainage is excellent, the site being at the top of a hill, but the sewer has not yet been extended to the lot and I had to figure the septic tank system into position, and to secure a good outlet.

Eventually we will connect with the sewer system, but until then our septic tank system will take care of everything.

We were rushing along merrily, but immediately after the partitions were set and inspected, the contractor hired a lather from another district. He was short on men and didn't stop to ask where the lather lived. The result was that the delegate of the local union discovered the outsider at work, and the progress was stopped for some days until the matter could be straightened out. That slowed up the plumbers and stopped the plasterers and others.

I had determined to cover the steam pipes with asbestos of a certain kind.

The steam fitter couldn't get the kind of asbestos required for the service pipes—another delay. The hot-water man held back the lathers when we finally got the right workmen for the job, and the carpenters, who couldn't turn a hand until the lathing trouble was fixed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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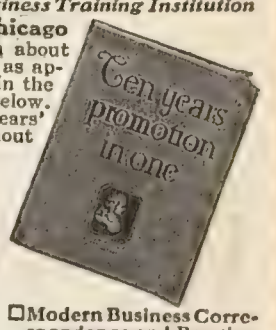

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Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

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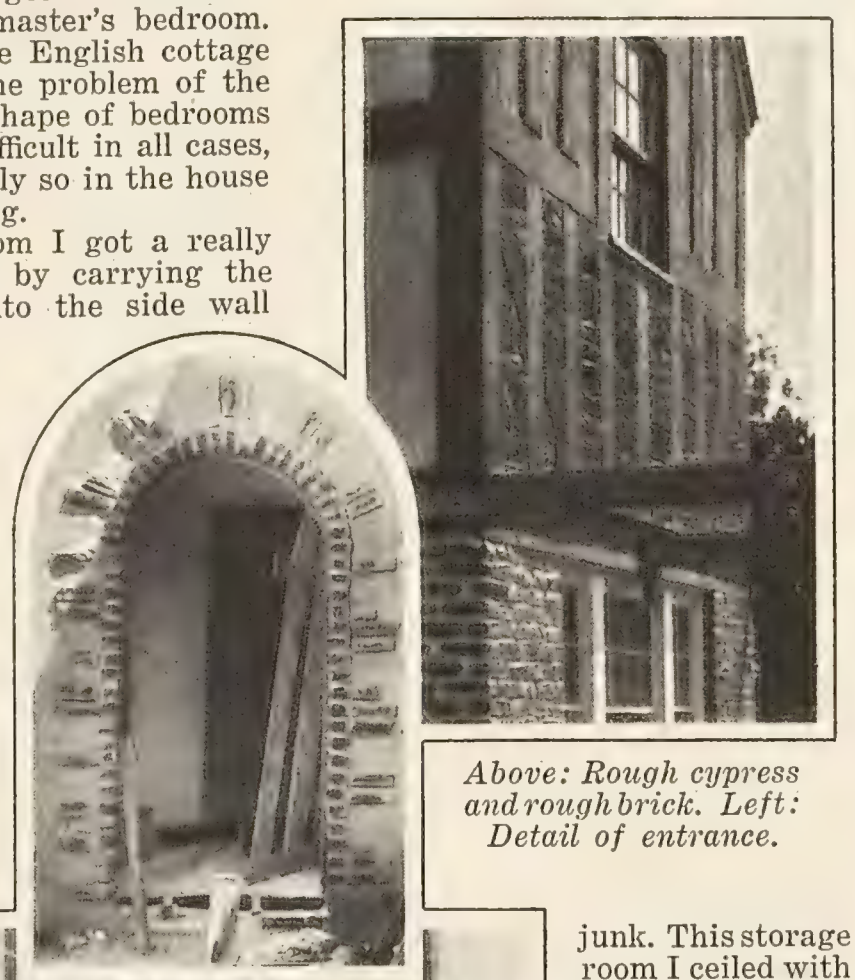
[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

up, were blocked, as were the plasterers.

I insisted upon good plaster work. One of the chief beauties of the interior is the finish of the circular stairway, which is inclosed. The plaster job on a circular wall is a tricky thing, but we got most excellent results and a fine effect.

I MADE another mistake in not being explicit with the workers, and failed to get an effect I wanted in the master's bedroom. You know in the English cottage type of house the problem of the gables and the shape of bedrooms is one that is difficult in all cases, and was especially so in the house we were building.

In one bedroom I got a really beautiful effect by carrying the ceiling down into the side wall by a graceful curve instead of a marring angle. In the other room my plan was to carry the one interfering angle from the gable down with a quarter-arch effect to the corner of a closet. Instead, while I was busy elsewhere, the workmen broke it into a sharp angle projecting into the room at one corner, and what might have been an added touch became a feature that interferes with the harmony of the room.



Above: Rough cypress and rough brick. Left: Detail of entrance.

It was a big problem to center the chimney and insure a drawing fire.

We finally got the plaster job finished—and have been sitting, waiting and fretting. We know it is not good to set the trim of a room until the plaster is thoroughly dried and danger of shrinkage is past; but waiting for one's home to be ready to move into is trying.

Sometimes waiting prevents other blunders. I changed plans for the upstairs finish. I had intended using plaster, but changed to a fiber material, which I used throughout the third floor because I learned that it means a much warmer house in winter and a cooler third floor in summer.

I had to change my preconceived decoration scheme, but will finish over the insulating material and get the same effect.

Meantime I decided on another improvement. Our trunk and storage room extends off the billiard room. I don't believe in wasting any space in a house and, as a rule, I don't like storage places that become merely catch-alls for junk. This storage room I ceiled with the insulating material and it will be comfortable all the year round.

I had another idea. There was twice as much space as is needed, so I decided to build a small room at the rear of the gable, ceil it with red cedar, use vermin-proof flooring, and make it a place for storage of furs and other materials vulnerable to moths.

Everyone who builds a home wants to move in before the house is finished, imagining things will go faster if they are there all the time. As a matter of fact, it is about as bad a thing as one can do—you will only be in the way of workmen and delay things still more.

Next week LIBERTY will tell the progress being made in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ward for their babies in Kansas City. The Ward home is the smallest of the four LIBERTY is following step by step. Their problems will interest every home-builder and every reader who, some day, intends to own a home.

Some interesting and instructive hints in house-building will be found on the next page.

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Mr. J. A. Stransky of Pukwana, South Dakota, several years ago invented the wonderful little device which made it possible for an auto to go 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline! Since that time he has built up an immense business, shipping Stransky vaporizers to all parts of the civilized world.

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'There is no place like Home'

LIBERTY readers are invited to tell each other how they built their homes, how they financed them, and to submit their home-building and -owning problems to this department. To encourage its readers to help each other, LIBERTY each week will pay $25 for each story or helpful inquiry printed. Experts of the largest home-building organizations in the world will aid LIBERTY in solving the housing problems of its readers, and noted architects will co-operate.

Cottage in the Country

OUR home (we do not refer to it as a house) is the result of giving up two vacations. Instead of the sacrifice we thought it would be, we find that we had two of the finest real vacations we ever had and that our home brought us, as a family, closer together than we ever were, or could have been.

We were paying $75 a month rent for a nice apartment—rather above our means, but we could not find a cheaper one in a nice neighborhood. We had to entertain, to keep up with our friends, and we were always in need of money. We budgeted and economized, but somehow the 5 per cent we determined to save every month always disappeared, and sometimes we were in debt.

We talked house, of course. Everyone does. But when our boy was seven years old, we were still just making a living, and saving very little beyond a small life insurance. Three years ago we planned a vacation on a lake. We needed such a vacation. Our city had grown, our expenses increased, and we were worried and tired and often, I fear, irritable.

My wife's uncle owned a farm four miles out of our town. He used to scold and say we ought to build a home and save money. A concrete highway was built past his place. We figured it would cost us $350 for our three-week vacation. We couldn't afford it.

One night my wife found, in a magazine, the plan of a small summer cottage. She suggested that, instead of going way up to the lake in Michigan, we buy that little shack and build it ourselves, and play camping out. I demurred, but she talked it over with her uncle. He offered to give us an acre of land, facing the road, and let us build on it. We talked of buying a tent and camping while we built, but the uncle said that was foolish and invited us to live with him while building.

It was a mere shell of a cottage, unsealed and easy to put together. We hired the hired man to help us with the heavy lifting, got the framework up, and we nailed on the siding, shingled the shack, painted it, and had a jolly time. We intended only camping there for a time.

It was so delightful and quiet we spent our week-ends there, working all summer. The boy took as great an interest in it as we did. By fall we had a neat little place, and had had a fine summer settling in our apartment in the fall, feeling better and more fit for work than we ever had from a vacation.

We spent the winter studying houses, watching the magazines, and got ideas from government reports on housing. We saw that, in the shell of that house, we had the basis of a home. I drove out half a dozen times in our flivver to see how long it required and discovered I could reach my office in only ten minutes more time than it required to get there on the street cars from our town home.

The next summer we found a patent insulating board, ceiled the cottage, and had a chimney built, installing a one-unit heating plant, and later, with the aid of a heating contractor, we put in hot water, connected with this plant, and had radiators in each room. That fall we banked the dirt around the house and determined to have a basement and a regular foundation the next year.

We gave up our lease in October, and decided to remain in the home (we had begun to call it that) all winter. It was a fairly severe winter and yet, in spite of the incompleted arrangements, we were comfortable. This summer we are excavating under the house and putting in some conveniences, besides adding a glassed-in sun porch and building a cement block foundation.

We have, of course, put a lot of time and work on it. But the whole thing cost us $1,430, which we have not missed. We are doing a lot of gardening, and have flowers and bushes well started. Our expenses for living have been much reduced. Our town friends who run out to see us all envy us. We have been offered three times what the house cost us and we would not sell under any circumstances. It is home.

H. C. WRIGHT, Ohio.

An Extra Bathroom

Editor Home Owners' Page: We have a bungalow type cottage. We have lived in it now four years and, because of an addition to the family, find we must finish one room and put an extra bath on the second floor. When we built we left the second floor unfinished purposely. Can you tell me approximately what the extra bathroom would cost?

MRS. G. L. GRUEBER, Pennsylvania.

It is impossible to estimate cost of a bathroom unless its position in regard to the other bath is known, and its distance from the heating plant. The range of prices for bathroom equipment is so wide you may almost elect how much to put into tub and fixtures. But the heavy expenses are in piping.

You can buy bathtubs, for instance, from $30 up to $500 or even more. If your upstairs bath is directly over that on the lower floor the extension of pipes can be done at a reasonable figure. Much depends upon the type of construction. It is much easier to open walls in frame structures, as a rule, than it is to cut through brick. The floor material also affects the price.

You should, in the type of house you indicate, get a satisfactory bath installed under $200, but if you want the upstairs bath at the other end of the bungalow from the position of the lower bathroom, it will be much more expensive. Better call in the local heating contractor and get him to give an exact estimate.

The Bronxville house before the landscape gardener appeared.

Cottage without Heat

Editor Home Owners' Page: We are planning to buy a home and have been offered a bungalow at what we consider a reasonable price. It is located in a summer colony near the beaches, and has been used only as a summer cottage. Could you advise me as to buying that type of house, and whether it would be a good investment to install a heating plant?

ARTHUR T. CRABBE, New York.

By all means, if you purchase such a cottage, improve it by building a concrete or concrete block basement. If concrete block, wash over both inside and outside with a thin coat of concrete to avoid seepage, and be sure of your drainage pipe from the basement. A heating plant is the best investment you can make. Probably the cause of the reasonable price for the house is because it lacks a heating plant.

You will find difficulty in borrowing any money on an unheated bungalow of the type described, especially in a beach colony. Unheated houses mean houses unoccupied during a great part of a year and mortgage experts will not, as a rule, lend a cent on such a house. If you need to borrow on mortgage you will find the heating plant a good investment.

In inspecting the property examine the sills carefully and see they are sound and elevated well above the surrounding soil. In such colonies, near the sea, in damp, sandy soil, the sills are liable to rot—a dangerous flaw in the type of house described.

Buying and Selling Houses

Editor Home Owners' Page: My home-owning adventure has been much like that of many others in our community. I had saved about $5,000, with a view of buying or building a home and, in 1916, when the wartime depression was on, I bought a house in one of the best residential sections of our city. I agreed to pay $13,500 for it and, exclusive of the value of the lot, it had cost over $12,000 to build. The owner had been offered $15,000 at one time.

I thought I had a bargain. In 1920 the price of real estate in our district doubled. Almost any kind of a home sold for big figures. I was offered $23,000 for our place, and sold, figuring we had made almost $10,000 and saved three years' rent.

Immediately after agreeing to sell we started hunting a home, farther north in the suburbs. Prices had advanced immensely. We decided to wait until my twenty-year endowment life insurance policy matured and get more ready cash. Meantime we moved into an apartment, paying $150 a month rent for a place which had rented for $60 up to war times. When the policy matured I got dollars worth about fifty cents in return for those I had paid in for twenty years when they were worth a whole dollar in purchasing power.

We found that the supposed $10,000 profit was ebbing away rapidly in rent and higher expenses. Any house we found that we would have been willing to live in was beyond our means. We finally paid $18,000 for a house in a suburb, a house much inferior to the one we had lived in and sold. The suburb was nice, but immediately after we bought the place a corporation started developing it and throwing up rows of cheaply constructed cottages—or rather standardized houses. Our fire insurance rate was increased. Thinking property values would decrease, we planned to sell our place while the values were up. We sold at a slight profit, and moved into a cheaper apartment than the previous one.

We are now building a small, modern house in a good suburb and avoiding some of the mistakes because of things we have learned during the years of house-hunting and worrying. It will cost us close to $15,000. While, on paper, we show profits on our real estate deals, we have no money to show for them, and we are to have a house not as good as the one we sold because we grabbed at what seemed a profit. Also we have lost five years of invaluable home life.

As an object lesson to inexperienced persons who dabble in real estate our experiences may be helpful. As home-builders we are just horrible examples and we offer ourselves as warnings to people that they may spend a lot of time in study and investigation before they go into the big adventure of home-owning.

EMMETT REARDON, Chicago.

Watch Your Specifications

To the Editor of the Home Page: I have built one home and co-operated in the building of another. My first was a small frame house of the studio-bungalow type. The architect provided no closet or pantry in the kitchen. He drew two sets of specifications—one for me, one for the builder. I called the attention of the builder to the omission and was informed it meant additional expense. Examining my copy of the specifications I found a closet was specified. This, I assumed, would insure my closet within the specified price. The builder's copy contained no reference to a closet. His estimate was based on that and I was obliged to pay the extra.

Prospective builders will be wise to examine plans and specifications to make sure they include the details of what he wants and that the specifications are really duplicates. Architects sometimes are careless. If closets are wanted, see they are clearly indicated. A house without ample closet room means discomfort.

WALLACE D. JENNINGS, Brooklyn.

The Sportsman's Oil

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Preparing Summer Foods *for* Winter Use

By ETHEL SOMERS

REPEATED emphasis has been centered on the use of fresh fruit and vegetables, and now that the overabundant fruit and vegetable season is on we should give canned fruits and vegetables a deserving secondary emphasis. While they are not so valuable as the fresh item in the diet, canned foods for the hurried emergency meal can work wonders! Nor is such a diet unwholesome, if pleasingly served. As little as two tablespoons of canned tomatoes a day has cured as well as prevented such dietary diseases in infants as scurvy. Canned fruits and vegetables are an excellent resource for the shut-in winter months and a quieting insurance against those otherwise puzzling emergency dinners. CAN NOW for your winter's reserve!

Canning is a sterilizing process wherein all the decay-producing micro-organisms on the food jar, rubber, and cover are destroyed by heat and no more are allowed to get in either before or after sealing. The sterilizing method is called processing.

Select, if possible, only freshly picked vegetables and firm, first-class fruits.

Sort and grade according to size, putting those of uniform size within the one pack, so it will look well.

Wash or scrub the product to be canned with a brush until thoroughly clean.

To scald or blanch, hold the prepared vegetable or fruit in a wire basket or square of cheesecloth, or any convenient holder, immersing the whole under boiling water as indicated on the time-table given here. Work with a small quantity —that is, enough for a few jars at a time. This blanching should be continued just long enough to make the product flexible enough to pack readily or to loosen the skins. Delicate green vegetables are best blanched in steam, as then there is less loss of minerals and flavor.

Chill the outer layer of the blanched product quickly by immersing in cold water. Remove *immediately*.

Pack into clean jars, shaking the product down. (Work fast, so the filled jar may be put to process while still hot.)

Fill all jars to within half an inch of the top, unless corn is being packed, when leave one inch for expansion in the cooking.

Fill the jars with salted water (1 teaspoon of salt to the quart) or syrup to one-fourth inch of the top. Peas, corn, and beets may be slightly sweetened by adding one teaspoon of sugar to the quart.

Place a new scalded rubber in position, adjust the sterile cover, and seal loosely.

Process at once after packing. Then seal tightly and invert to cool. When cooled, store in a cool, dark place.

TIME-TABLE FOR BLANCHING AND PRESERVING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

PRODUCTS TO BE CANNED	GLASS JAR	METHOD OF PREPARATION	PACKING THE JAR	PROCESSING		
				IN BOILING WATER (212°F.)	STEAM PRESSURE	OVEN HEATED
HARD FRUITS Apples Pears Quinces	Pint or quart	Select, grade, skin, core, blanch in boiling water 1½ minutes, cold-dip, pack whole, quartered, or sliced.	Fill scalded jar with boiling water or syrup, place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	30 minutes	5 lbs. for 10 min.	275°F. for 1 hour for qts. or 40 min. for pts
Pineapples	Pint or quart	Pare, remove eyes, slice, dice, or shred, blanch 5 minutes, cold-dip.				
SOFT FRUITS Strawberries Huckleberries Dewberries	Pint or quart	Select, grade, dip quickly in and out of hot water, and instantly in and out of cold water, stem, pack whole.	Fill the scalded jar with boiling water or syrup, place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	10 to 20 minutes	5 lbs. for 10 min.	250°F. for 1 hour for quarts or 40 min. for pts.
Cherries Grapes Plums	Pint or quart	Select, grade, scald as for berries, stem, seed, skin or pit.				
Apricots Peaches	Pint or quart	Select, stem, scald 1 to 2 minutes or sufficient to loosen the skin, dip quickly in cold water. Skin, pit, and pack in halves or sliced.	Fill the scalded jar with boiling water or syrup. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	20 to 30 minutes	5 lbs. for 10 min.	250°F. for 1 hour for quarts or 40 min. for pts.
GREEN VEGETABLES Greens	Pint or quart	Wash thoroughly, scald in steam 15 minutes (or 4 minutes in boiling water), cold-dip, pack tight.	Fill scalded jar with boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt per quart. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.	10 lbs. for 90 min.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.
Asparagus	Pint jars only	Select, scrub, and scald in steam 15 minutes (or 4 minutes in boiling water), cold-dip, cut or leave whole.			10 lbs. for 30 to 40 min.	
Peas	Pint jars only	Wash the pods thoroughly. Shell the peas. Hold in a cheesecloth bag under boiling water 5 to 10 minutes. Cold-dip and pack.	Fill scalded jar with boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt per quart. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.	10 lbs. for 40 to 50 min.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.
VEGETABLE MIXTURES for soup or salad	Pint jars only	Prepare each item in the mixture separately, scalding and cold-dipping as indicated above. Pack mixed or in layers.	Fill scalded jar with boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt per quart. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.	10 lbs. for 40 to 60 min.	This method is not advisable for vegetables except tomatoes.
FRUIT MIXTURES to be used for salads or compotes	Pint or quart	Prepare each item in the mixture separately, scalding and cold-dipping as indicated above. Pack mixed or in layers.	Fill scalded jar with boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt per quart. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	20 to 30 minutes	5 lbs. for 10 min.	250°F. for 1 hr. for qts. or 40 min. for pts.
SOUP STOCK	Pint or quart	Prepare clear soup stock by ordinary method.	Fill sterile jars with the hot soup. Place scalded rubber in position and adjust lid loosely.	This method is not advisable.	10 lbs. for 15 to 20 min.	This method is not advisable.
BONED CHICKEN 2 lbs. of dressed chicken make one pint of solid meat and 1 pint of soup stock.	Pints or half pints only	Select chicken that is freshly dressed and in perfect condition. Parboil the chicken in scalding water 30 min. Free the meat from the bones and skin. Pack hot meat solidly into sterile glass jars, filling to within one inch of the top.	Add ¾ teaspoon salt to each pint of meat. Add *no* water. Place scalded rubber in position; adjust lid loosely.	This method is not advisable.	10 lbs. for 1¾ hrs.	This method is not advisable.

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Blunders, *and* Heartache, *and* Fun

Reviews of the Latest Movies by ALVA TAYLOR

RANSON'S FOLLY

Directed by Sidney Olcott A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Lieutenant Ranson.....Richard Barthelmess
Mary Cahill.....Dorothy Mackaill
Cahill, the Post Trader.....Anders Randolf
Sergeant Clancy.....Pat Hartigan
Lieutenant Crosby...William Norton Bailey
Lieutenant Curtis.....Brooks Benedict

ALL those in favor of Richard Barthelmess having another picture that suits him as well as Tol'able David, please raise their right hands, or say aye, or do something to signify an affirmative. The motion is carried. Well, it has been whispered about that maybe very soon this would be the case.

Dorothy Mackaill

Meanwhile we are treated to such pictures as Ranson's Folly, which is not a bad or uninteresting movie. On the contrary; but it is not the stuff that gives this exceptionally talented young man a chance to show his fine histrionic ability.

Any personable young man who can slap other young men fraternally and jocularly on the back, who can bow with ease and grace to a young lady, can ride a horse with some skill, and looks well in a uniform, could play the part of Lieutenant Ranson. This is not a criticism of the movie as a whole. It's a thoroughly entertaining picture, and I enjoyed it immensely. Only, for the sake of Barthelmess fans who are interested in his getting better material, we must report that the big event has not yet been pulled off.

This present view of Mr. Barthelmess shows him in the role of an extremely impetuous young officer at the time when the West was still being wrested from the Indians and ladies had wasp waists.

Life at the army post was so boring to Lieutenant Ranson, in spite of the presence of Mary Cahill (Dorothy Mackaill), daughter of the storekeeper, that for excitement he decided to hold up the stagecoach with nothing but a pair of scissors.

But, unfortunately for Lieutenant Ranson, a couple of other men in similar costumes hold up the wagon in which the paymaster is traveling, steal the money, and shoot up the paymaster and another man, and Ranson is blamed for it, since there are witnesses to his original plans.

Richard Barthelmess

The audience is allowed to suspect the father of the girl Ranson loves. In the courtroom the girl begs her father to save the man she loves. Papa, thinking Ranson guilty, but wishing to sacrifice himself for his daughter, gets up dramatically and says he is the guilty party. Ranson, wishing to save the father of the girl he loves, assures everyone that he, and he alone, did the dastardly deed.

Remember, this is good entertainment, but not Barthelmess' best.

POKER FACES

Directed by Harry Pollard A Universal Picture

THE CAST:

Jimmy Whitmore...Edward Everett Horton
Betty Whitmore.....Laura La Plante
George Dixon.....George Siegman
Henry Curlew.....Tom Ricketts
Pug.....Tom O'Brien
Actress.....Dorothy Revier

THERE you go, jumping to conclusions again. You simply mustn't judge the subject matter of a movie from its title. Poker Faces hasn't got a playing card in the picture.

But the hero, Jimmy Whitmore (Edward Everett Horton), was a valuable man to his firm because his face never registered any emotion, even as the faces gathered around a poker table. This movie is strictly a farce with a business background, in which Laura La Plante is once more the young wife who thinks her husband should have a raise.

Besides this ambitious wife there's another of the old stand-bys of the business movie—

Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton

the rich customer whose contract the firm wants to land, and who must be jollied into signing the papers before the rival concern gets the order.

Jimmy Whitmore goes home to lunch one day thinking he'll be fired when he gets back to the office, because the boss caught him looking out of the window at a circus parade.

Wifey asks for some money for a new rug. Hubby, thinking the income is to be curtailed, naturally refuses.

Hubby returns to the office to find that the senior partner wants him to pose as junior partner while the rich customer is in town, and offers him a thousand dollars if he lands the contract. He also suggests that Jimmy bring his wife to the dinner party that night. But when hubby gets home, wifey has flown the coop. He gets a substitute for the evening from a theatrical agency.

Farcical situations result when Jimmy arrives at the party with his make-believe wife, to find his real wife the senior partner's new secretary.

The rest of the picture is broad farce, made acceptable entertainment by the talents of one Edward Everett Horton.

THE VOLCANO

Directed by William K. Howard A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Zabette de Chauvalons.....Bebe Daniels
Quembo.....Wallace Beery
Stephane.....Ricardo Cortez
Maurice Sequineau..Arthur Edmund Carewe
Cedrienne.....Dale Fuller
Madame de Chauvalons.....Eulalie Jensen

WHAT with the eruption of old Mont Pelee, and human passions, white and black and medium, this Volcano picture is pretty hot stuff. But when all is said and done, it's nothing to write home about. Unless, of course, the subject matter appeals to you; or Bebe Daniels or Ricardo Cortez, or both, mean so much in your life that you don't care what tommyrot they waste their talents on.

Bebe Daniels

If you want to take my word for it, I found this drama about the black and the white inhabitants of the isle of Martinique, in the year of our Lord 1850, rather unpleasant in taste and stupidly foolish. However, so that you may decide for yourselves, allow me to present the idea in a nutshell.

If you like the story, then you'll like the picture, for the direction, photography, acting, and all the other trimmings are beyond reproach.

Well, it seems that there was a beautiful young lady named Zabette (Bebe Daniels) who left a convent in France to come to the island of Martinique to see her papa. Now this same papa had once been the husband of Madame de Chauvalons (Eulalie Jensen), but had been divorced because he had been indiscreet with a quadroon woman from "the quarter." Everyone thought that Zabette was the child of the dusky lady. Therefore, when she came to Martinique after a life in the convent, knowing nothing of her father's past, she was an outcast. Her father having died before she arrived, she was forced to take lodging in the quadroon quarter, where Quembo (Wallace Beery), ruler of the dark-skinned natives, made advances to her.

Wallace Beery

Now, there was another daughter of Andre de Chauvalons, honorable and white, who was engaged to Stephane (Ricardo Cortez). But when Stephane saw Zabette he fell madly in love with her, and cared not for gossip. For it had never been proved, don't you know, that Zabette was half chocolate by birth.

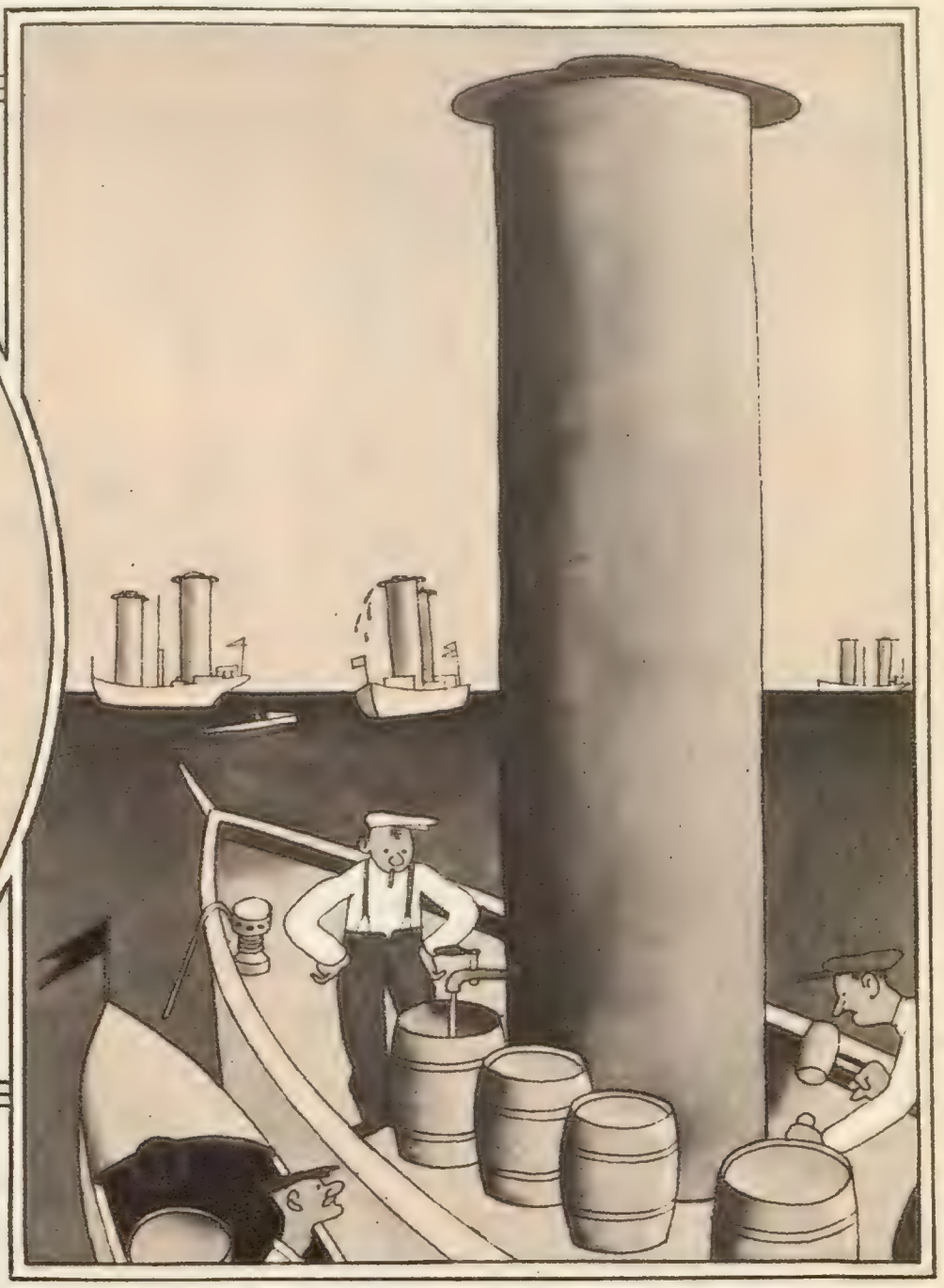
But the noble Zabette decides that since Stephane would be an outcast if he married her, she will act as if she didn't want to marry him. So she pretends to accept the advances of the quadroon Quembo. And Stephane, disillusioned, goes to the altar with Marie. But the eruption of Mont Pelee saves the day. And it seems that Zabette was white, after all.

GRAPHIC SECTION

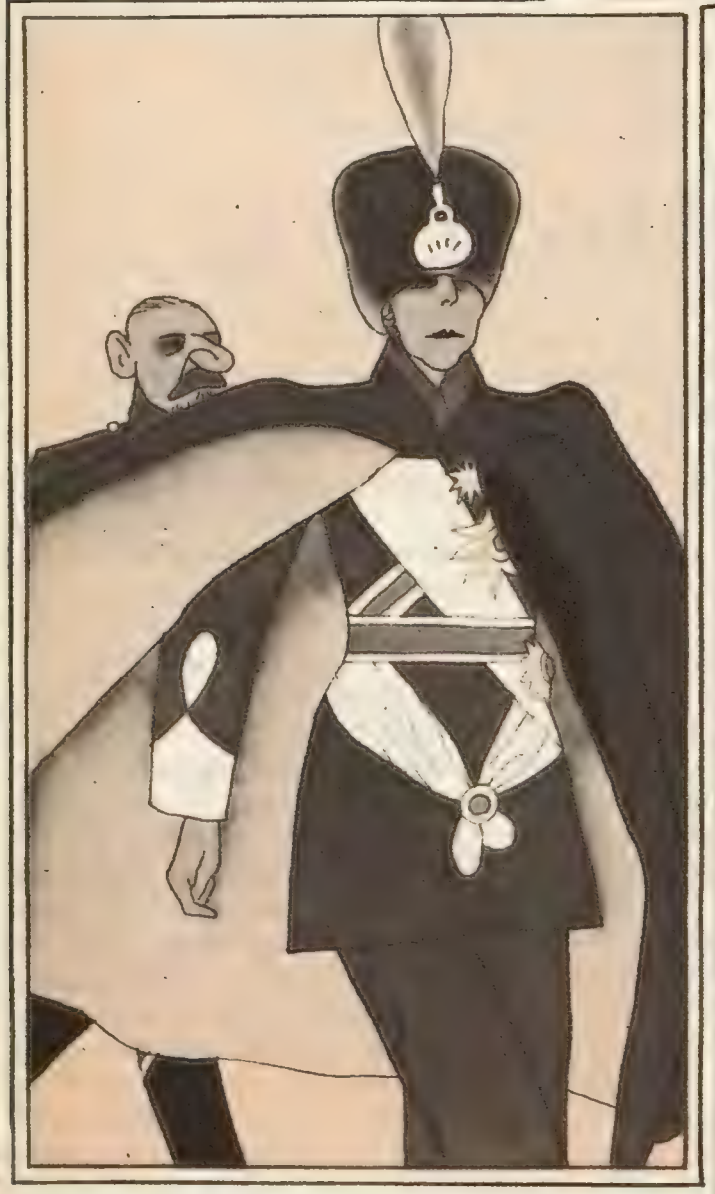
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE MOVEMENT TO PROVIDE MORE COMFORTABLE CHAIRS for memorial statues spreads to the Coast. Mrs. Octavius L. Trentelivres speaking on the subject in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.



QUICK, AS USUAL, TO FALL INTO LINE with the forward march of science, Rum Row enthusiastically adopts Flettner's rotor ship.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE QUEEN AND KING OF ROUMANIA snapped on their way to the opening of the Bucharest Equal-Rights-for-Women Conference.

FIELD FORCES OF THE SAVE-THE-WILD-FLOWERS LEAGUE setting traps for Sunday motorists along the highways of New Jersey.

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

The Simple Frock *for* All Day Long

By PATRICIA

WITH a limited amount of money to spend on your summer wardrobe, you will be quite safe in choosing frocks made on simple sports lines.

A model especially adapted to the mature figure, with slenderizing lines, is found in design No. 2496. The pattern is furnished in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. It is one of the smartest frocks of the season fashioned of washable flat crepe with horizontal stripes, with the panel and collar of georgette crepe. The 36-inch size requires 3¼ yards of 32-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 45-inch contrasting.

A new sleeveless frock, with a molded bodice and slightly flaring hemline, is seen in design No. 2706. It employs figured silk crepe in a dainty floral pattern, with white chiffon for its attractive collar. For tennis and golf it may be made of linen, washable silk broadcloth, or jersey. The pattern may be had in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

The charming Parisian frock of bordered chiffon, design No. 2699, is simplicity itself, with its flattering V neckline and softly gathered sides. For more practical wear choose printed silk crepe, crepe de Chine, or printed georgette crepe. The pattern may be had in sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The chic bolero frock is expressed in design No. 2742. For town, select navy blue taffeta having a white hairline stripe, with flesh-colored georgette crepe contrasting. For beach and country, pastel shades in crepe de Chine, in combination with lace, are smart and cool. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

Of slender silhouette, with inverted plaits at each side of the skirt, and a convertible collar, design No. 2737 is smart made of covert cloth, kasha, wool jersey, polka-dotted silk crepe, linen, striped tub silk, or crepe Roma. The pattern is furnished in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, with ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A youthful sports style of checked tub silk, self-trimmed, is shown in design No. 2522. It is also fashionable developed in June-rose flat crepe, figured silk crepe, violet crepe Roma, or green linen. The pattern may be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material.

What to Pack for a Country Week-End

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A YOUNG woman who was going by train to a dinner in a city two hours away, before getting herself up to meet every requirement of the circumstances, changed her dress three times. After she had put on evening dress she found she lacked the moral courage thus arrayed to face other travelers at four-thirty in the afternoon. So she took it off and donned a street frock; but it, too, failed to produce a sense of ease and appropriateness. Then she got into a short-sleeved "black rag," as she called it—the kind of dress no well ordered wardrobe ought to be without.

But when she arrived, a little early, her first exclamation to her bachelor host was that she would "spoil the picture" because she wasn't "dressy" enough.

He answered that she would be the dressiest person there, since his guests were not going to wear dinner habiliments. What, then, naturally wondered the young woman, would they have on? And he answered, "Just clothes!"

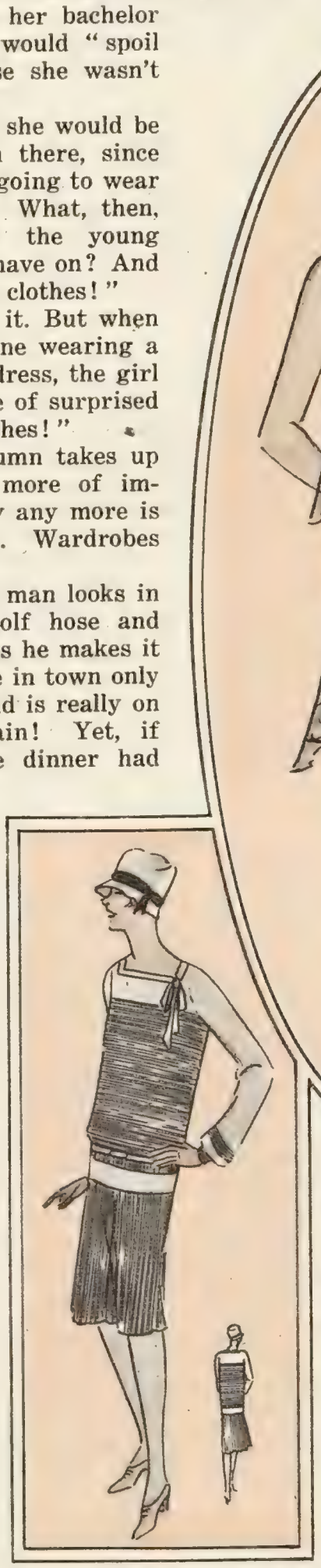
She didn't believe it. But when they arrived, each one wearing a different species of dress, the girl reflected with a little of surprised contempt, "Just clothes!"

And now this column takes up the cry with even more of impatience; for nobody any more is wearing just clothes. Wardrobes are specialized.

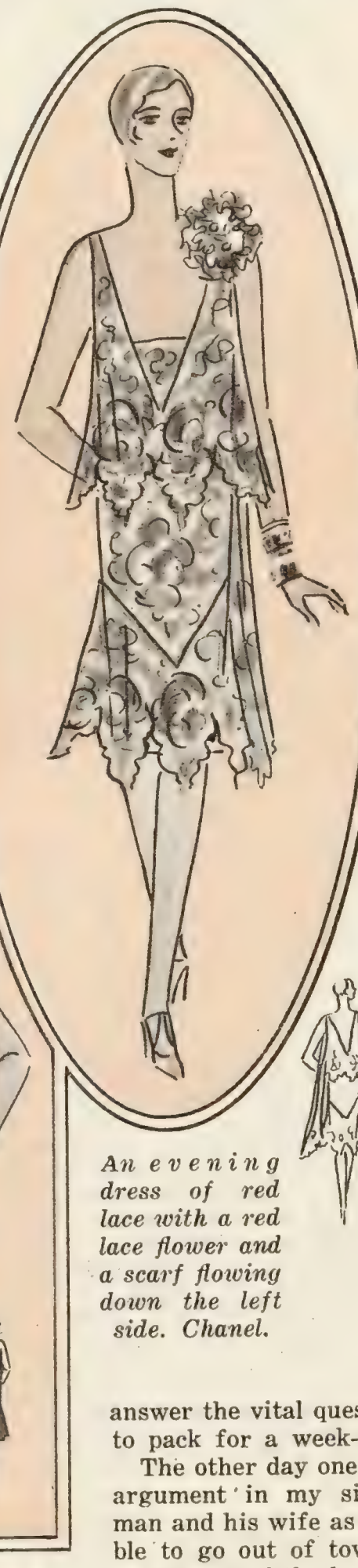
How intolerable a man looks in the city wearing golf hose and short trousers, unless he makes it quite clear he will be in town only a very short time and is really on his way to the train! Yet, if those people at the dinner had worn golf things or even riding togs, they would have been smart. One would have understood that they would have been an hour late had they gone home to change.

It has been said that nobody else wears sports clothes with the chic of the Englishwoman. She gets on a tweed skirt four years old and a hat that has been rained on for two seasons, and she carries a stick one end of which she punches into the ground as the other spreads for her to sit on. She hikes for eleven miles in her flat, hand-turned oxfords through a moorland drizzle, and comes home carrying a bunch of heather of the lavender shading that is in her skirt. And she has us all beat for appropriateness and chic.

Just the same, I think we Americans run her a close second in our sprucer, newer, neater, more carefully handled wardrobes. The French are no good at it at all, because they get themselves overornamented and too dressy. Nevertheless they furnish the models for us all to go by, and here are some of the very newest of them. They better than I can answer the vital question of the moment: how to pack for a week-end in the country.

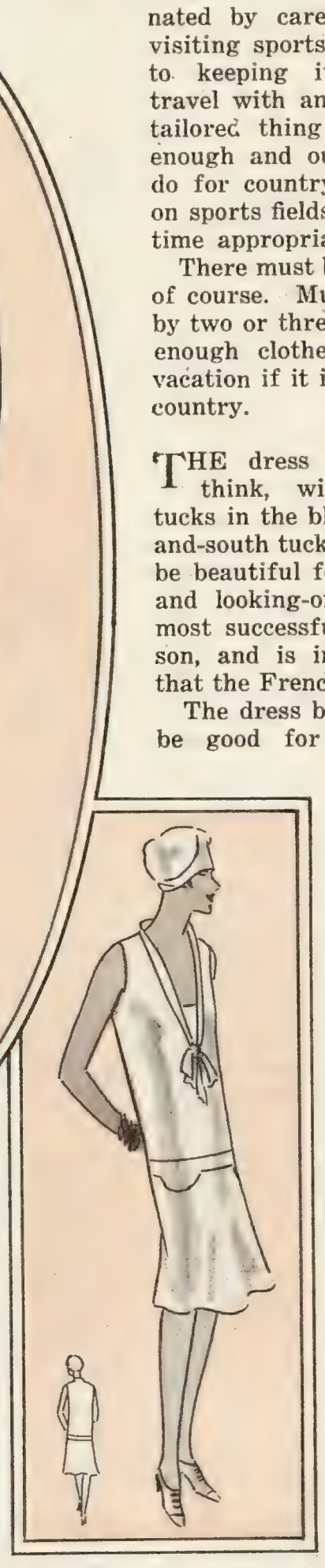


One of the season's most successful dresses. It is in beige crepe, with fine tucks and a gold leather belt. Jean Patou.



An evening dress of red lace with a red lace flower and a scarf flowing down the left side. Chanel.

This sports costume has a blouse of brown artificial silk, buttoned to the striped skirt. Lucien Lelong.



A tennis dress of smooth white silk jersey with a collar characteristic of the house in which it was made. Molyneux.

The other day one man and his wife had an argument in my sitting-room with another man and his wife as to whether it was a trouble to go out of town over Sunday. It was on account of the luggage, said one man. The luggage you would never notice, so light it was, said the other.

But, what with all that stuff a woman has to take and never puts on, pleaded the first. There is nothing she doesn't put on and not much she does, the antagonist argued. And by that statement he proved himself to have a wife who knew how to prepare for the country.

There are certain clearly defined things to take that will be needed, and anything of a different character is out of place.

A sleeveless one-piece dress in white like the model for playing tennis. A two-piece dress with an extra sweater for golf. A somewhat dressier sports costume, perhaps, for visiting at the courts or round the links if one does not wish to play, and to wear at the country club later. A negligee, a bathing-suit, a tailored thing to travel in.

Often this last may be eliminated by carefully choosing the visiting sports dress with an eye to keeping it appropriate for travel with an odd coat. Or the tailored thing may be summery enough and outdoorsy enough to do for country club and visiting on sports fields, while at the same time appropriate for travel.

There must be an evening dress, of course. Multiply this formula by two or three and you will have enough clothes for your entire vacation if it is to be spent in the country.

THE dress by Jean Patou, I think, with the cross-town tucks in the blouse and the north-and-south tucks in the skirt, would be beautiful for the motoring-out and looking-on frock. It is his most successful dress of the season, and is in a shade of beige that the French call *greige*.

The dress by Lelong would also be good for "visiting round." Lelong is showing the exaggeratedly short waistline on all sports things.

And he shows sleeveless woolen vests over one-piece dresses, which would make an admirable all-round costume for the passive week-end visitor to the country, as well as for her hostess.

Molyneux, who made the tennis dress, has a wearable collection for every occasion, with many ensembles in it, some of which have the long, straight coat in one with the dress.

The evening dress, I think, is very pretty and appropriate for town as well as country, with its lace and bolero and tiered effects.

What the Family SAYS

Our Contest Awards

EDITOR LIBERTY: LIBERTY is unique—no doubt about that. Its contests are more thrilling than the Florida boom. It's nervous, it's hurried—but IT'S ALIVE.

One thing, however, a *constant reader* doesn't understand. Why isn't LIBERTY more reliable? Why, in a word, don't you live up to your promises and stick to the rules of your contests?

You NEVER DO. In your Presidents' contest, for instance, you specifically called attention to the fact that "no preference would be given for elaborate treatment."

Well, what did you do? You gave the first prize to a woman who made a pretty cover with stars in the letters—not saying a word about what she did with the pictures. The next prize you gave to a boy who sent the pictures in on red, white, and blue cardboard. Since these two features of their sets were the ONLY ones you mentioned, it is evident they decided the judges in favor of the contestants.

Do you think this was encouraging to many boys and girls who sent in accurate and neat sets with no trimmings and who did so BECAUSE YOU REQUESTED IT?

You have specified that treatments must be simple, and asked that they be, but I will wager anything the prize for the States contest will go to someone who sends them in with lace sewed around the edges and the whole tied with a pink or blue ribbon. If you wanted that sort of thing, why didn't you ask for it?

But one thing I can't forget. When you gave the thousand dollars to the illiterate girl who wrote why she believed in capital punishment, THAT WAS THE GREATEST PIECE OF JUDGING THAT WAS EVER DONE IN A CONTEST. If you have read this through, thanks. —*Mrs. Belle M. Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: We are printing this letter and a brief explanation because several readers have raised the same question about our contest awards. It is quite true that the stories announcing the awards emphasized the elaborate form in which some of the entries were submitted. This was due merely to the fact that Mr. Hugh Fullerton, who wrote the announcements, was himself under the impression that the elaborate decorations had played a part in the decisions. The judges, however, were guided solely by the exact conditions of the contest as laid down in the rules.]

Murder Will Out!—Let's Out It

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Pardon me, but look out; go slow. Consider the consequences. Don't lose the wonderful prestige LIBERTY has gained by continuing to print the lives of crooked men and women and *Murders! Murders! Murders!*

That'll kill any real publication, then LIBERTY will be looked on as a joke and a rag sheet that prints nothing but filth and murders, catering to the lowest of the low.

I'd hate to see it. I may be wrong. I hope I am, but I couldn't help but send in my unsolicited advice. Sometimes a tip from an outsider has more value than one on the staff because he looks at it from the public's point of view.—*Will Delavoye, Eastpoint, Ga.*

Another Note of Discord

EDITOR, LIBERTY: You deplore crime—yet you encourage it. Glance over your illustrations of recent weeks. Shootings, hangings, violence of one kind or another. Boys see them in LIBERTY. The tendency, "Go and do likewise." If you must have these in the text, for God's sake and the sake of our boys, keep the illustrations free from violence. Be consistent.—*John N. Quinn, Takoma Park, D. C.*

Sweet Music!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In reply to your letter of May 28th I can only write that the last issue of LIBERTY is by far the best that I have personally seen, and I most sincerely congratulate your organization in having produced so fine a magazine. I wish you continued success in your efforts to develop a magazine that is not only interesting but the entire make-up of which suggests high quality.—*Charles A. Pipenhagen, Chicago.*

Kind Words for Our Crosswords

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have never ceased to be grateful to you for LIBERTY. Crossword puzzles are not having a revival around our house. We've never quit. You'd be surprised at all the new words we've learned.—*Mrs. Josephine Knaak, Denver, Colo.*

See Page 12—This Issue

EDITOR, LIBERTY: This letter was inspired by an editorial in LIBERTY, so perhaps your editorial policy is opposed to the "liquor law," but certainly not opposed to law enforcement and respect for laws generally. Still your State has virtually "seceded" from the Union in matter of enforcement of the 18th amendment and Volstead Act. Still the writer sees no good reason why LIBERTY should be one-sided—give the people but part of the evidence, reasoning and argument—but perhaps there is a reason.—*Anonymous.*

A Soldier Agrees with a Sailor

EDITOR, LIBERTY: After reading your Editorial of May 29th issue of LIBERTY I wish to congratulate you on your excellent stand on the glorious phrase of Stephen Decatur.

What paragraph of the pages of History of Our Glorious Country is more outstanding?

As an ex-Member of the A. E. F., I rise to defend that excellent patriot. Once I gave to Mother Country's cause and again will I rally to her support. I have stood the hardships of war and still bear the scars of battle, but my love of Country has never vanished.

When I can no longer indorse that wonderful phrase of that excellent gentleman then will I no longer ask the protection of her glorious flag. I will seek other climes. I ask that others who do not indorse it, go and do likewise.

Defenders of a Country are not always a committee of investigators; they are an army of fighters.

I like your excellent magazine and endorse your appeal to the people of America on the principles laid down by Decatur.—*N. J. Eddy, Greenwood, Ind.*

Wants a Children's Department

EDITOR, LIBERTY: May I offer a suggestion? I think it would be an advantage to have a special department for the children as there are very few magazines which cater to the youngsters.

Wishing a continuation of your much deserved success.—*J. H. Intemann, Newark, N. J.*

This Must be Hennessy's Work

EDITOR, LIBERTY: When I find that the "Mr. Dooley" series of stories and what-not are discontinued from LIBERTY I am going to get back in the habit of spending another nickel every week.—*Thomas J. Morton, Dallas, Texas.*

The Relativity of Beauty

EDITOR, LIBERTY: It is supremely ridiculous to call Corinne Griffith the "most beautiful woman in the world." To think of it! There are more beautiful ones that you meet in streets; and in the movie world no one can compare with Alice Terry, Alma Rubens and many others.

Some idiot said Alma Rubens sacrificed her beauty to her art in "Siberia." I never saw her more beautiful than in this. Some people think daubs of paint constitute beauty. She and many others have hardly any on. Corinne Griffith's mouth looks like a coal pit, the way she makes up. Always stretched as if she would swallow you.

One gets so tired of slush about such things. About Mary Pickford being "America's Sweetheart" and "Queen," etc., etc. It's enough to keep one away from movies entirely. A really *good* actress needs no such publicity.—*Mrs. Florence Ralston, Chicago.*

A Chance for the Lawmaker

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Many Americans, who, for various reasons, live abroad and have become subjects of a foreign government, though born in the United States, would like to see the British repatriation system adopted in the United States. An Englishman may become naturalized in this country, and then return to England, and after three months be fully restored to the duties and priviliges of British citizenship—"once an Englishman, always an Englishman," thereby having more than a mere superficial meaning. It is perhaps well for any government to have a large representation of its native-born citizenry abroad.

But why should an American citizen be at a disadvantage as compared to an English subject in the matter of repatriation. Perhaps a bit of research bearing on this subject might warrant some editorial comment and prove an inspiration to a budding legislator.—*H. A. Burke, Sauk Centre, Minn.*

Who Is the Best Guesser?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I wonder whether Eileen Bourne believes the things she says to be true? Or does she manufacture her facts to conform to preconceived notions? Referring to her remarks in LIBERTY, June 6th, as to divorce, without having the statistics, which are unreliable at best, I would guess that not one marriage in ten takes place in a church; that there is no relation between church weddings and marriages that stay put, except among Catholics; church membership has little or no effect on the number of divorces; it isn't a question as to whether women are more contented—contentment under injustice is not a state to be applauded.—*T. D. Evans, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

Anyway, It Was Inspiring

EDITOR, LIBERTY: It seems strange that the editorial blue pencil did not find the following sentence in Miss Bourne's otherwise suggestive and inspiring article: "Common ownership of men and women has been demonstrated a failure in Russia." The evident insinuation is that sexual promiscuity is or recently was the rule in that great nation. Such a foul slander of a people is the more inexcusable when we remember that there has never yet been found a savage tribe so bestial that sexual relations are not regulated, and there is always a form of family.

The nearest approach to the promiscuous relations of the brute is probably to be found among certain strata of the "Bettah Clawses" in our great cities, and notably—if press reports were at all true—among the Grand Dukes, Counts and no'counts of the Russian nobility in the "good old days" now happily gone, let us hope, forever.

The Bolshevik Government may not be ideal, but we need not lie about and libel the Slavic race because we do not approve their social industrial theory.—*W. S. Varnum, Pensacola, Fla.*

For the Love o' Lil

LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

$1,000.00 a Week for a Title

SOME LIBERTY reader is going to get $1,000 in cash for giving a title to the picture on the front cover of this issue. Maybe that $1,000 is destined for you! It is easy to find out. The picture is a part of LIBERTY'S great cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling each week a new incident in the life of an American family. This week's cover shows Mr. Morse and Junior at the circus. Study that picture and read the story about it on this page. Then glance over the rules of the contest and think of a title. No technical ability is required. The title you choose is just as likely to win the thousand as anybody's. After you have sent in your entry, look over the little picture below showing next week's cover and get ready for a shot at the next thousand-dollar prize.

The Killer Escapes!

(The Story of This Week's Cover Picture)

By LESLIE P. THRASHER

CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THE SERIAL

LILY MORSE.....*A real blonde of 18*
SANDFORD P. JENKINS.....*In love with Lil*
ROBERT E. LEE MORSE.....*Lil's father*
IDA PULVER MORSE.....*Lil's mother*
DWIGHT MORSE.....*Lil's older brother*
JUNIOR MORSE.....*Lil's younger brother*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Into the peaceful life of Sandy and Lily has come a well dressed villain, tempting Sandy with golden promises to become a rum runner. With one hand the tempter warned Sandy not to reveal the secret under penalty of death; with the other, he borrowed ten dollars. But Lil's mother heard of the affair, and, without stopping to think of the danger to Sandy's life, wrote a letter to the newspapers protesting against Rum's Menace to Our Youth. Sandy knew, as soon as the gangsters saw that letter, he was as good as gone. (Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER FOUR

NOW that the rum runners were going to kill Sandy any minute, Lil was crazier than ever about him. Sandy was sure they would snipe him from an office building while he was marching in the Fourth of July parade.

"Of course," he said, trying to put a cheerful face on it, "they may only wing me. But when one of those gunmen draws a bead on you with a sawed-off shotgun I guess you're a goner."

"Shotgun!" exclaimed Lil. "Nowadays, when they want to kill a man, they're using machine guns and French seventy-fives. Sandy, you can't march in that old parade!"

But Sandy refused to show a yellow streak. He was the drum major of the Thirteenth Ward Jazz Babies' Band. When doing his stuff he wore white pants, a red coat, and a black bearskin shako a foot and a half high. And Sandy Jenkins could throw the baton with the gold knob on it twelve feet in the air and then catch it over the left hip pocket as neat as anything you could ever see! For that he was willing to risk his life.

"Well," said Lil, "it's all mamma's fault for writing to the newspapers how those awful bootleggers offered you that job. And I'm going to tell her so."

But Mrs. Morse, far from being frightened, was only put on her mettle.

"I wonder if those lawbreakers realize who they are dealing with," she said, and telephoned at once to Mr. Boomer of the Park Police. Officer Boomer soon arrived, accompanied by Officer Lars Larsen.

"Now, young man," said Mr. Boomer, sitting on the edge of a chair, his colossal black shoes turned out and his colossal hands resting on his thick thighs, turned in, and addressing himself to Sandy, "what did this here crook look like?"

"Well, he was kind of dressy," said Sandy.

"*I see!*" exclaimed Mr. Boomer, getting the clew at once. Then, narrowing his eyes in a shrewd way, he asked, "Anything else?"

"He told me to meet him tonight at midnight at Jones' drug store."

"You see—you see?" said Boomer, looking from one to the other. "A bad egg, all right!" And he gave a long-drawn whistle. "Mrs. Morse, I'm mighty glad you put this case in my hands. Larsen," he said, turning to his brother officer and narrowing his eyes in the shrewd, crafty way again, "this might be the one that killed Elwell. Or looks like one of them Hollywood killers."

"It sure do, Boomer," said Larsen.

"Mr. Boomer," said Mrs. Morse emphatically, "first, I wish to make this point clear: It isn't the fact that this gangster may kill Sandy Jenkins

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIS is NEXT WEEK'S Cover Picture. Here are the elements of a tragedy! The bold and smiling stranger seems to be making fun of Sandy right in front of Lil. What will come of it? Read the story of this picture in next week's LIBERTY.

RULES

There are no complicated rules and regulations. Just a few simple points.

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 LIBERTY will pay one prize of $1,000 in cash for the best answer submitted.

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, July 17, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 4

My title for the LIBERTY cover of July 10 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words, telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

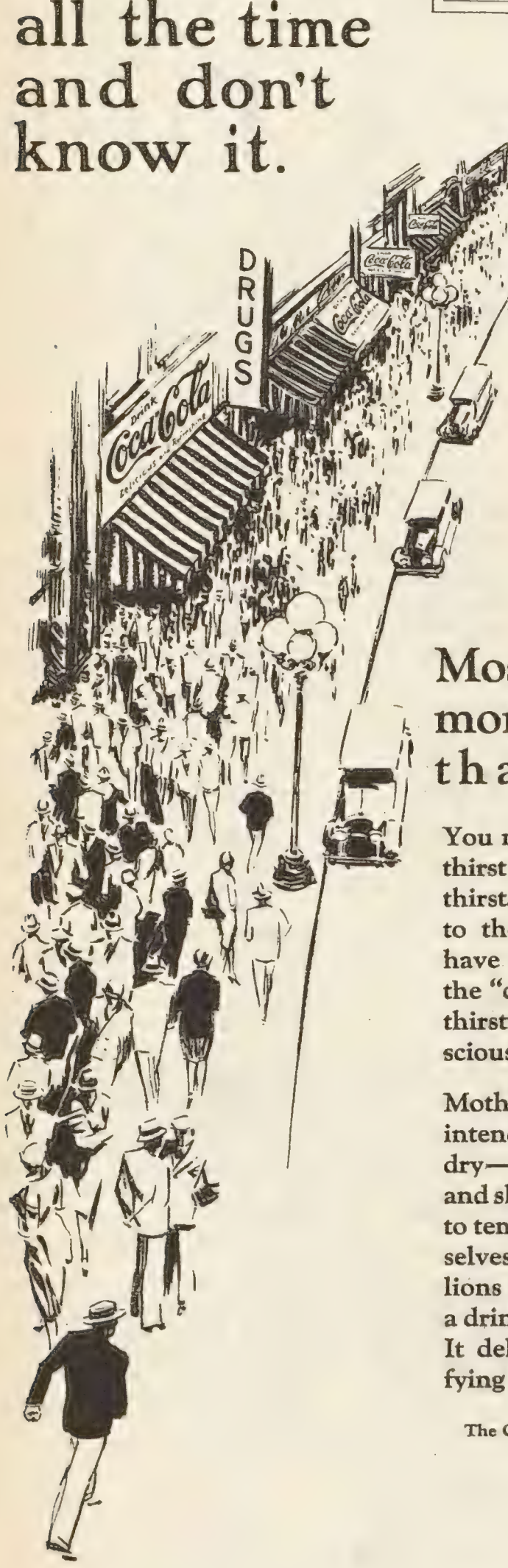
Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Many people go a little thirsty nearly all the time and don't know it.

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing



Most of us need more moisture than we get

You may easily disregard thirst—that is, a little thirst. Many people do—to the point where they have what is known as the "dry habit." They're thirsty without being conscious of it.

Mother Nature does not intend that we should be dry—even a little dry—and she adds taste to thirst to tempt us to refresh ourselves. That's why millions drink Coca-Cola—a drink of natural flavors. It delights taste in satisfying thirst.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD
TO GET WHERE IT IS

7 million a day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

that worries me. That is hardly the point. The thing is this: *We women insist that this illicit liquor traffic MUST STOP.*"

Mr. Boomer agreed. He promised to keep an eye on Sandy throughout the parade. He would do his best.

"If they shoot him," he said to Mrs. Morse earnestly, "then we got a chance to trace 'em and nab 'em."

But Sandy came through the parade alive.

"Better luck tonight, Mrs. Morse," said Officer Boomer.

The plan was this: Officers Boomer and Larsen were to go with Sandy to Jones' drug store at midnight, and lie in wait for the gunman, and when he appeared (as he had told Sandy he would), arrest him. Mrs. Morse wanted Mr. Morse to go too.

"Say," said Mr. Morse, "if that young fellow was a gunman or anything more dangerous than a barber, I'm Lillian Gish."

But Mrs. Morse made him go.

So, to Jones' drug store. Half-past twelve, and no gangster! Five minutes to one. Still no rum runner. But at about seven minutes past one a man and a woman came in. The woman said to the drug clerk:

"I want to buy some liver pills for my husband, who is troubled with biliousness."

"This way," said the clerk, and led her to the rear, leaving her husband, a tired-looking man in an alpaca suit, trying to get his penny out of the weighing machine.

"Is this the one?" said Boomer to Sandy in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't think so," said Sandy. "I think he was a foot and a half taller and dark complected, while this one has light hair."

"He's just a family man," muttered Mr. Morse.

But at that Officer Boomer smiled.

"THAT shows how little you know about the underworld, Mr. Morse," he said. "Why, they's fellows looking as harmless as this one that make sixty dollars a week killing anyone you want for five dollars. Now, this bird looks to me like a bad one. Look at them button shoes. I think we better pinch him."

But just as Officer Boomer was arresting the man, the woman with the liver pills bore down on them and, jerking the suspect away with one hand, she gave Mr. Officer Boomer a whack across the middle of the back with her cotton umbrella.

"Hands off!" she said. "What's the idea? This man is my husband, so I guess I can account for every minute of his time, day or night and Sundays!"

It was some time before she would accept Mr. Boomer's apologies.

So, walking home, poor Sandy was gloomy; for the murderer was still at large.

To cheer him up, Mr. Morse told about his own wild youth and how, when he was a young fellow, he nearly ran away and became a circus clown. Mr. Morse always liked to describe how different his life would have been if he had done that instead of marrying and settling down.

"It's a wild life, but I was crazy about it. I was always quite a card as a young fellow at making people laugh. Now, take a famous acrobat clown like Harry Simpson. He makes thousands of dollars. Still, in a way, it's a good thing I never did it; because, with all that money and no wife, a man's apt to get pretty wild—get to drinking and all."

WELL, two days later Mr. Morse received a series of shocks. The circus was in town. He and Junior went to the grounds to see them unload. Mr. Morse particularly wanted Junior to get a look at the great clown, Harry Simpson. They found his dressing-tent and looked in.

Mr. Morse received his first shock when he saw that Harry Simpson had a wife—at least, a woman in green tights was sewing a pom-pom on his hat.

The second shock came when this woman turned her head. It was the strong-minded woman who had walloped Officer Boomer with a cotton umbrella!

And the third and greatest shock came several minutes afterward, when Mr. Morse suddenly realized that Harry Simpson (who was so funny he could make a cow laugh) was none other than the tired married man with liver trouble who had been weighing himself in Jones' drug store the night the rum murderer got away.

But just then something happened that made Mr. Morse forget everything else. Sandy and Lil came running up.

"We saw him!" they yelled. "*The gunman!*"

"NO!"

"YES!"

"Where?"

"Buying a nickel's worth of popcorn over by the entrance to Cuckoo the Bird-Faced Girl!" gasped Lil, pale with excitement.

"Quick!" shouted Mr. Morse. "Find a cop!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Unexpected Cleanliness

Jane had just returned from a visit with her aunt, who was a most immaculate housekeeper.

"Oh, mother, I saw a fly in Aunt Mary's house!" she exclaimed.

"Surely not," her mother replied with a smile.

"Yes, I did, but he was washin' hisself," said the little girl.

MRS. W. E. CLARK.
923 Cynthia Street, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Can't Make Speed Enough

Anne, aged three, dislikes her galoshes very much.

Recently, when I started to put them on, she put up a violent complaint. I asked why she objected to them.

"Mother," she said, "when I wear galoshes my feet can't keep up with the rest of me."

MRS. READ HYNSON.
634 Harper Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

I'm Sorry For My Brother-in-Law

Will Chivalry Stand the Whipped Cream and Chiffon Test?

By JANE BRADLEY

EVER since my sister Lorrie married, I have had before me a modern example of the lady in the old nursery rhyme:

> Curlilocks, Curlilocks, wilt thou be mine?
> Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
> But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
> And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

Lorrie doesn't sew seams, fine or otherwise, and there are no dishes to wash in her well-staffed house. Although Lorrie has neither children, job, nor hobby, she boasts a cook and a second maid to watch over the establishment. Long ago, before she married Grey, she determined to get for herself the whipped cream of life. So she is being just a wife.

It does seem to me that being merely a wife—the sort of wife my sister is, at least—is not necessarily an occupation. She does actually nothing, as I see it, to justify getting such an excellent living out of her hard-working husband.

©Muray photo

She determined to get for herself the whipped cream of life

What does Grey draw, with all his working and striving? A pretty ornament. Not a partner, nor a helpmate, nor even a very amusing companion, except when she is being especially cajoling for something she wants.

If the cook leaves abruptly—and this happens frequently—they dine at the village tearoom. Lorrie has made quite a point of not knowing how to do anything around the house.

That is why Grey, when there are no servants, often goes breakfastless to town. Lorrie believes if she were to stir up a hasty breakfast for him he'd get to expect it.

Now, she is right on some counts. Men *do* get the habit of expecting things. But they have a right to expect some things. Where does Lorrie get off, anyway, taking her value to a hard-working husband for granted?

"Well, perhaps he enjoys having just a plaything," someone suggests tolerantly, and murmurs something vague about passion. Yes; but Lorrie has been married to Grey for five years, and everyone knows the first fires must have been banked to a steady glow by this time. What Grey needs now is a companion, an assistant, as well as a beloved.

He has a chance to make an important deal, but requires a little extra money. Will Lorrie help him to save? Will she let the cook go, and the ornamental second girl? Will she rent their small, perfect but expensive-to-run house, and take a little apartment? She will *not*, naturally.

Grey dares not confide financial worries to her. On such occasions there are tears and accusations of meanness. Lorrie speaks of his Scotch blood. At these times she thinks of herself, not as the playmate-ornament of her ideal, but as a disciplinarian. "Give till it hurts," is her motto—for husbands only.

As a result, Grey is getting a little bitter. He is looking around him at wives who have babies and wives who have jobs (or both); at those who have neither, but who run their households efficiently, sparing time for books and new ideas.

A clever wife, as we all know, can plant in her husband's mind, if he loves her deeply, the image she wants him to hold of her.

FOR a long time Lorrie hypnotized Grey into believing that her orchid-lady stunt was clever. Now that the bank balance is beginning to run low, he is not so sure.

Most of Lorrie's friends live in much the same way. Very few have children. None has household responsibility, beyond marketing over the telephone. They seldom read, unless it is a book that has been hinted at as sensational in the reviews. They go to the theater a great deal—matinees. They play bridge. They are shopping debauchees. They spend time and money on facials and waves and rinses and manicures. I actually heard one husband in this little group say, in answer to a friend's casual inquiry about his wife:

"Well, the poor little girl's almost worn

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Something DIFFERENT
for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while other, well—what kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

Little
Boy Blue
ORIGINAL CONDENSED LIQUID
BLUING

LITTLE BOY BLUE — the bluing that never streaks or spots.

It's all pure bluing—and every drop goes into instant solution.

The small bottle means greater economy. The handy dropper cap spells greater convenience. The better blue insures more efficiency. A few drops are enough for a family wash.

Send 2c stamp for illustrated Book of Child's Fairy Stories, "The Bear Wedding"

The John Puhl Products Co.
617 W. Pershing Road, Chicago

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

out. She's been doing her spring shopping—came home last night all shot to pieces. I give you my word, she nearly cried about some of the disobliging shopgirls."

You'd have thought, from his tone, he was describing a serious siege of illness in the home—measles, perhaps, with three children to nurse and amuse.

You will have guessed long since that my name is not Jane Bradley. If it were I should not dare to give rein to my long restrained feelings. If my sister had married a rich man I should have no sympathy to offer. Such men can afford valueless playthings. Had she been reared in an atmosphere of luxury her attitude were easier to understand.

But she and I were children of thrifty middle-class parents. Lorrie and I used to help our mother with all the daily tasks. Our only servant was a weekly laundress. Yet now I think Lorrie would wish to slay me if I were to tell Grey she knows how to "set" a batch of bread! Her do-nothing policy is spreading among women associates.

THE following incident will illustrate the point. Among my sister's friends is a pretty, thistle-headed woman who has actually presented her husband with a son. The child has been in charge of a nurse since its birth.

One day, as I walked up the tree-shaded street where this woman lives, rain began to fall, so noiselessly I feared the family indoors would not notice that the baby in the carriage outside was getting soaked. I rang the bell, and the woman answered it.

I suppose she was chagrined, since it is out of character for an orchid-woman to answer bells. Anyhow, when I had made my speech, instead of dashing into the garden to rescue the boy, she thanked me formally and retired into the house with languid calls of "Nurse, nurse!"

Not until that busy creature arrived from the second floor was the baby saved from the elements.

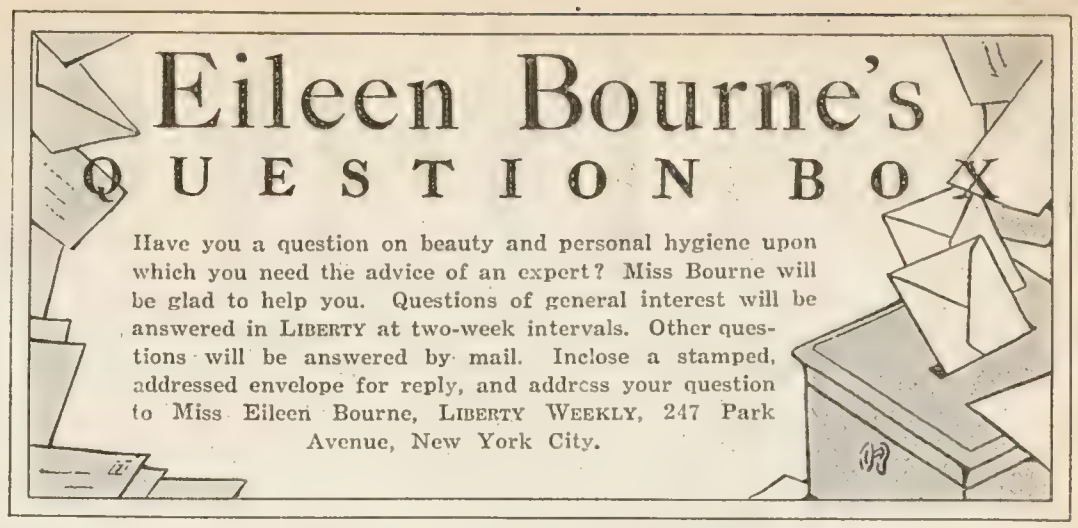
It is a pity these orchid-sisters of ours are spoiling a good thing, because women who hold out for the whipped-cream-and-chiffon existence, without making an adequate return, are in a fair way to revolutionize the chivalry of American men.

Really, some day I expect to see my brother-in-law, hungry after a hard day in the city, return to find the cook departed and the cupboard bare. I expect to hear my sister murmur languidly, from her chaise longue, that she has been gorging at a bridge tea and doesn't want any dinner now, and will he please skip down to Ye Olde Taverne and grab himself a sandwich? And I hope to see my brother-in-law, fire in his eye, seize her by her expensive permanent wave and shout:

"Woman, don't fool yourself! You're going to gallop out into that kitchen and rustle me some grub! And make it snappy!"

Then, with the beginning of a new era, I promise to stop being sorry for my brother-in-law.

THE END



Eat Fresh, Green Things

What foods are richest in vitamins?
MRS. E. D., New Jersey.

Green vegetables, salads, fresh fruits. One of the best of the latter is orange juice. The new fresh green things are priceless. The more of them that can be eaten raw, the better for the general health. Tomato juice is rich in vitamins. All the acid fruit juices have vitamin content. Raspberries, loganberries, peaches, plums, blackberries, and apricots contain valuable nourishment.

Muddy Skin and Overeating

Since I have become overweight my complexion has become so greasy and muddy I cannot do anything for it. Do you think reducing would help me?
MISS VANGE, California.

Overeating, aside from the damage it does to the figure, leads to digestive disturbances that, in turn, cause a number of cutaneous disorders. The greasy, muddy skin is but one form, but a prevalent one. Constipation is at the root of the trouble. Persons who exert enough energy in exercise to stimulate the muscles of the intestines and who do not overload the stomach are not susceptible to the skin ailments of the overfed, indolent beings. Reducing would most certainly help both face and figure.

Perspiring Hands

I am troubled with perspiring hands, due to nervousness, I think. I have tried several solutions, but they do not seem to help. What do you advise?
MRS. K. W., Chicago.

Build up the general health by careful diet, sun, air, and exercise. Train yourself out of nervousness and anxiety. Wash your hands four or five times daily, running cold water over them, and, after drying, treat with an astringent lotion or medicated dusting powder.

Her Face Too Broad

What can I do to improve the shape of my face? It is broad, with high cheek bones. I wear my hair parted from the middle of the forehead to the nape of my neck with the braids coiled over my ears. Do you think this the most becoming way?
LOUISE A., Michigan.

That's just the hair treatment to avoid when the face is too broad. A light coil may be brought forward on the cheek bones or near them, but the rest of the hair should be pulled to the back of the head. This is one of the tricks of thinning down a very broad face.

Milk Gives Youth

I have an aunt fifty-two years old who is the youngest-looking person for her age you could imagine. Though not half her age, my skin looks older than hers. Her teeth are perfect, too. She claims it is her habit of drinking milk, which she acquired as a young girl visiting with her mother at a famous foreign health spa, that is responsible. Do you believe in milk to that extent?
GERTRUDE, Long Island.

If you want to live to a ripe old age and not look it or feel it, you are advised to get your daily quota of milk, which is set at a quart per individual. Lime is the element in milk that is life-preserving. And milk is the best means by which to get the maximum quantity of lime into the system. It is not necessary to drink the quart by glassfuls. The food items that are prepared with milk, not forgetting that butter and cheese are milk products, may be calculated in the day's allowance.

The Ten-Day Fast

What do you think of fasting a week or so, taking only water into the system, as a means of reduction? Do you believe it harmful?
MRS. G., Ohio.

On the contrary, a ten-day fast is beneficial. It will not only reduce, but is an excellent method of cleansing the system thoroughly. Discomfort is experienced for the first couple of days, but little thereafter. The reduction, however, would not be permanent if you started in immediately at the old rate of food consumption. The fasting experience teaches, however, that the average individual eats much more than is necessary.

The Low Forehead

I have a low forehead and would like to make it appear higher. Would you advise electrolysis treatments to extend the hair line?
MISS J. D., New York.

Not unless the forehead is disfiguringly low. Even then you would find it a slow, painful, and expensive process of improvement. There might be danger of the pores becoming enlarged, the skin scarred, and the latent hair follicles being stimulated to growth. Try brushing the hair back off the brow and drawn tightly back from temples and over ears.

See an Eye Specialist

There is a feeling of fatigue in my eyes of late, and frequently a sharp pain comes in the back of the head. What exercises could I take to strengthen my eyes?
ULA B., Delaware.

Eye exercises should be recommended only by an eye specialist familiar with the individual need. The fatigue and pain in the back of the head are symptoms of eye-strain that should be remedied without further delay.

Molding the Mouth

I have marked parentheses lines around my mouth and drooping corners that make me look older than my thirty years. Is massage good?
THIRTY, Connecticut.

Drooping mouth corners are of one's own making, it should be understood before the massage is adopted. "God gives you your other features, but you make your mouth yourself," is true. First, then, a change in the mental attitude must be accomplished. What the sad mouth needs is to be taught that it isn't such a bad old world. Tell it this, as you remold the mouth with your finger tips dipped in a tissue-building cream, which you work into the skin thereabout with an upward movement.

Vitamin X

The Key to Parenthood

Science Discovers One of the Great Causes of Childless Marriages

An Article by
James J. Walsh, M.D.
Picture by John A. Haelen

Parenthood makes life more than a sordid stretch between eternities.

WITHIN the last few years biologists have been treated to a great surprise. They have discovered that the power of reproduction in animals depends on minute quantities of certain elements in their food.

The animals may be fed so abundantly with the standard nutritious materials as to seem in the best of health; yet if they lack the vitalizing factors they become sterile—male and female alike. The *quantity* of these requisite elements taken in with the foods seems to have little to do with the matter; it is the energizing, vitalizing *quality* that counts.

Those who have studied the question believe that the same principle applies also to men and women.

There are several vitalizing substances that are essential to normal health and function. They are classed under the general name of vitamins. These have attracted much attention in recent years.

Without them various "deficiency" diseases develop; health and strength deteriorate, the animal suffers disorders of the blood, the nerves, the skin, and death usually results.

Usually vitamins are contained in raw materials; hence the modern medical slogan, "Eat something raw every day."

The particular vitamin that stimulates breeding in animals, without which reproduction will not take place, has been called vitamin X, because it is as yet an unknown quantity. But there are some valuable hints as to where it exists, as well as definite information as to how it may be obtained. Lettuce leaves contain it in notable quantities, for they will always restore breeding power lost or lessened because of a defective diet.

Lettuce is commonly used in laboratory experiments when it is desired to restore breeding power in animals after a course of narrowed diet planned to eliminate fertility. A number of other food materials are found valuable in this regard, among them whole wheat and oats.

It has been shown that white patent flour is ineffective as a restorer of fertility after narrowed diet, and physiologists have come to recognize this as another reason why the white bread of which we have been so proud is not to be commended as an article of diet for mankind in general, except in cases where the variety of diet is wide.

So powerful is the activity of the vitamin from wheat that stimulates reproduction that even the minutest quantity is effective for the purpose. A single seed of wheat administered every day in the food of an animal is enough to preserve the function of reproduction and stimulate breeding.

We have known that vitamins acted as the result of energy they exerted and not because of any material effect they produced, but up to the present time we have not had such emphatic proof as is found in effects due to the administration in the diet of the reproduction vitamin. A quantity of this vital substance—almost inappreciable by any scales that we possess—solves one of the most important problems in biology.

By far the greater part of the grain of wheat that is thus efficient consists of nutritive

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR years Dr. James J. Walsh has been in the forefront as educator, lecturer, and medical practitioner in New York City. His professional work and studies extend from Fordham College, Georgetown, and Notre Dame universities in this country to the universities of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. He is the author of Makers of Modern Medicine, Health Through Will Power, and other standard works.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

starchy substances. Only a small portion of the intimate germ carries the vitamin with it. This, however, is the living element in the grain from which the stalk would grow if the wheat were planted. Minute as is this living element, when it is absorbed into the body it provides the vital energy that represents all the difference between perpetuation of the species and failure to reproduce.

Vitamins are such a puzzle to the physiological chemist that they probably represent not matter but energy. Experiments and observations seem to show that certain substances rich in vitamins, when placed in contact with a photographic plate or film in the dark, will cause fogging, as if something like ultra-violet rays were being given off.

ORDINARILY the plate is affected by radiations in the ether, and it would seem that fresh food materials — especially vegetables —have stored up some of the radiations of light, heat, and energy from the sun, being capable of giving them off afterward. Just as they affect the silver salts on a photographic plate to cause fogging, they affect cellular energy in the body and stimulate it to changes that would not otherwise occur and that are extremely important for all vital functions.

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Recording the condition of a patient. (In oval) A laboratory guinea pig, one of Nature's real martyrs.

Life is more significant than the matter in which it is contained, and to stimulate the vital qualities is much more important than to supply materials through which vital processes may take place. When the vitamin X is supplied to the body, sperm and germ cells receive vital activity indispensable for reproductive functions.

Undoubtedly lack of knowledge of this in the past made many people who were inclined to be finicky in their diet—especially avoiding raw foods because they had become persuaded that they were hard to digest—incapable of exercising the function of parenthood.

There is no doubt, after the careful studies by physiologists and biological chemists, that this teaching with regard to the reproduction vitamin is no mere passing sensation, but that it represents a real scientific advance. We owe our information, not to one man or even a small group of men working together, but to a number of scientists working in various parts of the world.

A series of articles on the subject appeared in the *Journal of Biological Chemistry* for the past five years and may readily be found in the bound volumes. Articles on the subject also have been published in the *American Journal of Physiology*, as well as in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and in other scientific periodicals. The subject is of the greatest interest to the farmer and breeder.

It has become indubitable that this discovery applies with special force to human beings, and that not a few puzzling cases of sterility are really examples of this diet deficiency. Physicians have noted that thin, nervous women, and men of corresponding type, even when deeply desirous of having children, sometimes remain childless after marriage.

AFTER gynecology has failed completely to relieve the situation and has proved incapable of doing anything to bring about the fulfillment of the desire for offspring, it has been noted in a number of cases that broadening of the diet—usually accompanied by increase in weight and strength—will produce the desired effect. This occurs especially after the introduction into the diet of raw foodstuffs containing vitamins.

In addition to fresh vegetables and grains, there are certain animal products that contain the reproduction vitamin. It occurs in fresh egg yolk, though not in white of egg. It occurs abundantly in beef liver, in certain muscles of the cow and of other animals, especially those around the head.

It is probable that most meat taken without being cooked too much contains this vitamin. Cooking readily destroys it. It has been noted that there is a certain craving in human nature for raw meat. Unfortunately, to follow this craving is to subject oneself to the danger of being infected by the various parasites that may occur in meat and that are killed by cooking.

The taste for raw meat has been considered by many to be a relic of savagery. There are a great many thoroughly civilized persons, however, who like their beef rather raw. This always means the presence of the reproduction vitamins. Now we find that this taste is a precious instinct that Nature has fostered for her own purposes, and that it is extremely valuable for the conservation of the race.

Fresh milk does not contain the vitaminic quality that stimulates reproduction. The milk drinker is not a breeder unless there are other sources of the reproduction vitamin in his dietary.

Recent observations have shown that this vitamin X occurs in valuable amounts in olive oil and also in the oil of the cotton seed. Observations demonstrating this were made in laboratories where ordinary commercial olive and cottonseed oil were used. This vitamin, so stimulating for reproduction, also has been found in yeast.

As the result of these recent discoveries, husbands and wives throughout the country who have settled down regretfully to the idea that they are not to have the happiness of being fathers and mothers may take heart. They have a reasonable prospect of founding a family.

Parenthood so completes life, and means so much for making it more than merely a sordid stretch of existence between two eternities, that it would seem as though biological chemistry, comparatively young, may confer another of its benefits upon humanity.

THE path it indicates is one along which health and strength and vigor of body as well as longevity find their way. It often has been noted that people who have the vigorous living qualities that enable them to be fathers and mothers of a number of children also possess the special quality of enduring existence.

It would seem as if the process of maternity might take so much out of women as to lead to premature exhaustion and shortening of existence. On the contrary, mothers of large families have lived on, in possession of bodily and mental health, until far beyond the Psalmist's term.

Statistics in certain regions, particularly in Australia, have shown that women live long almost exactly in proportion to the number of children they bear.

There has been a medical mystery about this until the discoveries with regard to vitamins came to clarify the problem.

It is not the bearing of children that counts for the prolongation of life and the provision of vigor, but it is that the condition of body which promotes reproduction is also that in which the highest vigor of life is found to be present.

Sterile and infertile animals are not long-lived, as a rule. They lack resistive vitality to disease.

Vitamin X is evidently going to mean much for the race as well as for individuals.

THE END

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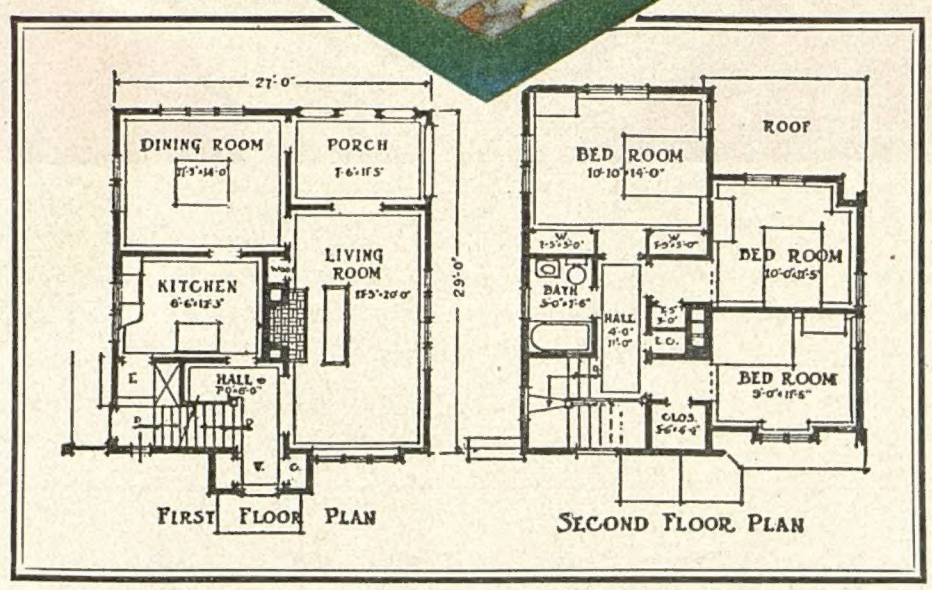

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Soft summery food *is* dainty and delicious

—*but it is very harmful to your teeth and gums*

WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherbets, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

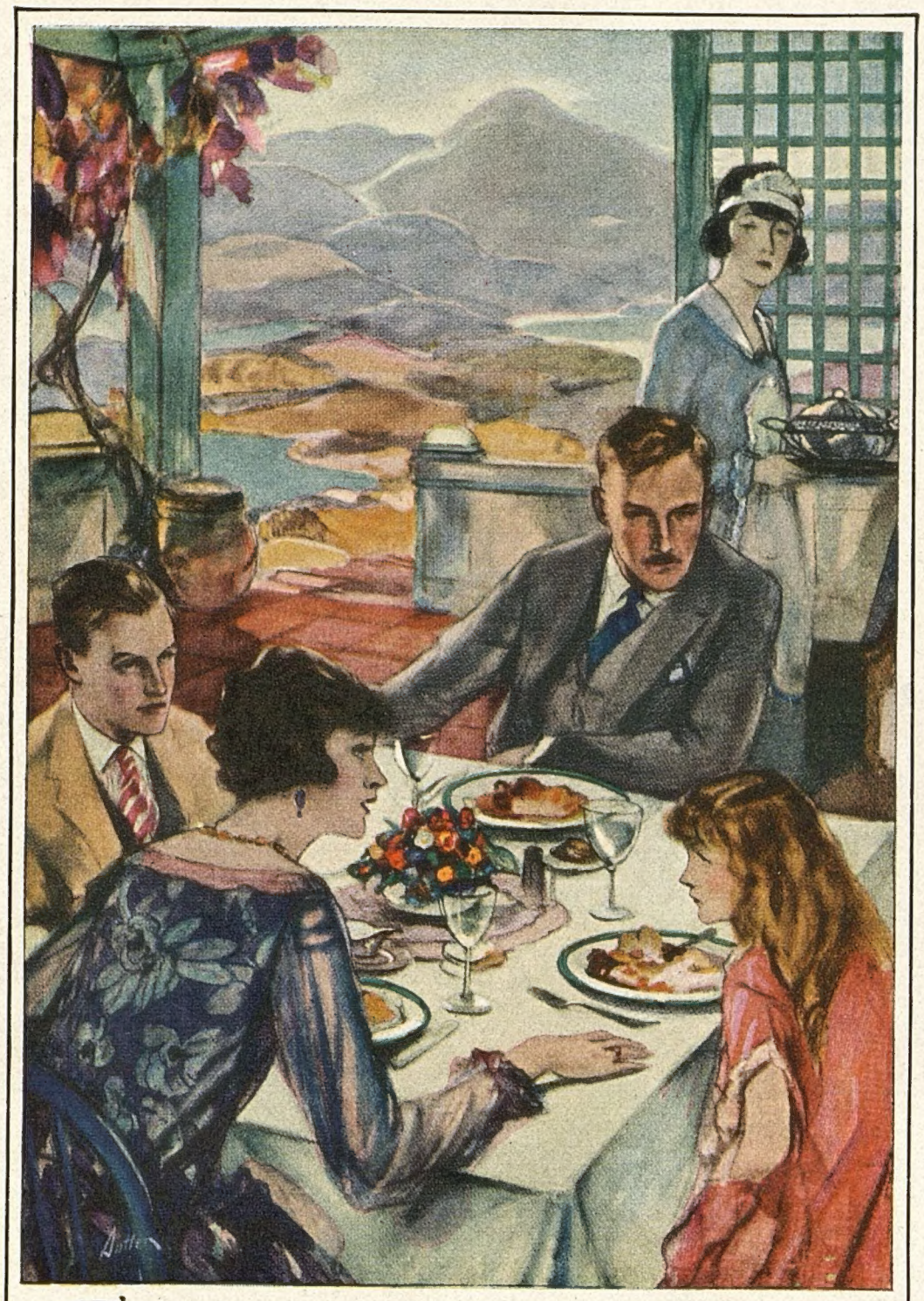
For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to that long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our habits of hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a "pink toothbrush" warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off further trouble.

Your dentist will probably tell you that the first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt, recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning of the teeth with Ipana and the brush.



THOUGH it be ever so well chosen and carefully prepared, our every-day diet fails to help us to keep our gums in health. And to this lack of roughage and fibre in our soft food, is added hasty eating which cheats the gums of exercise. Children, in particular, should early be shown the necessity for daily care of their gums.

How massage and Ipana keep the gums firm and healthy

Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them. This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

And use Ipana when you brush them. Ipana will improve the massage, for it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by many dentists in their treatment of undernourished gums. Our professional men have demonstrated the virtues of Ipana to over 50,000 dentists; in fact, it was professional recommendation that first gave Ipana its start.

So ask your dentist—then switch to Ipana for one month!

Your dentist knows what Ipana can do, what benefits it will bring. After he has spoken the good word for it, get a tube from your drug-store. Massage your gums regularly after each cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If they are too tender at first, begin by rubbing with the finger. Soon you will notice the improvement. Your gums will grow firmer, and more resistant to disease. Your mouth will feel cleaner. Your teeth will become more brilliant.

If you care to mail the coupon, we will, of course, gladly send you the trial tube. But ten days is barely long enough to sample Ipana's cleaning power and delicious taste. Certainly the full-size tube will demonstrate clearly all that Ipana can do in bringing your gums to health and your teeth to brilliant beauty.

IF your gums never seem tender—if your tooth brush never "shows pink", you are to be congratulated. Take every precaution to keep them healthy. Twice-daily brush your teeth and your gums with Ipana to keep the circulation active and the teeth clean.

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